The Australian
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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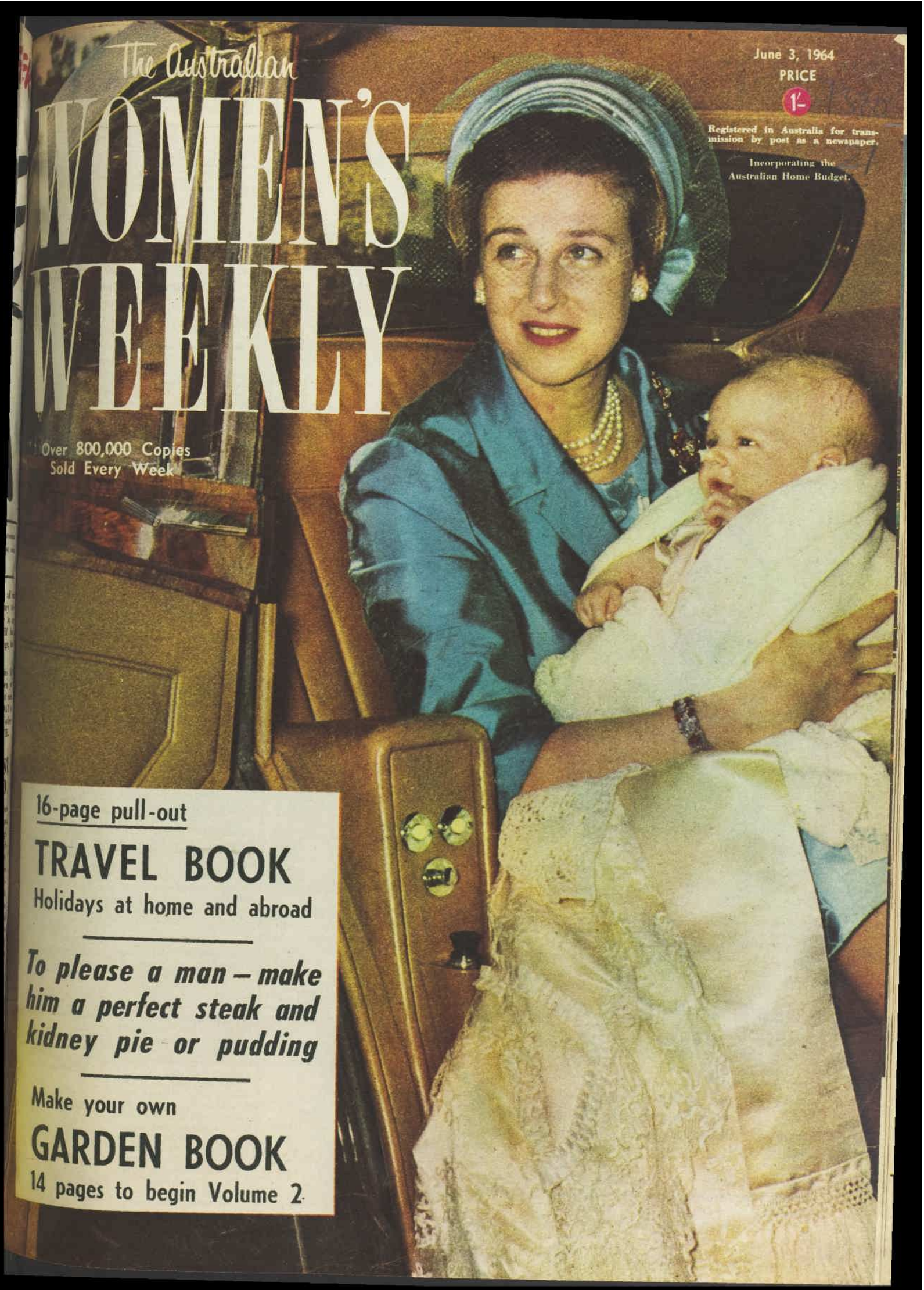

16-page pull-out

TRAVEL BOOK

Holidays at home and abroad

To please a man – make him a perfect steak and kidney pie or pudding

Make your own

GARDEN BOOK

14 pages to begin Volume 2

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"I couldn't ask for a cleaner wash"

says Mrs. Clarke happily. "And as well as looking marvellous, my Rinso wash feels and smells so completely clean. Rinso's great!"

"I challenge anyone to get a cleaner wash than mine! Day after day, wash after wash, things come out as if they'd never been dirty. And Rinso's gentle care saves me a mint in wear and tear."

"Four mischievous children and a motor mechanic husband—my family's wash is a good test for any washing powder. And Rinso's active suds pass with flying colours!"

RINSO'S GENTLE, ACTIVE SUDS WASH WHITEST AND CLEANEST

Big family wash? Leave everything to Rinso! Rinso tackles the heavy wash with gusto, yet it's so gentle to delicate things. So take a tip from Mrs. Clarke. Let Rinso's gentle active suds give you the whitest, cleanest wash.

Whitest, cleanest washes with RINSO . . . the product recommended by washing machine makers.

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The Australian
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Going on holidays? Before you complete your itinerary, study the 16-page book, "Perfect Holidays," in this issue.

BESIDES lush pictures that would set the greatest home-lover dreaming about foreign parts, there's down-to-earth advice about such things as that traveller's bugbear, "what clothes will I take and how will I pack them."

If you can't afford to go abroad there's plenty of information about having a wonderful holiday in Australia.

For those to whom even a local holiday is an impossible dream — well, dreams cost nothing, and there's material for them in "Perfect Holidays."

★ ★ ★

THIS week, with a big special feature, Trees and Shrubs, we begin Volume II of our "cut out and keep" gardening book.

The feature was written by Mr. R. H. Anderson, former director and chief botanist of the Royal Botanic Gardens, Sydney. It is the first of a series of his weekly gardening advice.

Mr. Anderson retired recently after 43 years with the Botanic Gardens. His articles, backed by his practical experience and expert specialised knowledge, should be invaluable to gardeners.

In retiring, Mr. Anderson hasn't gained time to devote to his own garden at Chatswood, N.S.W.

"I've never been busier," he said ruefully.

Besides writing weekly for us, he is much in demand as a speaker at flower shows, his specialist advice is always sought by organisations, and he hopes — one day, time permitting — to finish his book on trees and shrubs.

For our feature (beginning on page 36), Mr. Anderson concentrated on trees and shrubs for year-round color. It makes 14 pages for your gardening book. Whatever you do, don't fail to keep the year-round catalogue on page 41.

Our Cover

● Princess Alexandra and her three-month-old son, James Robert Bruce Ogilvy, leave for the baby's christening at Buckingham Palace on May 11.

Mr. R. H. Anderson, gardening expert.

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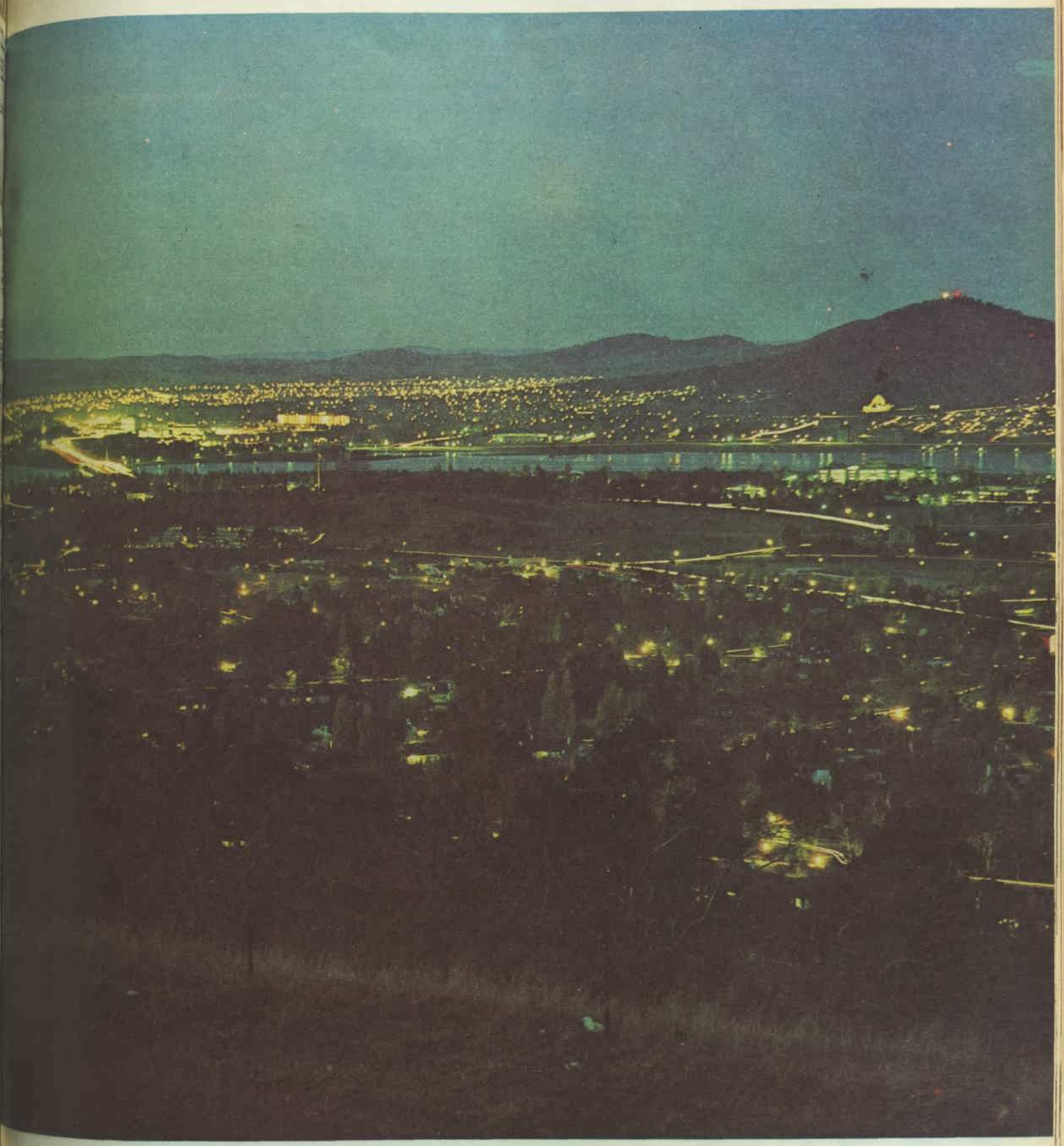
CANBERRA: The lake by night and (pages 8, 9) by day



Picture at night shows capital's rapid growth

TWINKLING LIGHTS — some reflected in the handsome new lake — tell the story of how Australia's Federal capital has grown from a canvas town, in 1913, to a city with large buildings and a population of 71,000, more than double the number living there ten years ago. It also now attracts an average of 500,000 tourists a year, and has become a favorite place for holding conventions. This panoramic view, by staff photographer Keith Barlow, was taken from Red Hill, which rises about 500ft. above the city. It looks across the city and Lake Burley Griffin to Mt. Ainslie, with the Australian War Memorial at the foot.

City has taken the lake to its heart – pages 8, 9

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NEXT WEEK

72-PAGE LIFTOUT BOOK . . . . . by MARGUERITE PATTEN, who is often described as "England's Cookery Queen."

Mrs. Patten begins her cookery demonstrations in New South Wales on June 8; in this booklet we proudly present the recipes she has specially prepared for her Australian tour.

You'll find hundreds of recipes for all occasions in "Good Cooking for the Family" — and the family will love them all!

★ ★ ★

"To transform a plain woman into an elegant one is my mission in life," says Genevieve Antoine d'Ariaux, author of "The A.B.C. of Elegance," an 8-page feature in next week's issue.

Genevieve d'Ariaux is the directress of a Paris couture salon.

"Elegance" — obviously written by a chic, practical woman—is an international best-seller. In condensing it, we have kept, in all detail, the practical advice on making the most of yourself.

It has such dressmaking gems as how to stop a trapeze neckline from gaping, and Chanel's secret for making a hem hang well.

Incidental treasures are sidelights on the well-known women who have chic. For instance, Liz Taylor hasn't, but Marlene Dietrich has.

There's also a color - combination chart to keep for ever.

Lake Eyre

by

HELEN TOLCHER

THE stranger sees a spider web of streams,
a mighty lake to grace a continent.
By instinct, logic, hope, and settlers' dreams
it should be water.

Ignore the ambush of the random rains
that bring a siren smile
briefly to deck the gibber plains.
These pale sandhills rim a vast deceit,
bone hard, skull white under the jeering day,
Earth's ultimate negation;
dilating before the disillusioned eye,
devouring the whole horizon,
dissolving, merging with the sunbleached sky.
Out of the great lake in a while
comes drought on lean black shanks
swinging an empty tucker bag,
scuffling the red earth up in clouds
to blind the stock and choke the tanks.

The keening gulls make eerie lamentation
over a long dead sea,
hovering on a heartbreak sigh of wind
over water short-lived as prosperity,
bitter as a film of tears.

***BACKGROUND** picture shows part of Lake Eyre where the speed track for Donald Campbell's attempt at the world land speed record was being prepared.*

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"As long as there's somebody to love . . ."

A star with the courage to be happy tells of her family tragedies

By BETTY BEST, of our London staff

● Through the spring-drenched village of Great Missenden, in Buckinghamshire, came a little girl weighed down with a vast bouquet.

***"Where are you going with those?"* asked a local identity.**

"To Mrs. Dahl's. They're to congratulate her on having her Oscar."

"Already! I thought the baby wasn't due for six weeks yet."

And so the two beautifully balanced lives of Academy Award winner Patricia Neal had one of their rare meetings.

● Patricia Neal, at left; above, with her 3½-year-old son, Theo; and at right with her writer husband, Roald Dahl (he was born in Wales of Norwegian parents), and daughter Tessa, 7. An elder daughter died. Theo has had eight cranial operations since a road accident three years ago, but is a bright, sensitive boy.

AT 38 Miss Neal must be the most unusual actress ever to have won an Oscar.

Although she has been a star on Broadway and in film for 17 years, she has been so choosy in her parts that many fans regard her as a newcomer.

Actually she made her big impact on world audiences in 1948 as the nurse in the war epic "The Hasty Heart."

While still a teenager studying drama in New York she won no fewer than five offers for her first role on Broadway.

Eugene O'Neill and Lillian Hellman wanted her for their new plays as soon as they saw her. But even then the auburn-haired beauty with the beautiful smile and the rich Kentucky drawl had a practical streak. She had worked as a shop girl, a waitress, and a model while studying, and did not want to go back to any of them.

She played on Broadway, but also signed film contracts in Hollywood.

With many glamor roles behind her it is rather ironic that her Oscar, as the year's best actress, was awarded for her slatternly housekeeper in "Hud."

It was a moving and subtle performance, but Miss Neal herself, who has always regarded it as her favorite, was surprised at the award because, as she put it, "There were no high moments."

For me the pathos that came through was explained only when I met her and learned the little-publicised story of her own private life.

It is hard to believe when you see her generous smile and warm, happy approach to life that Patricia Neal is haunted daily by two memories, so vital that she admits they are never far from her mind.

Both came without warning into a life which seemed ideally balanced and full of promise.

Patricia Neal's eight-year-old marriage to the English writer Roald Dahl was the most important thing in her life. So much so that for at least six months of every year she gave no thought to her acting career but lived quietly with her husband in their pretty Georgian house in Buckinghamshire.

Their greatest joy was their three children. Olivia was seven, Tessa five, and their son, Theo, only four months old.

As the working half of her year came around again Miss Neal accepted a role in "Breakfast at Tiffany's," and with her whole family flew off to New York.

Then it happened. While she was at work the nannie took all three children out for a walk. Theo, of course, was in his pram. As they crossed Madison Avenue a taxi crushed the pram between its bonnet and a bus.

The baby was rushed to the nearest hospital, not expected to live more than a few hours. His skull was crushed.

The two daughters who had seen the accident were suffering from shock.

Miss Neal was supposed to go on working.

The days wore on, and for weeks Theo was on the critical list.

Then the operations began. In the past three years he has had eight. For most of that time he had an internal tube to drain off fluid that his tiny body could not dispose of by itself.

For a long time his parents feared that he would be both mentally and physically incapacitated.

Even now they are warned that at any time in his life the brain damage may suddenly strike him down. Doctors say there is no way of telling if and when this will happen.

Both Patricia and her husband have had to learn how to live with this fear and yet hide it from their extremely sensitive son.

Just two years after Theo's accident Miss Neal was rehearsing a full-length, single-handed television play when Olivia went down with measles one afternoon. She died that same night.

Patricia had to go on working until the play was finished a fortnight later.

"Do you think that this helped you to stand up under the strain?"

"No. Nothing helps. In fact, at the time, if anything, it made it worse. I just felt trapped in work when all I wanted to do was be with my family. It was the cruellest possible discipline."

"But, on the whole, has your career helped you? Do you advise mothers who lose their children to work to help them get over it?"

"It would be nice to say yes, but I can't. If you happen to be working you have to go on because otherwise you will let other people down.

"But I can't give anyone else false hopes of a panacea. There isn't one.

"What I do think is that we have built-in protections which come into operation quite automatically without any outside influence.

"For instance, when Theo had his accident I was so stunned and shocked that I actually came up with party manners I never have at any other time.

"I can remember being in that strange hospital and meeting a strange doctor, who told us the extent of his injuries. Even today I can hear myself actually saying to him, 'Yes, it is unfortunate.'

"Unfortunate! Can you imagine anything more ridiculous than that polite word? It seemed as if I was trying to make HIM feel better.

"You just don't react as you think you would, and

To page 60

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now...a new Air-O-Zone fragrance

AIR-O-ZONE Sparkling Bouquet

Banish all unpleasant odours from your home with Air-O-Zone

A short spray of Air-O-Zone banishes stale old tobacco odours, bathroom smells and unpleasant food and cooking odours. Air-O-Zone is the modern, all-purpose room deodorizer and air freshener that quickly absorbs and destroys all unpleasant odours. Air-O-Zone purifies the air and leaves a fragrant spring-freshness right through your home.

Now there is a brand-new, sparkling-fresh Air-O-Zone fragrance—Air-O-Zone Sparkling Bouquet.

Now only

8/3

In three fragrances:
Air-O-Zone Pine
Air-O-Zone Spice
Air-O-Zone Sparkling Bouquet

Freshen up your home with **AIR-O-ZONE**

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ANNE approaches with the pram

. . . while the Queen calls to a corgi

. . . and the dog comes into the picture.

Prince Edward has his first pram ride

WHEN only a few weeks old, Prince Edward, the Queen's fourth child and third in line to the throne, was recently taken out for his first ride in his pram in the gardens of Buckingham Palace. There to push him was the Queen herself and Edward's big sister, Princess Anne (who'll be 14 in August), while four-year-old Prince Andrew rode excitedly up and down the paths round the flowerbeds. The Queen's corgis were there, too.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER talk to the baby, and move on with the pram in the sunshine.

(while brother Andrew shows what a big boy can do)

ENERGETIC Prince Andrew

. . . on his tricycle

. . . passes importantly.

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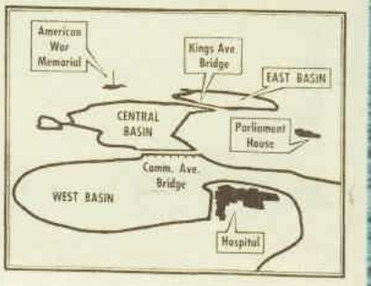
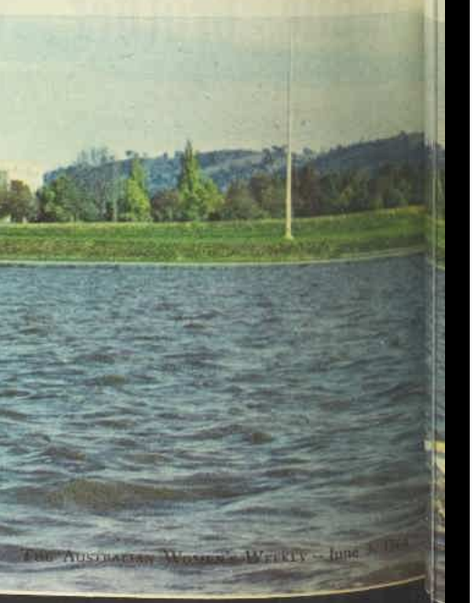
AERIAL views of Lake Burley Griffin. ABOVE: The dam and Government House, Yarralumla, are in the foreground. AT LEFT: Looking from the West Basin with Commonwealth Avenue Bridge linking the Civic Centre area and the Capital Hill side.





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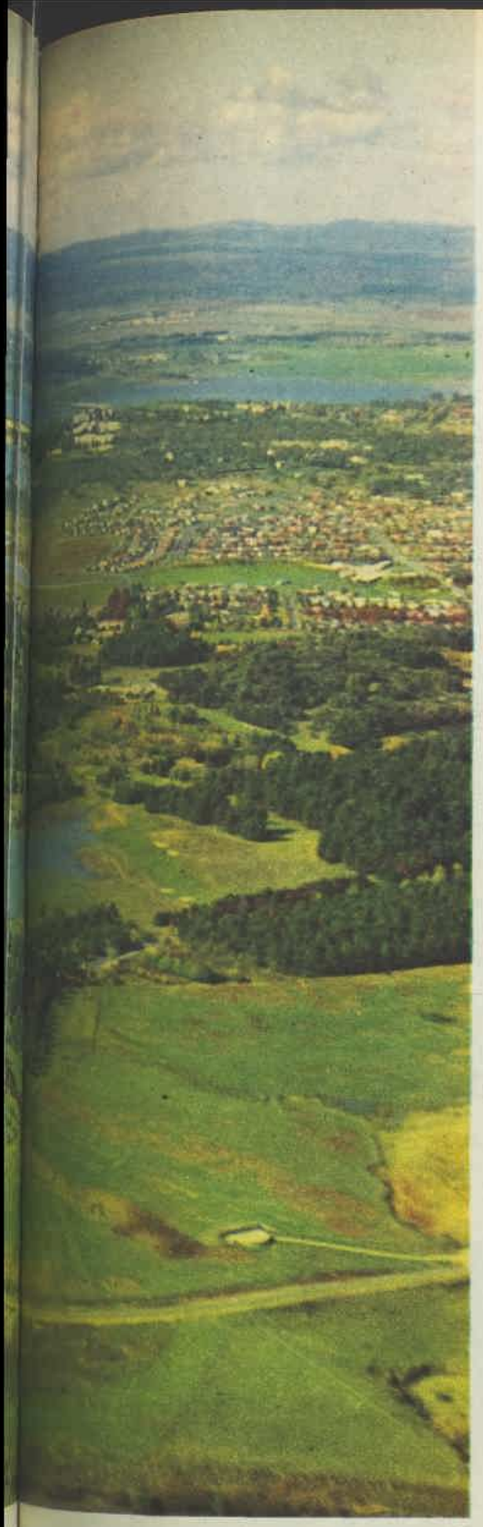

CANBERRA HAS TAKEN THE LAKE TO ITS HEART

SINCE the 50-year-old dream of setting off the nation's capital with a king-sized lake became a reality a month ago, the people of Canberra have been looking at it as lovingly as a girl who can't take her eyes off her sparkling new engagement ring.

New Houses of Parliament are to be built on the southern foreshore of the Central Basin, between Kings and Commonwealth Avenue Bridges, and lakeside sites have been reserved for a music bowl, clubhouses, kiosks and restaurants, jetties, boat bays, and an aquarium pond.

On ceremonial occasions the Governor-General will travel by special barge from Government House landing stage at Yarralumla to Parliament House, and early next year the public will be able to explore the capital by ferry.

The 22 miles of foreshore are being set off with grassy, tree-shaded parklands and natural bushland picnic spots.

Meanwhile, by day and by night — and particularly at sunset, when it looks magnificent bathed in fiery brilliance — Canberra residents delight in just stopping to stare at their lake.

Pictures by staff photographer Keith Barlow

AT RIGHT: Yachts now sail serenely over the fairways and greens of the former sites of the Royal Canberra Golf Club and the racecourse. The Canberra Yacht Club already has a membership of more than 700.

BELOW: A 2000-metre Olympic rowing course in the Central Basin is overlooked by Parliament House. Fifty teams from all States recently took part in Olympic rowing trials held on the lake.

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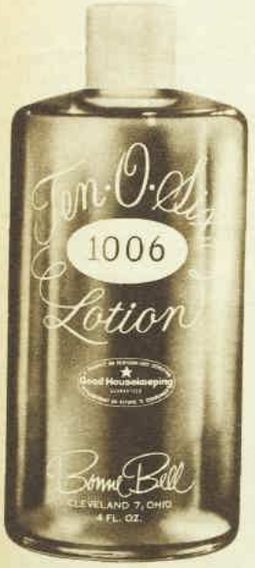
America's top-selling

DOUBLE-ACTION

Complexion Lotion

now in Australia-

★ From Brand Information Service, U.S.A., as supplied to the American cosmetic industry.



Virtually every woman who uses Ten-O-Six Lotion once continues to use it. Now it's the first preference of American women in complexion lotions.

TEN-O-SIX

The very first time you use Bonne Bell Ten-O-Six you'll experience an entirely new sensation—a "tingling" that comes from the special medicated formula combined with a "cold" alcohol (non-drying, non-astringent) used exclusively in Ten-O-Six as a soothing antiseptic to help clear your skin of harmful bacteria.

10/6 *at Family Chemists and better stores*

Bonne Bell Ten-O-Six is a *double-acting* complexion lotion—it corrects both *dry* and *oily* skins, cleanses them with gentle healing medication. Ten-O-Six is a deep pore cleanser; its action is to bring out the underlying skin impurities, not to seal them in as astringents do.

Forget all your previous experiences with lotions and skin creams—you're going to have an entirely different experience when you use your first bottle of Ten-O-Six.

TEN QUESTIONS MOST WOMEN ASK ABOUT TEN-O-SIX

1. What makes Ten-O-Six so unusual?
TEN-O-SIX is a double action liquid antiseptic complexion lotion. It heals and cleanses both dry and normal skins.

2. Does it contain alcohol in any form?
The original formula contained a most unusual ingredient, ISOPRENE-NL. It still does. This is a "cold" (non-drying) alcohol. It is cooling, antiseptic, and soothing.

3. Why should I use TEN-O-SIX when I have a nice complexion?
For a logical reason—to keep it nice. Ten-O-Six is clean and thorough—keeps skin fresh and radiant.

4. Should I use cleansing cream with it?
If you wish. Ten-O-Six removes surface dirt and make-up quickly, easily, whisks away the last traces of these and deep pore grime.

5. Can the whole family use TEN-O-SIX?
Ten-O-Six can be used by either sex at any age. From sunburn to dandruff—from rashes to athlete's foot—for pre-shampoo to post-shaving. Allergy to Ten-O-Six is virtually unknown. The first thing to reach for (and last thing to be out of) is TEN-O-SIX.

6. How often should I use Ten-O-Six?
This depends on the skin condition. As a cleanser, at least 2-3 times daily. Problem skins (particularly adolescent) more frequently.

7. How long will it take to clear my skin?
A natural question. Highly skilled professionals hesitate to give definite promises in a given time. TEN-O-SIX users report "beneficial results" in a week or two, "remarkable results" in a month. With regular use results MUST be good.

8. How can it do good for both oily and dry skins?
The question proves Ten-O-Six is unusual. The answer though chemically complex, actually is simple: Ten-O-Six has the same "chemical balance" (acid and alkaline ratio) as normal skin.

9. Is it an astringent?
Definitely NOT. Astringents contract and tighten pore openings. TEN-O-SIX is a deep pore cleanser. Skins cleansed regularly with Ten-O-Six have small unclogged pore openings. The result is a glowing "alive" complexion.

10. How do I apply TEN-O-SIX?
Moisten a cotton pad with Ten-O-Six and massage your skin. Repeat using fresh pads until there is no trace of soil or make-up on pad.

It's non-allergic, absolutely safe for all skin types and all ages.

IF PRODUCT OR PERFORMANCE DEFICIENT ★ Good Housekeeping GUARANTEES REPLACEMENT OR REFUND TO CONSUMER

TW/1

Bonne Bell

CLEVELAND 7 OHIO, U.S.A.

TEN-O-SIX —very likely the finest complexion lotion you will ever use.

Ita Buttrose's

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

A SPECIAL guest at the Sydney Opera House Ball at Sydney Town Hall on June 26 will be Melburnian Lady Angliss, who'll fly up specially on the day. With Lady Portarlington and Mr Stefan Haag she'll judge the most glamorous gown which could be worn to the opening night of the Opera House.

One of the prizes will be a Florentine gold filagree mirror, which has been donated by committee member Mrs. Ross Fyfe-Smith.

This year's ball decor, which is based on the Strauss opera "Die Fledermaus," sounds wonderful. It's being designed by another committee member, Florence Broadhurst.

The guests will walk through a "jail" into the ballroom, which will be "surrounded" by 10ft.-high turquoise silken banners. Five chandeliers draped with white streamers will hang from the ceiling and the stage centrepiece will be a giant silver bat.

As usual many pre-ball parties will get the evening off to a gay start — Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lender, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Johnston, and Mr. and Mrs. James McKeon will be among the party-givers. Incidentally, ball guests Mr. and Mrs. Herb Gibson, of "Rocky Point," Narromine, will charter a plane and fly down for the ball. They'll stay overnight at their Manly flat and return home next day.

★ ★ ★

I HEAR that Mrs. Willi Dowiedat, of Remscheid, Germany, will be arriving here on May 31 for a three-week visit. She'll divide her time between Bellevue Hill — where she'll stay with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Simpson — and Kurrajong, where she will visit her son, Mr. Karl Dowiedat, and his family.

★ ★ ★

A THREE-MONTH holiday in California has led to romance for Gay Gannon, who has just arrived home with the exciting news of her engagement to John Gobec, of Sacramento. She returned especially to have her wedding gown made and to collect her trousseau. With her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Guy Gannon, of Avalon, Gay will leave in August for Sacramento, where the wedding will take place in September.

★ ★ ★

I LIKE the early impress black-and-white Wedgwood pin-tray — the latest acquisition to Georges Tzipine's Wedgwood collection. It was a gift from fellow collector Lady Lloyd Jones. She and Mr. Tzipine, who is Musical Director of the Victoria Symphony Orchestra, discovered their mutual interest when he was in Sydney recently and was a visitor to Lady Lloyd Jones' home. He'll be taking the piece home with him to Montmartre, Paris, when he and his wife return there in September.

★ ★ ★

DELICIOUS home-made jams, cakes, and biscuits will be sold in the foyer of the Vogue Theatre, Double Bay, on June 4, before the Woollahra Torch Bearers for Legacy annual matinee. The movie screened will be "The V.I.P.'s" and the committee will be serving coffee and sandwiches in the foyer from 11.30 a.m.

★ ★ ★

OVERSEAS-BOUND for six months is Prue Osborne, who sails in Northern Star with Judith Boseley on May 30. Her first stop will be Paris, where she'll spend a month with her aunt, Mrs. Lawrence Sperry, before going on to Italy for two months. She'll spend the rest of her stay in London and will flat with Gillian Hardie, who has been in Europe for several months.

★ ★ ★

FOR her "something old," Patricia Lynch, who will marry Dr. Paul Despas at Waverley College Chapel on June 6, will wear an heirloom diamond-and-ruby bracelet and a 100-year-old Brussels lace handkerchief. The bracelet has been lent by her mother, Mrs. Richard Lynch, and the handkerchief by Paul's mother, Mrs. Alfredo Despas, who carried it at her wedding. Parties for the couple include a shower tea, which Paul's sister, Jocelyn (also and Genevieve Flower will be bridesmaids) will give on May 30, and a cellar party given by Dr. and Mrs. Bob Diamond on June 3.

★ ★ ★

IN her latest letter home, Diana Lloyd told her mother, Mrs. Jasper Lloyd, that she'd be arriving in Sydney on June 16. Diana, who is in Munich at the moment, has been overseas for the past 15 months. She'll spend a few days in Bangkok and Hong Kong on her homeward journey.

★ ★ ★

HOME again at their flat at the Astor, Macquarie Street, are Sir Roy and Lady McCaughey. They've just spent three restful weeks at their country property, "Coonont," Urana.

ABOVE: Mr. Hugh MacLachlan, of Paratoo, South Australia, and his bride, formerly Miss Fiona Reid, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Reid, of "Narrangullen," Yass, after their marriage at St. Andrew's Church, Yass. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Byron MacLachlan, of Gilberton, Adelaide.

AT RIGHT: Mr. and Mrs. Robert McLennan, who were married at St. Andrew's Cathedral, Singapore. The bride was Miss Brenda Blencowe, daughter of Mrs. R. V. Read, of Dromana, Victoria, and the bridegroom is the son of Mrs. N. D. McLennan, of Darling Point, and of the late Mr. McLennan. The couple will visit Australia in July.

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CHAIRMAN of the Women's Auxiliary of the Royal Commonwealth Society, Mrs. George Colvin (left), with Mr. G. J. Gould and Mrs. Norman Jenkyn at the chicken lunch which the auxiliary held in its Bligh Street rooms to commemorate Commonwealth Week. Mr. Gould, who is the Development Officer for the Department of Immigration's "Bring Out A Briton" Campaign, was speaker.

IN VESTRY. Mr. Paul Mazoudier and his bride, formerly Miss Patricia Vass, signing the register after their marriage at the Garrison Church, Millers Point. The bride is the daughter of the former United States Consul-General in Sydney, Mr. Laurence Vass, and of Mrs. Vass, of Washington, D.C., and the bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. K. J. Mazoudier, of Darling Point and of Bathurst. Mrs. Vass, who will be returning to America on May 28 to join her husband, welcomed 150 guests to the reception at the Pickwick Club.

BRIDAL GROUP. Mr. Henry Rouse, of "Bungaba," Leadsville, and his bride, formerly Miss Jill Lugsdin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Lugsdin, of "Cobbora Station," Cobbora, leaving St. Stephen's Church, Macquarie Street, with their attendants (from left) Miss Brenda Lugsdin, Miss Del Lugsdin, Mrs. Richard Golsby, and Miss Mai Hough. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Rouse. A reception for 200 guests followed at Menzies Hotel.

CLASSICAL guitarist Mr. Jose Gonzalez and his wife (on left) with Professor and Mrs. Rupert Myers at the concert and afternoon tea which the U Ball Committee held at the Cremorne home of Mr. and Mrs. Vivian Chalwin. Mr. Gonzalez was guest artist. More than 250 guests attended the concert, which will aid the University Houses Appeal.

JUST WED. Mr. and Mrs. Neville Gruzman pictured after their marriage at the Registry Office. Mrs. Gruzman was the former Mrs. Margot Ryrie, the daughter of Mrs. Fred Borchardt, of Wollstonecraft, and of the late Mr. Clive Ascher. After a brief honeymoon Mr. and Mrs. Gruzman will live at Darling Point.

AT LEFT: Mr. and Mrs. Len Hattersley at the reception at the Wentworth Hotel which followed their wedding at St. Paul's Church, Kogarah. The bride was Miss Marie Saxby, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. N. H. Saxby, of Kogarah, and the bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Hattersley, of Chatswood.

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STAR COOK'S VISIT

FAMOUS British cook Marguerite Patten will give the following demonstrations in N.S.W. and A.C.T.:

Sydney: Two demonstrations daily, at 1.30 and 7.30 p.m., on:

June 8: North Shore Gas Co., **Crows Nest.**

June 9: The Australian Gas Light Co., **Burwood.**

June 10: The Australian Gas Light Co., **Hurstville.**

June 11: The Australian Gas Light Co., **Parramatta.**

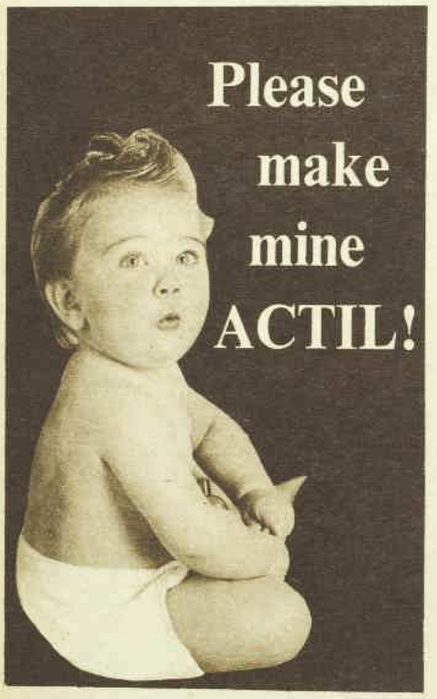
June 12: The Australian Gas Light Co., **Bondi Junction.**

Admission tickets (free) are available at all the above addresses.

Newcastle: June 19, 10 a.m. and 2 p.m., at Winn's Shortland Room, corner of King, Brown, and Hunter Streets. Admission tickets (free) available at Home Service, The City of Newcastle Gas and Coke Co. Ltd., 619-623 Hunter St.

Canberra: June 16, 2.30 p.m. and 7.30 p.m., at the Rex Hotel. Admission tickets (free) available at Porta Gas Pty. Ltd., 20 Garema Place, Civic.

Mrs. Patten's five one-hour TV demonstrations: **Sydney, TCN9:** 12.30 p.m., June 15-19; **Newcastle, NBN3:** 3.30 p.m., June 22-26; **Wollongong, WIN4:** 12.30 p.m., June 15-19. All dates inclusive.



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Fans will bring out the banners

● Counting the days to The Beatles' arrival, Sydney fans are frantically designing hundreds of welcome banners.

COMMITTEE of Beatles' Fan Club (from left) Lynn Andrews, Angela Letchford, Terry Letchford, Maree Holmes.

HERE are just a few of the poster messages the fans will wave: "WE LOVE YOU BEATLES," "I WANNA HOLD YOUR HAND(S)," "WELCOME BEATLES," "NEVER LEAVE US," "PAUL IS THE GREATEST," "RINGO FOREVER," "BEATLES ARE KING."

"We're just so excited that the airport at Mascot will be open to us the day they come," said Angela Letchford, 16, president of The Beatles' Fan Club of Australia.

"I can tell you that we expect about 19 or 20 thousand — or you'd better say the whole population — to welcome our Beatles."

Angela hopes that the members of her fan club will not cause a riot, like teenagers in America and London.

"But who can say just what we'll do when we actually see them," she said.

"Many members of our fan club are taking a week's holiday while the boys are here. And if they can find out where they are staying they'll probably keep a 24-hour watch on the hotel in the hope of seeing them."

Angela started the fan club "just for a joke" last December and since then has received over 7000 letters and enlisted more than 3000 members.

Pin-ups

For the past months, Angela and her committee, Lynn Andrews, 16, Maree Holmes, 17, and her brother, Terry Letchford, 15, have spent most weekends and nights opening and answering the 300 to 400 inquiries they receive each week.

They have a small office in a Sydney radio station (with Beatle pin-ups all over the walls and Beatle pictures on the typewriter).

"I had so many letters that I'm doing a shorthand and typing course so that I can cope better," said Angela. "Just the little typing I know helps."

The committee try to answer all inquiries and post back the latest gossip about their idols. All letters end with "must Beatle off now" and are signed "Beatlefully Yours."

"We've received lots of perfumed 'personal, personal' letters, some covered in kisses, to give them," said Angela.

"We're giving The Beatles a 3ft. koala bear from the fan club," she said, "and we're planning to give George, who'll celebrate his twenty-second birthday in Sydney on June 18, something Australian—like a big jar of Bondi sand."

"And we'll have to give them all boomerangs, so they'll come back again," sighed Lynn Andrews.

Angela believes that fans will be coming from all over the State to welcome The Beatles.

And she had a letter from a Melbourne fan who plans to fly to Sydney to welcome The Beatles and see their show, as well as doing the same thing in Melbourne the same week.

Even Dianne Donaher, 17, president of the Dave Clarke Five Fan Club, the greatest Beatles' rivals, will welcome The Beatles.

"Why? Because they're friends of Dave's," she said. "Dave thinks The Beatles are 'a great bunch of kids'."

Some fans have written to say they just dream of touching Paul's hair or being able to see for themselves if Ringo really has a grey streak on the right side of his Beatle bob.

The Beatles' concerts in Sydney are on June 18, 19, and 20.—**KERRY YATES.**

INVESTMENT GUIDE

This week: "The market is always right"

By Mary Broker

● There is a tried and trusted saying among experienced investors that "the market is always right."

THIS means that whenever a share has a sharp rise in price good news can be expected; whenever it has a sharp fall bad news can be expected.

Take Deposit & Investment, for instance — a finance company whose shares have fallen from last year's prices of around 15/- to current prices close to 6/-.

The company has given three lots of bad news concerning bad debts over this period, and before each announcement the shares steadily fell in price.

At present levels they are probably worth speculative buying, for capital appreciation, and are certainly good for income, since they yield nearly 8 per cent.

How right the market is in anticipating good news was well demonstrated in recent weeks by the frantic bidding for Swallow & Ariell Ltd. by Australian Biscuit (the Arnott group) and Nabisco, a big American company.

Bidding began at 40/- and rose in stages to 70/-. The market anticipated these moves cleverly, and a lot of people made a lot of money.

But my story today is Minster Ltd., whose 10/- shares have risen by more than 20/- in 12 months and by over 10/- recently, to 91/-.

I feel sure something good must be coming.

Minster is a well-known company whose original business was started little more than 15 years ago. The present company was formed in 1952 and the shares listed in 1953. Its record has been outstanding.

The main business is carpets — the company manufactures and distributes the Westminster brand. (In connection with this, I was interested to read the other day that 70 per cent. of carpets used here are now woven in Australia.)

Minster has several other activities. One is Balatum (Australia) Pty. Ltd., recently formed in conjunction with a big Belgium company.

I believe Balatum is now swinging into full production of felt-based linoleums for the Australian market. This particular type of lino has apparently been imported to date, and the local product is expected to meet with great success.

The boom in housing, should also benefit Minster, since all new houses must have floor coverings of some sort. With the new linoleum activity, Minster seems determined not to miss out on any room in the home.

Exports, too, are increasing. Minster owns a carpet company in Vancouver, Canada, with outstanding sales successes, and is planning a promotion campaign in the U.S.A.

The company has also entered the Malaysian market, with sales to a new hotel in Kuala Lumpur, and agents have been appointed in several south-east Asian countries.

Substantial sales are expected in New Zealand, and a trial shipment has been sent to the Soviet Union.

The company has a magnificent record.

Even in 1961, when the building industry was going through bad times, Minster's earning rate was nearly 38 per cent. This gives a good indication of the company's potential.

Here are the figures for the last four years:

1960: Net profit £695,000
—earning rate 51.5 per cent.
—dividend 20 per cent.

1961: Net profit £614,000
—earning rate 37.8 per cent.
—dividend 20 per cent.

1962: Net profit £663,000
—earning rate 40.5 per cent.
—dividend 20 per cent.

1963: Net profit £719,000
—earning rate 43.8 per cent.
—dividend 20 per cent.

The dividend has been raised from 8¾ per cent. to 20 per cent. in the ten years since listing, in spite of a three for four bonus issue in 1956 and a one for two bonus issue in 1960.

Judging by this four-year interval, 1964 may also see a bonus issue. At last balance date, reserves were just about equal to ordinary capital, so there is no reason why not.

The interim report, released in January—very promptly, which not many companies do — announced higher profits and sales in the December half-year.

Directors said production had again increased in the six months and, although costs were higher, earnings were also higher than those in the previous corresponding half-year.

I wouldn't hesitate to buy the shares, especially since the market seems to "know something."

At 91/- a marketable parcel of 50 shares would cost close to £230, to give a dividend of £5 a year, yielding 2.2 per cent. For long-term holding I don't think you should pass them by.

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I was a LADY BEATLE

by Binny Lum

● Radio personality Bernice ("Binny") Lum, of Melbourne, has the unique distinction of having sung with The Beatles — she filled in with George, John, and Ringo to sing "Tie Me Kangaroo Down, Sport" while Paul was absent.

SHE wrote: "It happened like this. Stations 3XY and VBN, where I have daily programmes, decided it would be a scoopy thing for me to get an interview with The Beatles when I flew to London.

"I had one mate there, Alan Freeman, a disc jockey with the B.B.C. He'd been waiting three months for an interview! But Alan knows the Beatles' manager, Brian Epstein, and to know him is like kicking your first goal.

"And though Alan's secretary sighed, wouldn't Binny prefer an audience with Her Majesty? It could be easier,' she gave me the phone number."

Binny spent two whole days (and a fortune) in phone calls before she even spoke to the secretary of the personal assistant to Brian Epstein. There followed a long afternoon waiting — and wondering if she was being given the run around — before she saw Epstein himself.

Binny described Epstein as "one of the greatest promoters of the age."

Her interview with The Beatles will be broadcast over station 2UW on June 14.

Pictures show Binny with The Beatles (above) and with their autograph (right). HER STORY OF THE INTERVIEW IS BELOW.

A FACE emerged over my shoulder. It was straight off a record cover. "Paul," I said involuntarily.

A second later, and the face was properly accompanied by a well-set-up body. The famous hairdo had a healthy sheen.

"I'm so sorry," apologised beside Paul McCartney, and he smiled with a warmth that would have had his fans too transfixed to scream.

"I won't be able to stay and talk to you.

"But I'm glad I could say hello. The other boys are in there though, and they're going to stay awhile."

He shrugged a casual coat round his shoulders as I regretted he had to leave.

We were in the London building where Brian Epstein has his elegant office.

Paul's taller than I'd expected, and has a fresh complexion.

His manner was very pleasant and he looked directly at me as he apologised once again, "My car's waiting now, I'll have to go."

He moved to an outer door where someone joined him.

I was invited into another office where later Brian Epstein, whose acquaintance I had made earlier that day, appeared and said:

"Go into my room, Binny, I'll leave you with them."

Unbelievably I was with The Beatles.

They converged in a semi-circle, sitting with their legs astride the chairs, but back to front, with their arms on the chair backs.

"It's chewing goom," said John

Somehow it seemed typical. The boys don't do anything quite like anyone else, and they are so **naturally** different.

Everyone was talking.

I set up my tape to do the recording my Australian radio station had sent me half way across the world to do. It was a riot.

You don't interview The Beatles — you "Beatle talk" with them. It's great fun.

Actually, I hadn't thought seriously about the boys till I got to London and felt the impact they have on the world. Now I'm a Beatle fan.

These boys are wholesome.

I like the way their words pour out in a Liverpudlian stream of good humor.

There's a warm friendship which links them intangibly and, if you're lucky, encompasses you. I was taken into the charmed circle.

They called me "Bernice," which is fair enough, it's my name. But, till The Beatles used it, there was a formality about it which always made me feel I was being called to order.

On a Beatle accent it's the friendliest.

There's a steady intelligence among the boys.

My tape was to be played in Australia. They had the right slang terms at their fingertips, they spoke of various Australian artists, they'd obviously bothered to find out about Australia.

Impromptu

In their own way The Beatles do answer questions.

When I asked what it's like not to be able to go about normally, they burst into an impromptu song, "We're up in an aeroplane, we're up in an aeroplane," leading into "We could never walk down the street again."

You go on a mad gay whirl with The Beatles when you get them alone.

Ringo came good with lines from their film.

"Go on, Ringo," encouraged George. "Say the bit."

Ringo drew himself up: "There you go," he declaimed in a pseudo-London accent, "hiding behind a smokescreen of bourgeois cliches."

Next minute he was running true to form, admiring the jade dragon ring I had worn especially knowing his weakness for such things.

"It's chewing goom," said John.

(Or was it George? You're having so much fun you lose track of who says what. But now and then there seemed to be a subtle lead from John, and off they'd all go on a wild word chase.)

They decided to interpolate a few bars of "Tie Me Kangaroo Down, Sport," just for good measure.

They were right on the note too, nothing flat about The Beatles — till they decided to go off key deliberately.

"What's your book about?" I asked John.

"It's roobish," he said, handing it to me.

"It's my book," claimed Ringo, taking it.

"It's his copy, but my book," corrected John. "I writ it."

"He wroted it," George joined in.

"This is John speaking," said Lennon.

"In his own voice," teased Ringo — the title of John's book is "In His Own Write."

I sat there hoping the mike hadn't packed up from sheer shock.

There I was, knee-deep in Beatles, thinking, "Back home they're going to think this was easy; they'll take the view, why shouldn't someone get to meet The Beatles — they're human, aren't they?"

I remembered Jack Benny saying, "Wouldn't it be funny if they took off their hair and you discovered they were boys?"

I discovered they're boys with a great talent which isn't necessarily their music.

The more imitators they have the greater they'll be, because they're the genuine originators.

And how did I come to be a Lady Beatle?

It happened toward the end of the tape. The boys went into a spirited version of "Tie Me Kangaroo Down, Sport" as a finale.

In the middle of it, John said, "Come on, Bernice." So I tied a kangaroo down, along with them.

The next few moments were bedlam.

A car was waiting to take them safely home. Ringo insisted they find a photo to autograph for me, and the three Beatles went in every direction looking for one.

They came flying back to pose for a color slide with me and present me with their picture.

Then, with promises to meet me in Australia, they were gone.

I picked up my tape, went down in the lift, and as I stepped into the cold night air it hit me . . . *I've sung with The Beatles.*

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FONTEYN, NUREYEV ON TV

HOUR OF SUPERB BALLET

By NAN MUSGROVE

● Take the great dancers Nureyev and Fonteyn, put them on stage before a wildly enthusiastic audience, with the searching eye of the TV camera on them, and you have TCN9's latest B.P. Super Show.

It will be telecast on Saturday, May 30, 7.30 p.m., and is the first TV ballet film I have ever seen.

I have never thought that television was a good medium for ballet, but at the preview I had difficulty in restraining myself from clapping when Nureyev and Fonteyn finished dancing.

They dance the pas de deux from the third act of "Swan Lake." It is superb.

The rest of the programme is good, too. Kathy Gorham and Garth Welch dance the pas de deux from "Don Quixote," and Gordon Jones and Bryan Lawrence dance "Namouna."

I couldn't help thinking of Beatlemania and the way there has been about the way teenagers behave at The Beatles, when I looked about the audience in the Melbourne theatre where the show was filmed.

"Balletmania" is just as good — I was glad Nureyev and Fonteyn weren't singers. The Melbourne TV critic, Margaret Berkeley, was lucky enough to sit in on the show being made. This is her story:

The programme, which was directed for TV by Ian Kinnear, was taped at the Palais Theatre, St. Kilda, where the ballet season was being presented.

The Palais is Melbourne's largest theatre, seating 3000 people. It was packed to capacity for this special filming presentation with an excited audience, including schoolchildren and nurses.

A huge queue filled the footpaths alongside the theatre, and gradually moved its way inside.

It was an exciting and responsive audience and not even the more-than-three-hour "set" caused interest to flag.

FONTEYN AND NUREYEV

Each of the three ballet excerpts was rehearsed first for the cameras and the orchestra before being taped. (There were two cameras in the stalls, one in the circle.)

The audience enjoyed the experience, a more intimate one than a ballet audience usually has, of seeing the dancers in more relaxed

Television

mood, some of them in leg-warmers, for instance, in Melbourne's cold.

Kathy Gorham not only wore leg-warmers but also a pink cardigan over her brilliant red "Don Quixote" costume.

They rehearsed with a mixture of dancing and walking, moving from one position to another on the stage with a minimum of effort to the music.

Although the audience were enthusiastic all along, they were really waiting for just two people, and, when Dame Margot and Nureyev eventually appeared to rehearse their pas de deux at about 12.30, there was a tremendous ovation.

All along, there had been touches of humor as dancers "guyed" a few steps.

Now Nureyev padded flat-footed round Dame Margot as he supported her in a pose, and Dame Margot herself yanked at her leg with one hand as if to help it stay in the air.

The audience were so willing and eager to applaud that Nureyev eventually had to ask for "calm" as he rehearsed a few leaps on stage.

Apparently the applause was spoiling his concentration, so he walked forward, held up his hand in a stop sign to the audience, and said something which not many people could hear.

But they all knew what he meant — he has such "presence."

Even after that, there was a distinct rustle in the auditorium as he rehearsed.

The magical change which came over the whole performance for the taping was really something to see.

Everything was taut and magnificent, after so much informality.

★ ★ ★

IF signs and portents can be followed, I am sure ABC-TV's Melbourne critics, Messrs. Harris, Westbrook, and Casson, are going to pontificate over The Beatles' first Melbourne performance.

The three gentlemen startled me last time I saw them. All of them appear to be growing Beatle hairdos.

A drake's tail of hair moved jauntily when Mr. Westbrook turned his head in profile to the camera, Mr. Casson's natural wave curled luxuriantly toward his collar, and obviously Mr. Harris had just washed his and couldn't do a thing with it.

In contrast, Dr. Jean Battersby, with her beautifully dressed hair, who joins the gentlemen in these gab-fests, looked more soignee and patrician than ever.

Well-deserved award

"I THE ABORIGINAL," an ABC-TV film, won a Gold Award in the 1964 Australian Film Institute Awards before it had its TV premiere.

The citation said it was "for the dramatic expression of a point of view in a film of strong narrative appeal."

The film richly deserved the award.

It was an hour that took me out of the confines of the city into that wonderful limitless country of the Northern Territory, to meet again the soft-spoken aborigines and see what one of them did when he had the opportunity It's well worth repeating.

She's Bing's TV wife

● I was interested to learn that Beverly Garland has been chosen to be Bing Crosby's TV wife in his new show.

BING'S choice of Beverly automatically ensures the show's success, according to many Hollywood TV producers who regard her as TV's good luck charm.

Beverly, whom you may remember as the ruthless but winsome policewoman of "Decoy," has appeared in 12 pilot films for TV series, nine of which were a success. Hence her reputation.

A "pilot" is the first episode of a series, and either sells or kills it.

Beverly's most famous "pilot" was for that blockbuster "Dr. Kildare."

Beverly sells, and no wonder. I've never seen her turn in anything but a first-class professional performance in any show.

I imagine there are few actresses who have quietly done as well in TV as has Beverly, and her new role should certainly establish her as a TV star.

Bing's choice of Beverly shows that he is leaving no stone unturned to make the new series a success.

He will play an architect, the father of two TV daughters, played by Carol Faylen, 16, and Diana Sherry, 11.

Beverly Garland

READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES

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Weston's

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Danny—he's a perfect scream

● Danny Kaye has been described as "the man who is satisfied with perfection," and his show, telecast on ABC-TV on Saturdays at 7.30 p.m., goes toward proving it.

It is a preposterous statement applied to a TV variety show, for every viewer has a different standard of variety perfection.

For me, it is Danny and his guest Gene Kelly, singing and dancing "Ballin' the Jack," or Danny communicating quietly with children of all nationalities and getting through to them despite language barriers; for you it may be a slapstick sketch or Danny interviewing a guest star. But, whatever your taste, he generally provides one small slice of near perfection each week.

The work that goes into this show is astounding. Kaye uses eight writers; every word is new material, no old stuff is rehashed. He says the show has given him "the most stimulation and creativity I've had for the last seven years."

It certainly has stimulated Australia's Saturday night TV.

—Nan Musgrove

DANNY KAYE, older now, has the wild effervescence of his early film days toned down to much cleverer characterisation.

DANNY KAYE has very bright guest stars each week. Above he is seen with attractive Mary Tyler Moore, who plays Laura Petrie in the hilarious "Dick Van Dyke Show."

Television

GUEST STAR Don Knotts of the "Andy Griffith Show," and formerly the nervous man in the street in the old "Steve Allen Show," almost breaks up the Kaye composure.

RED-HAIRED Gwen Verdon, famous singing, dancing comedienne of Broadway, guest stars with Danny. One of Danny's severest critics is his daughter, Dena, 17.

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DID YOU KNOW?

Television

● **Taking his cue from Ed Sullivan, comedian Red Skelton is importing a British rock group, "The Snobs," for his variety hour. "The Snobs" go The Beatles one better in hair-styles—they use powdered periwigs with their 17th-century costumes.**

RED SKELTON

BURL IVES will narrate "Rudolph, the Red-Nosed Reindeer," an animated full-hour Christmas special to be made by the American N.B.C. network.

★ ★ ★

ED SULLIVAN has filmed a performance of the Moscow State Circus for telecasting on his weekly TV variety show. Sullivan says the programme is "the best circus show we've ever presented."

★ ★ ★

DINAH SHORE returns to television this year, in a series of seven specials made by the American Broadcasting Company. She will star in four hour-long evening programmes and three daytime shows. Miss Shore quit television at the end of last season, saying she wanted to rest for a year.

★ ★ ★

A COLOR television crew has been sent to the cradles of civilisation in the Mediterranean and Middle East area by the American N.B.C. network to prepare an hour-long report relating archaeology and the Bible. The crew will spend nine weeks photographing the remainders of such early civilisations as the Persian, Babylonian, Assyrian, Sumerian, Egyptian, Israelite and Greek. The script will use the language of the Old Testament.

★ ★ ★

SINCE her great triumph on Broadway in the musical "Funny Girl," Barbra Streisand has started a furious race among American television networks to sign her up. N.B.C. says it made a verbal commitment with the young singer in Las Vegas six months ago after a representative saw her nightclub act.

★ ★ ★

THE periodic "Town Meeting of the World," arranged by the C.B.S. network in the U.S., has for its next intercontinental live discussion a debate between American U.N. representative Adlai Stevenson in New York, Robert Schuman in Paris, and U.K. Labor Leader Harold Wilson, speaking from London, on the subject of Red China.

★ ★ ★

YVONNE DE CARLO will co-star with Fred Gwynne and Al Lewis in "The Monsters," a TV situation comedy starting next season about a family of suburban "monster-type" people.

★ ★ ★

THE new U.S. A.B.C. series "Bewitched" is to begin production without its feminine lead, Elizabeth Montgomery. Miss Montgomery is expecting a baby in July. "They're going to start work, anyway," she said, "and they'll be able to shoot around me. The gaps in the series will be filled in during the summer, after the baby is born. Miss Montgomery's husband, William Asher, is directing the series, in which she plays a suburban housewife with a secret—she's a witch.

think of softness think of Johnson's

Think of softness, think of purity. Think of gentle skin care . . . think of Johnson's the softest, purest, gentlest powder in the world . . . the one powder specially made to absorb moisture, to ensure daylong freshness.

Johnson's Baby Powder...Baby Soap...Baby Oil...Baby Cream

Best for baby. Best for you

BP 2421

Tommy Hanlon's Thought for the week

Momma once said: "Isn't it a shame horses went out of style. Cars are nice. But how many times did you read about two horses running into each other? Or running down and killing people? They never had to be repainted; the engine seldom broke down. They never had a flat tyre and, more important, you didn't have to trade them in each year for a newer model, just because it looked a little different. But, most important . . ."

Momma's moral . . . I liked horses better than cars, because you didn't have to shift gears.

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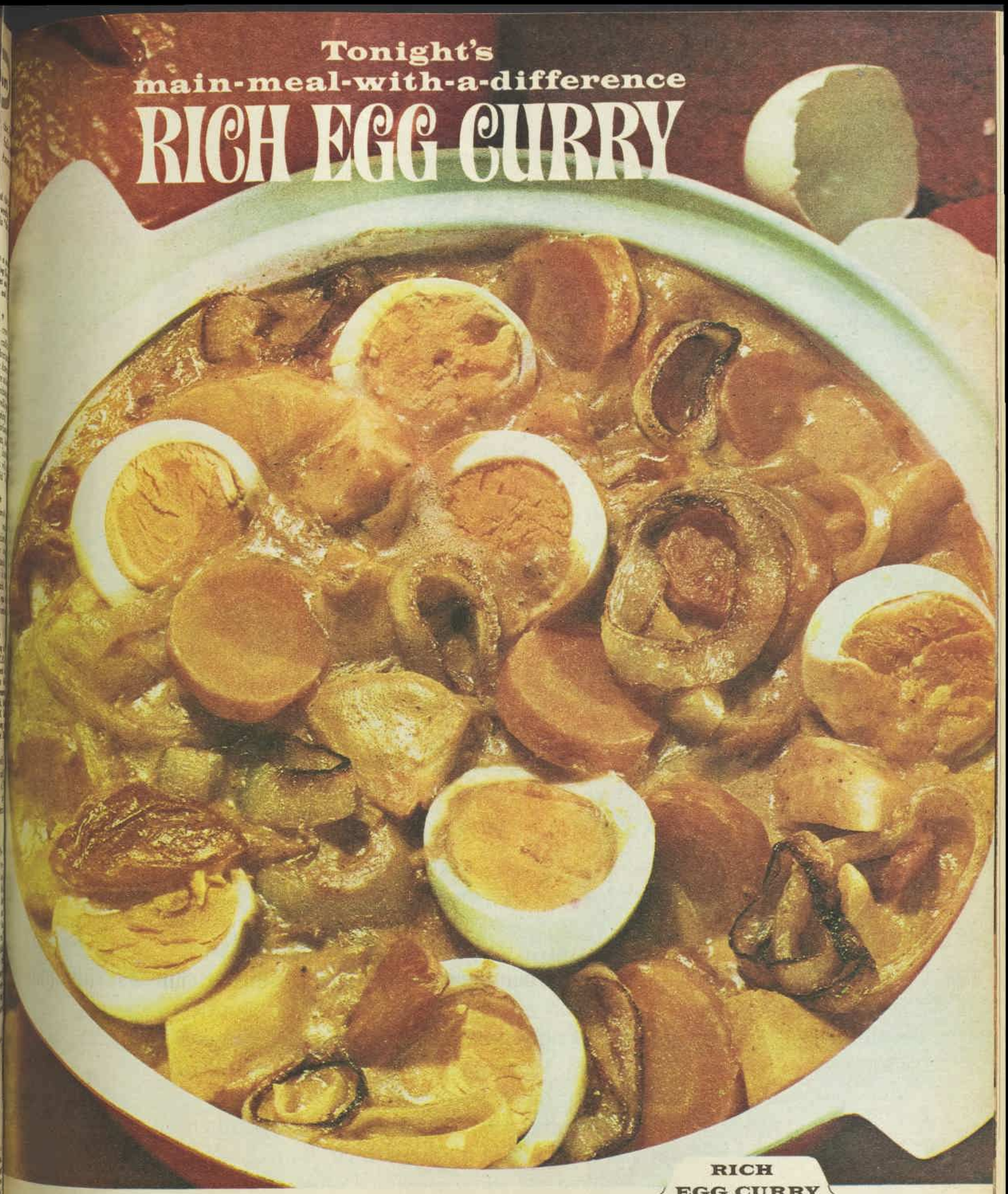
Tonight's
main-meal-with-a-difference

RICH EGG CURRY



Not just 'curried eggs' but a full-dress main-meal curry. Built round the protein-rich, vitamin-and-mineral-packed goodness of eggs. Appetising. Satisfying. For food as well as money value . . . YOU CAN'T BEAT EGGS.

SUNRISE EGGS

GUARANTEED LOCAL NEW LAID
Cartons weight stamped for your protection.
18, 21 and 24 ozs. to the dozen.

RICH EGG CURRY

Chop and sauté: 1 carrot, 1 apple, 1 tomato and 2 onions. Make 2 cups curry sauce, using 1 cup milk, 1 cup water. Hard-boil and halve 4 eggs. Blend all ingredients into curry sauce and simmer till hot. Serve with rice or potato and vegetable. Time: About 30 minutes. Serves five or four.

EB355

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Onkaparinga blankets wrap you in the snugness of nature's own warmest fibre . . . 100% pure virgin lambswool . . . to bring true a promise of sound, restful sleep all winter through. They pamper you with deep-napped softness and skilfully loomed luxury weight. But you don't have to pamper them back! Onkaparinga blankets are completely washable, spring back downy soft and fluffy as new, wash after wash. Safe from moths too! All Onkaparinga blankets are thoroughly mothproofed. And all Onkaparinga blankets are guaranteed for 20 years. Four sizes! Single, twin, double and super size. Fifteen colours, including Fiesta, Olive, Aqua, Coral and Pink, plus ten different multi-checks. Glamorous 3″ satin edging is optional.

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The right word at the right time will often save the day . . . a dramatic story

SOMEONE HAS TO SAY SOMETHING

By JEFF BROWN

AT three-thirty on a Friday afternoon Anderson left the offices of the publishing firm in which he was an editor and took a cab to St. David's School.

It was six months since he had last dropped Stevie off at St. David's on his way downtown in the morning, and the square brick building with the quartered shield cut into the stone above the doors—a cross, a sword, a lion and something that looked like a banana—was more forbidding than he remembered. He wondered as he was paying the cab-driver if the building frightened Stevie.

There was a tavern across the street, and he had ten minutes to spare before his appointment. Daytime drinking was not usual for him, but he felt a bit shaky—he had been working too hard too long, and now there was this worry about Stevie—so he went over.

The sight of himself in the long mirror above the bar, however, looking worn and fretful, undid whatever good the whisky might have achieved. He began to think about that evening, for which he had made no plans.

From the phone booth in the corner he called Peggy Kincaid, who worked in the advertising department of his firm. Peggy said she had a date but would try to get out of it, and he said that he would call her at home at six o'clock.

He hung up knowing that soon now he was going to have to make up his mind about what, if anything, lay ahead for Peggy and him. Peggy had been available for a steadily increasing number of evenings since he had separated from his wife; at six o'clock, he was quite sure, she would be waiting for his call.

He went across the street to St. David's.

. . . .

" . . . not unusual for a child to repeat an early grade," Miss Graham said. "You needn't be upset, Mr. Anderson, I assure you."

She was a lean, stringy woman with an elaborately patient smile. The smile annoyed him, and so did the note of suffering that lay behind everything she said, as if the world were full of not-quite-bright people for whose sake she was determined to endure.

"I am convinced," she said, "that pushing children is a great mistake."

They had been talking for half an hour and she had already said a great deal about not pushing children and about personality adjustment. Most of the talk was, as far as Anderson was concerned, beside the point. Stevie and he saw each other only on Sunday afternoons, and each afternoon was harder to get through than the last. The fact was that Stevie didn't like him any more, which gave Anderson a lot more than second grade to be upset about.

"Perhaps the work is just too much for him," he said.

"Steven has difficulty concentrating," she said. "He simply doesn't—" Her phone rang and she picked it up.

"Yes? I see. No, not at all, Mrs. Drummond. Describe it, won't you? Blue with a V neck . . ."

Patience rose from her in shimmering waves, like

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"Stevie wants to talk to you," Ann said as she spoke to Anderson.

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IN GREECE...ALL OVER THE WORLD

so much more to enjoy

Wherever you go, whatever you do, wherever life is fresh, vital, elegant, you meet Peter Stuyvesant, the cigarette with the international flavor—a wide new world of taste. For that deep down enjoyment of rich choice tobaccos—plus the miracle filter—light up a Stuyvesant, you'll be so glad you did.

PETER STUYVESANT THE INTERNATIONAL PASSPORT TO SMOKING PLEASURE

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TEN years ago PAUL STRETTON, a salesman for a medical supply firm, had married ISOBEL, a vibrant American girl, but for some time she has felt it is only their nine-year-old son, DAVID, who is holding the marriage together. Isobel senses that her gaiety, which attracted Paul to her at first, now irritates him. When David is about to be sent to boarding-school she feels the time has come to speak to Paul of a separation, especially when David nearly drowns at a swimming lesson. The instructor had to rescue him as Paul stood by helpless, unable to swim because of a fear of drowning since his schooldays.

Leaving David with Isobel after this incident, Paul hurries to work and on the way witnesses a minor traffic accident. He gives his name to the driver of a sports car involved—a pilot from Dinswood Flying Club, KEN WALLEY, who drives him to the nearest underground station. On the train Paul has a fainting turn and later calls at a chemist for a draught.

At the office he attends a sales conference on the X-3, a new type of X-ray film, and learns from MACPHERSON, Head of Medical Division, he arranged for him to interview two leading London radiologists and then to visit the firm's Continental offices to brief the foreign representatives on the sales project.

Later, after seeing David off to school, he asks Isobel to go on the trip with him, but she refuses because she has her old friends LES and EVIE coming on a long-promised visit from America. They arrive earlier than expected, and Paul, who should have been working on the sales programme, compromises with Isobel, saying if he goes out to dinner with them, will she go on the trip. She refuses and bitterly sneers at him for his lack of interests in life. He leaves their flat and she cries, knowing she has hurt him. NOW READ ON:

SECOND OPINION

Second instalment of our compelling serial

By RONALD SCOTT THORN

OUTSIDE his consulting-room, Bridwell parked the grey saloon with its special registration number NBB1. The letters stood for Norman Beresford Bridwell. The number was the sort of thing the police respected. He rarely had any trouble parking. He found that his profession, the Rolls, the number on it, and his sleek authoritative manner put him beyond such petty annoyances. He was well aware that his car, like his buttonhole, his consulting-room Picasso, and his striped trousers, were a cause of mixed but largely deprecatory comment in the bar at the Royal Society of Medicine. Effortlessly he rose above it all and openly revelled in it. With an urbane, clipped delivery he dismissed his critics. "It's a way of life, old boy. Makes people talk. Good for trade."

He closed the door of his Harley Street office behind him and greeted the white-coated receptionist affably.

"Good morning, Mrs. Jacks. What mischief have you got lined up for me today?"

The elderly grey-haired widow turned up his duplicate appointment book.

"Mr. Kelvin Dukes confirmed for ten o'clock, but the appointment for Mr. Macpherson at nine-thirty . . ."

"Really, Mrs. Jacks, do take a grip. If anyone cancels, ring me at home. Saves me gobbling my breakfast."

"He didn't cancel. There's a Mr. Stretton here in his place. He's been waiting for ten minutes."

He walked briskly to the lift.

"Has Miss Woodhouse come yet?"

Mrs. Jacks pursed her lips. "I fear not."

Bridwell caught her aggrieved tone. His new radiographer was obviously too attractive to escape disapproval.

"Don't be afraid," he said glibly, and slammed the lift gate to.

He got out on the first floor and let himself into his consulting suite. Of course the damn girl should be there by 9.30, especially her second week.

He turned up his desk-diary. Macpherson had been scratched out and Stretton written over it. In the side column he read the words: "Dolex Ltd." He cursed furiously. The silly girl had got him here first thing just to see some obsequious traveller peddling miserable samples. He took hold of the phone intending to tell Mrs. Jacks to send the fellow packing, but his hand paused on the receiver. These blighters talked. One had a reputation for charm. It paid good dividends. He'd give him five minutes, that was all. He took a cigarette from the jade box, lit it, and walked over to the window.

There was a knock at the door, and he heard Mrs. Jacks' professionally reverent announcement.

"Mr. Stretton, sir."

Bridwell turned from the window as Mrs. Jacks withdrew. The man was tall, well-built, dark-haired, just beginning to grey above the ears.

"Dr. Bridwell?"

To page 38

Paul concentrated, trying to think what could be in the envelope Miss Woodhouse gave him.

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Kelvinator introduces

Leaders in design and engineering for 50 years, Kelvinator introduces an entirely new concept to refrigeration, a new, exciting difference that represents the greatest advance ever in refrigeration. It's a Golden Era and these are *your* Golden Days to trade up to Australia's most wanted refrigerator — Kelvinator.

Model Gown from "After Five" of London

Kelvinator 2-door Foodarama — 2 doors to better living

At the top a big separate deep freeze that safely stores up to 105 lbs. of frozen foods for months at a time. Even stores items like bread, pies, cakes and soups. Saves you shopping trips, saves money on food bills.

Below, there's a big, family-sized refrigerator with 10.6 cu. ft. capacity. Packed with features that make life easier. Little wonder this Kelvinator 2-door Foodarama is called "fabulous". And, what fabulous things it does!

It opens up a whole new world of luxurious living. And 2 separate doors give faster freezing, better refrigeration. (Looks smart, too!) See it at your Kelvinator retailers now.

Choose from 2 spectacular models — Model 695 (illustrated above) 14 cu. ft. 289 gns. Model 493 — 12 cu. ft. 259 gns. Both with Cyclic Fully Automatic Defrost. Other Kelvinator models from only 119 gns. Prices slightly higher in some areas.

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The Golden Era of Refrigeration

50th Anniversary

Fabulous Foodarama at its biggest and best

You're looking at the greatest advance in refrigeration! This 15 cu. ft. Kelvinator Foodarama is Australia's only refrigerator-freezer combination with two separate *upright* doors to give the fastest, best freezing and refrigeration in the one cabinet. The giant deep freeze has 5 cu. ft. capacity. And there's exclusive 'NO FROST' system — a Kelvinator development that means there's no frost ever on walls, shelves or even frozen food packages in either the freezer or refrigerator sections. If you think you've fallen in love with it at first sight — just wait until you stand alongside it! You can see it now — *but only at your Kelvinator retailers.* Just 41½" wide, 28½" deep, 59" high—can be completely built in. Price 359 guineas. (Prices slightly higher in some areas.)

ONLY KELVINATOR HAS TRUE 'NO FROST'

This exclusive Kelvinator 'NO FROST' system uses a fan to constantly circulate all the cold air in the cabinet. Result— "Jack Frost" just hasn't a chance to form on freezer walls and shelves, or, most important of all, on your frozen foods. No more annoying moments when frost causes packages to stick together. And no defrosting ever! (It's the simplest, most thorough and dependable 'NO FROST' system because it uses no heating elements.) This amazing system is exclusive to Kelvinator.

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KL904R

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THREE-PAGE SECTION

Be dressed by an international couturier

Original designs to make from a pattern

1313.—Young look from Paris is seen above and below in this dress and matching jacket. The slender beltless dress has a high collarless neckline and slightly extended shoulder. The semi-fitted jacket has a shaped collar, wrist-length sleeves, and welt pockets. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. No. 1313, Vogue Paris original by Nina Ricci. Price 14/- includes postage.

1292. — Chic coat-dress ensemble, right. The slender dress has a self drawstring forming gathers at the slightly scooped neckline. The coat has a shaped yoke, single-breasted fastening, and above - wrist - length sleeves cut in one with the coat. Sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. Number 1292, Vogue Paris original by Patou. Price 14/- includes postage.

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● In this three-page pattern section is a wide choice of superb couture originals by world-famous designers Ricci, Balmain, Patou, and Gres, of Paris; Pucci and Forquet, of Italy; and Robert Paterson, of London. Our wonderful style choice means that any home-sewer can select the shape, fabric, and color exactly right to flatter her type.

1324.—Fresh approach to formal daytime wear is seen in this empire-line coat (above) and semi-fit dress (below). The dress has short kimono sleeves and shaped seaming. The coat has above-wrist kimono sleeves, a standing band collar, and a self-tie belt placed high. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16 for 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. No. 1324, Vogue Paris original by Balmain. Price 18/- includes postage.

DAYTIME WARDROBE IN ONE PATTERN

1300. — Wardrobe in one pattern has a dress and suit to mix and match. The slender dress has a tie-in-one with a yoke. The suit has an easy-fit jacket with kimono sleeves and front - buttoned skirt. The jacket teams with the skirt or is buttoned over the dress. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Number 1300, Vogue Paris original by Gres. Price 18/- includes postage.

To order patterns

Send orders and postal notes to Pattern Service, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

Continued overleaf

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"You know you're drinking coffee . . . when it's Bushells!"

(because Bushells Instant Coffee has FLAVOR-BUDS)

Bushells start with fresh roasted coffee beans and by a special process turn them into . . .

these FLAVOR-BUDS — thousands in every spoonful. Every Flavor-Bud is rich, full bodied coffee.

Add boiling water and Bushells Flavor-Buds burst into life to give you perfectly brewed coffee.

the Instant that IS coffee.

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Couture Patterns

Continued from previous page

1315.—Elegant theatre costume has sheath dress (right) and curvy cocoon jacket (left). The dress is cut low at the back and scooped in front. The hip-length jacket has three-quarter kimono sleeves. Sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. Number 1315, Vogue couturier design by Federico Forquet. Price 12/- includes postage.

1299. — Superbly tailored one-piece (right) and matching coat (left). The sleeveless dress has a buttoned-front opening and extended shoulders. The semi-fit coat is lined to edge and is reversible. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Number 1299, Vogue couturier design by Pucci. Price 14/- includes postage.

1291. — Tailored coat (left) and dress (right) ensemble. The double-breasted dress is lean as a whippet and is cinched at the waist by a broad belt. The coat partner is cropped to thigh length, has same lean lines and a double-breasted fastening with parallel files of buttons. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Number 1291, Vogue couturier design by Ronald Paterson. Price 14/- includes postage.

1323. — Smart winter formality is seen in this two-piece suit (right) and short-cut coat (left). The suit has a fitted hip-length jacket and slim skirt. The loose short jacket has bracelet-length sleeves and a standing band collar with optional fur trim. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Number 1323, Vogue Paris original by Balmain. Price 18/- includes postage.

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CLEAR & LOVELY— specially formulated for oily and disturbed skins —heals as it conceals.

CLEAR & LOVELY— so glamorous you would not dream that it was medicated, too!
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A CASE OF HERO WORSHIP

A tender short story complete on this page.

BY NORAH SMARIDGE

A stranger, holding some books, stood looking inquiringly at Katherine as she opened the door.

WHEN her 14-year-old son's key turned in the lock, Katherine Davies looked at the clock, surprised. Johnny wasn't usually so early. On Tuesdays and Thursdays he had permission to stay out for a soda with Pete Hammond after his class at the Planetarium.

Involuntarily, she frowned. She was a little uneasy about these gab-sessions (as Johnny called them!). Obviously Johnny was suffering from an acute attack of hero-worship. And as she had never met Pete Hammond, Katherine couldn't be sure whether this was good or bad. So much depended on what Pete himself was like.

"Didn't you stop for a soda?" she asked now, as Johnny came in, a dark, thin, handsome boy, in spite of his glasses.

Johnny scowled. "Pete went off with some dopey girl. She was waiting for him." He added gruffly, "Oh, he asked me to come along — but we couldn't have talked about telescope mountings with a girl!"

Katherine tried not to smile. Johnny wasn't interested in girls yet. "Like all brilliant kids, Johnny's a mixture," his teacher had warned her. "Mentally, he's very mature. Socially, he's immature, naive." He had been enthusiastic about Johnny's future. "Your boy'll go a long way, Mrs. Davies. Probably in the scientific field. But you'll find bringing up a gifted boy has its problems."

Then, as often, Katherine had felt that sharp stab of loss, of loneliness for Donald, her brilliant young husband who had died five years ago. If Donald were alive, she'd have no need to worry about their only child. Donald would understand Johnny and his needs, know what to do in all situations. Whereas she, a woman — and a woman who knew nothing whatever of such things as science!— was often at a loss.

She had been uncertain what to do when, six weeks ago, Johnny had begged to take the new evening course at the nearby Planetarium. "Bill Hartley's father is taking it — and he's letting Bill enrol with him."

"What's the course about?" Katherine had asked. (Didn't he have enough to do with his school work, his books, his hobbies?)

"Elementary optics," Johnny said promptly. Katherine looked blank, but he went on. "Mostly I'll be studying the design and construction of telescope mirrors. I may even get to make a six-inch Newtonian reflecting mirror." He grinned at her. "That sure takes patience — and you always say I need to learn patience!"

In the end, Katherine had given in, though with some misgivings — misgivings which seemed to be well-founded when, at the end of the first class, Johnny admitted that the lecture was a bit over his head. "But I wasn't the only one to find it hard," he said. "Bill's going to study his father's notes before the next class — and I saw one guy looking blank most of the time. And he's a lawyer."

He persisted, though, and came back from the third session walking on air. "I'm all set now," he told Katherine. "I've got me a team-mate.' Peter Hammond asked me to do the lab work along with him — he'll help me. He's a great guy."

After that, Johnny was forever singing Pete's praises. Pete sure was smart. Pete was sure decent; he double-checked Johnny's work before the teacher got around to them. Pete enjoyed gab sessions over a soda, even though he was older than Johnny. Pete sure could talk on a lot of subjects. Travel, politics, books.

"Say, Mum, got anything I can eat?" Johnny's voice, happier now, brought Katherine back to the present. He followed her into the kitchen, where he helped himself to chocolate cake. "I'd like to slip Pete a hunk of this, Mum. The poor guy lives with his sister, and she's one of these career women, and doesn't bake!"

Amused, Katherine saw that he had a hunk of cake to take to Pete. But when Johnny came home after class, he looked glum. "I ate the cake myself. That dopey blonde turned up again. She's rehearsing near Columbus Circle — I guess she's a dancer or something." He looked so disgusted that Katherine found it hard to suppress a smile. "At this rate I'm never going to get to talk to Pete about the Schmidt reflector—"

He broke off, his face lighting at a sudden idea. "Say, Mum, how about me asking him to supper on Saturday? You don't have to go to the office that day — and I'll help with the dishes and washing-up!"

Katherine hesitated. "If you think he'd enjoy it," she said. "Only—well, Saturday probably won't be a good night for him. He'll probably have a date—with that blonde."

She wasn't surprised when Johnny, glummer than ever, returned from the telephone to tell her that Pete did indeed have a date. "Well, some other time, then," Katherine said.

So at seven on Saturday, their simple supper finished, Katherine was relaxing with the newspaper and Johnny was in the basement darkroom of the apartment house, developing his films of the eclipse, when the bell rang. Reluctantly, Katherine went to the door.

A man with some books under his arm smiled at her inquiringly. A man with clever eyes and a quiet, pleasant smile. "Mrs. Davies?" he asked. "I'm Pete Hammond. I'm on my way to a recital near Columbus Circle, and it seemed a good chance to drop in with these books for Johnny. I know he's interested in the Schmidt reflector."

Katherine stared. "You're Pete Hammond? But I thought — I imagined you were much younger. Of course, Johnny mentioned you were older than he, but I thought—" She stopped, floundering, and recovered her poise with an effort. "Do come in, Mr. Hammond!"

"Your son's a very bright lad—likeable, too," Pete Hammond said. He took the chair she pointed out, and gave a quick, approving look round the pretty room. "He's the youngest taking the course, and he was a bit at sea at first—"

"Until you started helping him," Katherine said warmly. "You've been very kind. Johnny thinks a lot of you—and I'm grateful to you. Sometimes Johnny really needs a man to turn to . . ."

"He'll be turning to girls soon, I suspect," Pete Hammond said. "I think he'd get on quite well with my niece, Lynn—if he were not so sure that all girls are 'dopey'." They both laughed. "Actually, Lynn's very well read—but right now she's got a mania for ballet. I've been staying with them, so naturally I'm elected to see her safely home from rehearsals."

"Are you only here temporarily?" Katherine asked—and found herself flushing. "I mean—Johnny will miss you when you leave." And I'll be sorry, too, she thought.

"Oh, no, I'll be here permanently," Pete Hammond told her. "My firm transferred me from Detroit two months ago—and I'm looking round for an apartment of my own." He glanced at the clock and got up, reluctantly. "I'm afraid I must run along." But at the door he turned. "I don't suppose you'd have the courage to sit through an amateur dance recital? It's Lynn's ballet class—not that she's doing much in it. In a weak moment, I promised to show up —and bought a couple of tickets."

Katherine's heart beat faster. Why not go? She liked him.

"It might be fun," she said. "I'll leave a note for Johnny, and get ready. I won't be long." Johnny, she thought, would certainly not want to accompany them to any dance recital by blondes, "dopey" or otherwise.

And they both smiled again, each in happy anticipation of the evening ahead.

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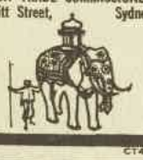
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Keeping grandpa occupied

REGARDING the problem of "A Daughter" (N.S.W.) in finding something to occupy her retired grandpa — I had an elderly relative who found a great interest in making toys for children in hospitals and children's homes. These were made of wood and cotton reels, and he spent many happy hours painting them bright colors.

£1/1/- to Mrs. H. Andrew, Morgan, S.A.

★ ★ ★

AS he is obviously a handyman, grandpa might follow a retired member of my family circle in making Christmas and birthday gifts such as coffee tables, magazine racks, pot-plant holders, rockaways and swings, blackboards, and dolls' furniture. He also does shoe repairs, sharpens scissors and knives, has learned to cook, reads a lot, and even dabbles in writing in a small way.

£1/1/- to "Nana" (name supplied), Campsie, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

BUY grandpa a set of watercolor paints and brushes and start him painting. He will soon be absorbed and happy, as was my mother, who started painting at 82 after the loss of her right hand. He might even become a success like Grandma Moses.

£1/1/- to Doris Wilson, South Townsville, Qld.

★ ★ ★

GET him to volunteer to the local kindergarten director as a helper in mending equipment. As a former director, I know how welcome such help is. Children's homes are also grateful for the help of a handyman. As well as helping at kindergarten, my father also meets children at the bus stop so that they do not have to cross a busy street alone.

£1/1/- to Mrs. D. Graham - Wilson, Bramble Heights, Qld.

★ ★ ★

IF he is an ex-serviceman he could go to the Red Cross Handicraft Workshop and learn to make baskets, rope door-mats, leather goods, pottery, or handloom weaving. My late husband attended these classes and some of his work was sold in the Red Cross Shop.

£1/1/- to Mrs. F. B. Thomason, Bondi Beach, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

WHEN forced to retire with heart trouble, my father developed a hobby which was both rewarding and interesting. He used to buy old furniture — mostly cedar — repair and repolish it. There are many eager to buy such furniture.

£1/1/- to "Another Daughter," Terang, Vic.

Museum piece

THIRTY years ago I bought a second-hand radio. After all these years it badly needed many things done to it, so I sent it to be put in order if possible. What a good thing I did! They gave me a new one in place of my old one, which it seems was wanted for a radio museum in Melbourne.

£1/1/- to "Widow Pensioner" (name supplied), Beaconsfield, Tas.

They married for love

RECENTLY I married a widower with three children, and we are very happy. But I get so annoyed when people say, "It's wonderful that Jim has got someone to look after him and the children," or "You really need the companionship." I'm sure they're being kind and think they're saying the right thing. But we didn't marry for either of those reasons. We married because we were in love with each other.

£1/1/- to "Newly Wed" (name supplied), Bass Hill, N.S.W.

Nothing new about the Mods

IN a local newspaper I read of a 13-year-old lass from Liverpool, England, who prides herself on being a "Mod" and who gave a list of words and expressions of the "Mod" vocabulary. Any Lancastrian knows them all, and they have been common usage for at least 60 years — the span of my lifetime.

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. Phillips, Port Lincoln, S.A.

She remembers pink bread

THE other day I heard someone saying, "Next thing you know they'll be having colored bread." I remember having pink and green colored bread for party sandwiches. I've lived in so many towns that I can't be quite sure where, but I think it was in Wagga Wagga in 1939.

£1/1/- to Mrs. G. Lake, Sutherland, N.S.W.

Matter of viewpoint

WALKING into my sitting-room I found a granddaughter of five lying on the white hearthrug and painting. I must have shown my displeasure, as her mother said, "Mandy, don't lie on Grandma's white rug, you'll get hairs all over your navy slacks." Ah, well, one generation seldom understands the next.

£1/1/- to Ida Burton-Jones, Killara, N.S.W.

Practical use for gift paper

AT a recent pre-wedding shower I discovered that there can be a practical yet charmingly sentimental use for the beautiful wrapping paper used on the parcels. The bride-to-be unfastened and smoothed this paper, explaining that it would all be used to line shelves and drawers in her new home.

£1/1/- to "Madam" (name supplied), Toorak Gardens, S.A.

When the star ran out of kero

REARED in the bush without electricity, my little boy knows that the lighting plant and refrigerator must be kept filled. Sitting on the back steps watching the stars come out, he called, when one flickered, "Come and see the star, Mum, it must be just about out of kero."

£1/1/- to "Anon" (name supplied), Cudgegong, N.S.W.

A pet to check jealousy

BEFORE the arrival of a second child in the family, present an only child with a pet bird or puppy. They will be interested in the new pet and it will help them overcome the jealousy which so often accompanies the arrival of a new baby.

£1/1/- to "Roslyn" (name supplied), El Arish, Qld.

A time for modesty

SURELY pregnancy is a time for extra modesty and dignity. The present trend seems to be a quest to see who can continue working for the longest, and the majority of dresses are far too short. Let's return to decent comeliness during this special time.

£1/1/- to Mrs. D. Hunter, East Lavington, N.S.W.

Whistle while you fish

• Reports of a strange fish-catching device have come from Europe. It is a whistle inaudible to humans and imitates the mating call of fish.

Do not trust him, gentle morwong,
Though his voice be high and sweet,
Heed the ancient gipsy's warning,
Be suspicious and discreet.
Once there was a beauteous creature
Named, it happens, Finny Dill,
And her mother tried to teach her
To outwit the angler's skill.
But this foolish, fishy beauty
Loved to live and lived to love;
Seeking pleasure, scorning duty,
Fell a prey to fiends above.
Disregarding what was taught her
She responded with a thrill,
But those whistles through the water
Finis spelt for Finny Dill.

—Dorothy Drain

A woman's reasoning

AS Dad was coming home on the 4 a.m. plane, Mum rang up the G.P.O. and asked them to wake her at 3.15 a.m. She then set the alarm clock for 3.10 a.m. When asked why, she replied, "I want to make sure that I'm awake when they ring me so I don't miss them."

£1/1/- to "Walleroo" (name supplied), Nedlands, W.A.

Humble gift proved its worth

I THINK I can be forgiven for my lack of appreciation when a chainstore breadboard was given to me as a wedding present 36 years ago. But it has proved its worth in outlasting many more expensive gifts. Certainly it is no case of a gift unused being a gift abused.

£1/1/- to Mrs. I. Woollett, Merewether, N.S.W.

Marriage coincidences

THE letter about the Walshs and the Murnanes made me consider my own ancestry. Grandmother, Frances Belperroud, married Samuel Gugger, a Swiss, and after his death, she and her sister Cessarina married two brothers, Rudolph and John Gugger (no relation to Samuel). Later Samuel's daughter Mary married Louis Gugger (also unrelated). As far as we know, only four Guggers came to Australia from Switzerland, and my grandmother and her sister and daughter married the four.

£1/1/- to "Same Name" (name supplied), Sunshine, Vic.

Making-up at the tea table

AM I old-fashioned at 34? Attending a civic function and sitting with the official guests, I was horrified to see three prominent women in public life repair their faces at the afternoon-tea table. All three would be a good deal older than I.

£1/1/- to "Mid-Victorian," Ringwood East, Vic.

Aloof head-waiters

WHY is it that head-waiters in restaurants and night-clubs are always so aloof? I'm sure that in this age, and with the Australian way of life, most people would prefer to be shown to their table with a smile instead of with the superior air of most waiters.

£1/1/- to L. R. Trott, West Ryde, N.S.W.

No razor strop — no discipline

WOULD it be too fanciful to blame today's modern electric shavers for lack of discipline in many homes? In days gone by fathers all had sturdy razor strops and the thought of these was enough to keep many a youngster on the straight-and-narrow path. Frankly, I think a strop would be an asset in many homes today. It would not need to be used; it's mere presence would be enough.

£1/1/- to "Old Fashioned" (name supplied), Gladstone, Qld.

Ross Campbell is on holidays. He will resume his column on his return.

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Beginner's Luck

Determination won the day for her . . . a romantic short story

By MARIE de NERVAUD

Larry and Emmy-Lou spent many happy hours together while he gave her skiing lessons.

WITH a heart as heavy as her gay smile was bright, Emmy-Lou sighed and obeyed Joe's gruff, "Keep still, can't you, while I get these skis off."

Leaning on one elbow against the easy snowy slope where she had so ignominiously collapsed, Emmy-Lou watched him, incoherent thoughts racing through her mind while he tugged at her frozen ski harnesses. One thought was uppermost and there was nothing incoherent about it. She mustn't cry. No matter what Joe said, she mustn't cry. She was such a fool the way tears would well up about unimportant things. They didn't about big things. She didn't shed a tear when Daddy died.

"There now!" Joe straightened, his lanky figure towering above her, his voice strained with annoyance. He stooped to fasten his skis, then picked up Emmy-Lou's and put them under his arm. "Sure you're not hurt?" He held out his free hand to help her to her feet, shrugging when she refused to take it and scrambled up on her own.

"I'll be getting along," he said, "or I'll miss my place on the lift." He paused, then, as she didn't answer, added defensively: "You couldn't even take the trek along the ridge and down Windy Peak — if you'd told me — well, skip it! I'll leave your skis at the hut. You can walk back all right by the road. It's lucky . . ." He broke off abruptly, leaving Emmy-Lou to find out for herself what was lucky, as he shot on a diagonal down the hill toward the ski hut at the foot of the butt.

"Lucky I didn't cry," Emmy-Lou muttered, staring after him. "Lucky I didn't break a leg. Lucky I'm not breaking my heart over a — a —." Then, she was crying, as she slipped and slid through the deep snow to the road that cut across the hill beyond a stand of pines topped with glittering snow.

She'd let him think she could ski, because she wanted so terribly to be one of the crowd, to go off on their skiing jaunts, not to be forever on the outside. Never in her life had Emmy-Lou been on the outside until she came to New York. At all times, in the small Tennessee city where she'd been born, she'd always belonged.

What a fool she'd been when she'd finished secretarial school not to get a job where she did belong! But no! New York had to be the mecca of all her hopes. Through a friend of the family, she'd had this opening in a big advertising firm, and up to this moment not even to herself had she admitted she'd made a mistake.

Trudging along the icy, rutted dirt road, Emmy-Lou faced reality at last. These six months had been dismally disappointing, in spite of her glowing letters home. Oh, the office crowd was friendly in an impersonal way. Everybody was busy, everybody buzzed around with everybody else, except her. Joe seemed to be on the outside, too. Probably because he was so terribly self-centred. A compulsive talker, into the bargain, and a maniac about skiing.

The first dinner they'd had together — Dutch treat, for everything was Dutch treat with Joe! — he'd said, "Too bad you Southern girls can't go in for winter sports. A bunch of us at the office have some great skiing weekends."

All too clearly, Emmy-Lou remembered exactly how she'd looked up at him with a deceptive, teasing: "Ever hear of the Great Smokies? Really, you Northerners!"

"Well, well," he'd boomed, "just wait until the first snow flies!"

But Emmy-Lou hadn't waited. She'd taken all her small cash reserve to plunge into her great deception. She'd bought skis, devoured books on skiing, and the first December snow had found her at Van Cortlandt Park, practising, practising. Twice Joe had suggested that she join one of the office skiing weekends, but not until this time had she dared accept.

Coming up on the ski-train last night had been such fun! She'd really felt one of the crowd, and been glowingly happy, except for the moment when she'd overheard a snatch of conversation between two girls in the seat behind her, when Joe had gone to get her coffee. "The odd-man-out seems to have found a listener at last," had been the amused comment, answered by a sotto voice: "Trust a Dixie blonde to welcome anything male!"

"Cats!" Emmy-Lou had thought, then dismissed the comment, but it suddenly came back to taunt her. "Odd-man-out!" That really described Joe. He was an odd-man-out, yet they all used him to do the dirty work of making reservations and so on; and she'd used him to get herself included when she knew she wasn't good enough to keep up with what they'd want to do.

The sound of a car on the road behind her sent Emmy-Lou scrambling out of the way, and the next moment a sporty roadster stopped beside her.

"Can I give you a lift?" the young man behind the wheel began, then added a surprised, "Say, haven't I seen you — but, of course! You're in the office. Only, never in that rig." His laughing brown eyes took in the slim legs in the green ski pants, the gay Norwegian sweater. "I couldn't make the train," he explained, "so I decided to drive up. What are you doing trudging along the road? Here." He opened the door. "Hop in."

Still speechless over the incredible fact that she was talking to Larry Seldon, the boss' son and darling of the entire office, who'd never even noticed her before, Emmy-Lou hopped in.

"You see," she began, "I took a spill — and Joe was so — you see, I'd let him think — anyway, he had to get back to get his place on the lift——"

"Look!" The laughter in Larry's eyes changed to concern, as Emmy-Lou's blue ones misted over. "Would you mind beginning at the beginning? You mean to say Joe left you?"

"Oh, it isn't his fault, it's all mine. I'm — I'm a cheat. I let him think I could ski because I wanted so much to be one of the crowd. The only place I've ever skied in these last few weeks is in Van Cortlandt Park." She had to stop because Larry was now laughing so hard that he had tears in his eyes, too.

"It isn't Joe's fault," Emmy-Lou insisted. "There was such a crowd at the lift, Joe said, 'Why not take a spin down the hill, while we wait' and we did and then he knew I could never take the trek they'd planned. He carried my skis back to the hut."

"I see," Larry's chuckle interrupted her. "Joe's Joe, you know. And now, do you know what's going to happen? I'm going to teach you to ski."

Lying in bed that night, Emmy-Lou relived the incredible experience. The morning lessons on Beginners' Hill; the spills and the thrills; lunch at a fascinating Vermont Inn; more lessons, more spills, but getting the hang of it. And the shock of the others at finding her and Larry together!

No question of being accepted now! Initial glowering on Joe's part gave way to relief at the discovery that Emmy-Lou wouldn't be encumbering tomorrow's trek. Larry and she had plans of their own. With a smile on her lips, Emmy-Lou drifted off to sleep.

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WORTH REPORTING

KATH WALKER is 43 years old, an ex-servicewoman, and the mother of two children. She is also an Australian aboriginal — and probably the first published poet of her race.

Her first volume of poems, "We Are Going," was published in Brisbane recently with the help of the Commonwealth Literary Fund.

Born on Stradbroke Island, near Brisbane, Kath is a member of the Noonuccal Tribe.

"I was born about a week before expected, at the home of white friends where there was a wedding in progress," she said.

"The little black baby stole the show from the star performer — the bride!"

She attended primary school until the age of 13, when she began work as a domestic in Brisbane at 2/6 a week.

At the outbreak of World War II she joined up and became a switchboard operator and later married. At 37 she went back to school and took a stenographer's course under the repatriation scholarship scheme.

Although she is fully integrated with the white community, Kath is a dedicated worker for her people.

She is Queensland State secretary of the Federal Council of the Aboriginal Advancement League, honorary secretary of the Queensland State Council for the Advancement of Aborigines and Torres Strait Islanders, and Executive Member for the Queensland Aboriginal Advancement League.

She also belongs to a number of cultural organisations.

"I am busy speaking from various platforms on behalf of my people," she said.

The poems in "We Are Going" all have aboriginal themes.

She writes of the aborigines' love of freedom, their respect for the tribal unity and happiness they once knew, their pain and misery at white rejection.

She writes with wistfulness — but not bitterness. And with hope.

In a poem dedicated to her son, she says:

"I could tell you of heartbreak, hatred blind,
I could tell you of crimes that shame mankind . . .
But I'll tell instead of brave and fine
When lives of black and white entwine,
And men in brotherhood combine—
This would I tell you, son of mine."

★ ★ ★

"I'm very sorry, Jeannie, but I can't come to the dance with ye," Jock told his sweetheart. "I've washed mae kilt, and can't do a fling with it!"

LIKE to be able to "shop by television" — even from bed? This is what housewives are doing in new Monterey flats in a city in Arizona, U.S.A.

They phone the supermarket downstairs, then switch the TV set to the appropriate channel on the closed-circuit system.

"What's the best steak today?" the shopper asks. "Are the cabbages good?" The grocer holds up each item in front of the camera. When the order is completed, he rings up the bill on his cash register — also on camera — and delivers the goods.

Three times a day the grocer goes "on the air" to display new items.

No trolleys to push, no queuing, no bags to carry.

But no chats with Mrs. Down-the-street, either. Most shoppers would miss that outing.

Puss is a film star

PUSS doesn't wear those glasses to protect him from his fans. We suspect they're rose-colored, because they protect him from seeing the truth.

When he takes them off, people are revealed in their true colors — not only to puss, but to the world at large. Lovers turn red . . . thieves turn grey . . . liars turn violet . . . those who have jealous, envious natures turn yellow.

A rainbow-hued revelation on this scale would cause pandemonium in any community. And does — in "That Cat," a film sent from Czechoslovakia for the Eleventh Sydney Film Festival (June 5-15).

Puss, of course, is one of the stars in this intriguing piece of fantasy.

UP-TO-DATE DEFINITIONS:

Rare volume — a borrowed book that comes back.

Extravagance — anything a man buys that is of no earthly use to his wife.

● ***English soprano Mary Edwards.***

Father knew best

PRETTY little English soprano Mary Bassano, now in Melbourne to play the lead in "Lilac Time" at the Tivoli, owes much of her success as a singer to her father, who always urged her to "have a go."

"When I was 10, Mum and Dad took me to a concert in Luton to hear the Luton Girls' Choir," she told us. "I'd always been interested in singing, and Dad said: 'Have a go and see if you can get into the choir.'

"I auditioned, was accepted, and became its youngest member.

"I sang with the choir for six and half years and was a member when the choir made its famous recording of 'You Are My Heart's Delight.' "

When she left the choir, Mary went to work as a copy typist.

Once again her father encouraged her to take her singing seriously.

She began part-time studies at the Guildhall in London — then father spoke up once more and suggested she try for a five-year scholarship to study full-time at the school.

She won the scholarship and, after graduating, went back to teach singing to the junior students.

Before coming to Australia Mary did cabaret work in London. Last Christmas she played in pantomime opposite comedian Jimmy Edwards. Mary — she's just 5ft. 2in. — was principal girl and the much-moustached Jimmy was King Cole.

Mary giggled at the recollection of the panto.

"Jimmy is such a funny man," she said. "He ad libbed all the time, and kept the cast in fits."

Her leading man in "Lilac Time" is handsome Englishman John Larsen. On her arrival he presented her with a bunch of lilacs.

With lilac not yet in season, he had to settle for plastic blooms — but Mary says they look so real that she's keeping them in her dressing-room.

Cherry blossom fairytale

PRINCE YOSHI (above), second son of the Emperor and Empress of Japan, with (left) his fiancee, Hanako Tsugaru. Her father is chairman of the Olympic preparatory office of Japan Racing Association.

REMEMBER all those fairytales in which the king "sent his courtiers far and wide throughout the land" to find a suitable bridegroom for his daughter or a bride for his son?

There's a real-life parallel to these stories now reaching the closing chapters in Japan.

For five years officials of the Imperial Household Agency searched for a prospective bride for Prince Yoshi, second son of the Emperor of Japan.

"Miss Right" had to be well-born, to possess excellent health, be approved of by the Prince, his family, royal advisers, palace officials, and the Prime Minister. And she had to be shorter, with her shoes on, than the Prince, who is only 5ft. 3in. tall.

The officials screened more than 1500 candidates before they found her. She is 23-year-old Hanako Tsugaru, petite, ivory-skinned daughter of a nobleman.

Prince Yoshi showed immediate interest in Hanako when he saw her picture, and his chamberlain told him about her personality. (The couple had, in fact, attended the same school, but had never met.)

Early last February a "miai" — traditional meeting between prospective bride and groom — was arranged. The meeting lasted about 30 minutes.

Hanako said later that the Prince talked mainly about skiing, and asked her about her hobbies. (Skiing is one of them.)

Several more meetings took place between the Prince and Hanako during the next few weeks. Then their engagement was announced.

The wedding, which will be a simplified version of the marriage ceremony of Crown Prince Akihito and Crown Princess Michiko, is expected to take place later this year.

★ ★ ★

MORE DEFINITIONS:

Diary—penned-up emotions.

Instructions — what you read to find out what you did wrong.

She "stole" her own shoes

EMBARRASSING moments often make very amusing stories — later. But a Gosford (N.S.W.) reader still squirms a little when she recalls an incident during her tour of Japan last year.

Another woman passenger on the boat had been trying — unsuccessfully — to buy a pair of comfortable, flat-heeled sandals. Our friend took the same size, so lent her one of the two pairs she'd taken with her.

They proved a boon to the borrower. "I'd hate to be without them now!" she remarked after several excursions.

One day the tourists visited a famous Japanese shrine, and (as custom requires) removed their shoes in the entrance.

Our friend came out before the rest of the party, put her shoes on — then spotted her on-loan sandals in the footwear line-up.

On an impish impulse, she picked them up, popped them into her hold-all bag, and stepped behind a pillar to watch the other woman's face when she discovered they were missing.

Suddenly a big, beetle-browed Japanese loomed in front of her like a genie of the magic lamp.

"He grabbed me by the shoulders and shook me till my teeth just about rattled," she told us.

"Jabbering at me in Japanese, he kept pointing to my bag, then to the row of shoes. I couldn't understand a word he was saying, but I didn't need anyone to translate for me. He was the custodian of the shoes—and he was calling me a wicked thief.

"It was useless trying to make him understand that it was a joke, and that I really OWNED the shoes. A very interested crowd had gathered by now, too.

"In front of them all, I just had to take the shoes out of my bag and put them — very sheepishly — back where they came from.

"My friend certainly had the laugh on me when I told her what all the fuss was about."

"DID you stop at the crossroads like I told you?" Mum asked her eight-year-old when he returned from a ride on his new bicycle. "Yes," he said patiently. "I halted at the Halt sign, went slow at the Go Slow sign, and bended low where it said 'Bend'."

★ ★ ★

An island in the sky

THE millennium is only about 36 years away, but not everyone feels like making plans to celebrate its dawning. (Age, for one thing, is apt to color the outlook.)

But Mr. John Goodman, of Eastbourne, England, feels there is no time to lose in preparing to usher in the year 2000. (Or 2001. There seems to be some confusion about when the millennium actually arrives.)

Mr. Goodman recently formed the World Millennium Association. He feels that the world has had enough dismal contemplation of what will happen when we're all blown up and could do with some cheerful ideas for the future.

He believes that the celebrations should run from 1995 until 2005. His most ambitious suggestion is for a floating island, seven miles square, above the Atlantic . . . "it could be constructed by the very brainy people who have been making H-bombs."

Mr. Goodman gave an indignant "no" to a radio interviewer who asked didn't he think he was qualifying as yet another of England's famous eccentrics.

"Somebody once suggested I was a crank," he added. "I can't imagine why.

"But it occurred to me — a crankshaft in a motor-car is a very important part, isn't it?"

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Sugar belongs to the sweetest moments of your life

Her first cake

The care and concentration as she followed the directions — '*first, cream the butter and sugar*'. The suspense while it was in the oven. Then the final moment of radiant joy as its golden brown goodness was taken from the oven. How proud she is of her efforts . . . how sweet will be your memories of this moment.

Sugar makes a happy contribution to this stage of growing-up as it does to so many other happy occasions in your life.

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For year-round color a catalogue of

TREES and SHRUBS

By R. H. ANDERSON

● ***Here and overleaf is a special section making 14 pages for your Gardening Book. It includes a catalogue of trees and shrubs grouped according to seasons of flowering.***

GOOD gardens except those provided by nature, don't just happen. They are planned to give delight and interest throughout the year.

Many gardens provide magnificent displays in spring, but in other seasons are drab. This is not satisfactory.

If you have a new garden to plan, or an old one to alter or bring back to life, it pays to plan each season's flowering.

To get such results something must be known about times of flowering, colors, size of growth, suitability of soil, and climatic conditions of the planting site.

This guide, which begins Volume 2 of our Garden Book, will answer most of your questions.

TIBOUCHINA SEMI-DECANDRA (Lasiandra). A splendid free-growing shrub up to 8ft. high, with large deep violet or purple flowers appearing in several seasons. The two most commonly grown varieties are T. edwardsii, with flowers up to 4in. across, and T. grandiflora, with even larger flowers and more compact habit. It likes most climates, except the mountains. Tends to grow leggy, so needs pruning in winter.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2—Page 1

In the garden of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Trenam, "Tregarthen," Burradoo, N.S.W.

FLOWERING cherries, plums, and crab apples (above). These are spring-flowering small trees and shrubs, and in most cases later in the season have displays of colored fruits. Many species and varieties range from small shrubs to trees. The rockery in foreground of the picture has iris, alpine phlox, forget-me-nots, and other spring favorites.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2—Page 2

IT is not always easy to define a plant as a tree or shrub. In general, trees form a single stem which supports the crown, and at maturity are more than 12ft. high.

Shrubs are often several-stemmed, and usually less than 12ft. high. But many species are classified as tall shrubs or small trees, so consult both lists overleaf in this section, and give your nurseryman an alternative order in case he's out of your choice.

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents...

PERFECT HOLIDAYS No.2

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly, June 3, 1964

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ITALY!

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Flights depart Sydney every Tuesday and Saturday at 1.25 p.m. You're there breakfast time next morning.

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Each a glorious unforgettable holiday. To wherever you've always dreamed of visiting. Rome, Venice, the Italian Riviera. Capri! The Industrial North. And how you save! Not only money. But effort. Everything is arranged for you. Transport. Accommodation. Everything. Care to walk in silent awe through Vatican treasure houses? Or laugh and linger long over a pasta and red wine lunch in a Milan cafe? Or tread where emperors trod? Or maybe catch a glimpse of Sophia at a Cinecitta studio? This is the Italy that awaits you. With any special tour you choose. 31 holidays await you.

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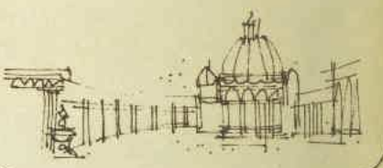

HOW TO SEE

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ITALIAN RIVIERA

The indescribable blue of the Mediterranean. The sun-splashed coves and beaches. The casinos. The glittering hotels. The pastel villas set in garden luxury. Tour the Ligurian coast. Stay in San Remo. Stay in Genoa. All this (including your Alitalia Rome/Genoa flights) can cost as little as £21!

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A perfect way to see ROME or MILAN if you only have a few hours to spare. Simply choose one of the many, many Mini-tours available. Each tour (about 3 hours) is designed to cater to one particular interest. You're interested in museums? There's a special Mini-tour for this. And one for fashion houses. Churches. The film industry. And scores more. And this season — NEW LOWER PRICES.

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31

ITALIAN HOLIDAYS

Which city do you dream most of seeing? Rome? Venice? Milan? What is your special interest? Places rich in history? Art Galleries. Churches old as Christendom? The thriving modern world of industry? Soft pastoral hills? Sunny beaches? Cosmopolitan, sophisticated night-life cities? All this is the Italy YOU can get to know—to *live*. Wherever you're going—go FIRST to Italy and *discover* Italy . . . with Alitalia. Read all about the 31 holiday tours designed by the people who know Italy best of all. (See the coupon below.)

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FREE! "Let's Discover Italy" booklet. A detailed listing and plan of itineraries, sights, duration and prices—everything! Send this coupon to your Travel Agent or direct to Alitalia Airlines.

If for school project, mark here ☐

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ROME has more than those roads

• Until you've savored the enchantment of Italy, you haven't lived, and any overseas trip should include as much time as possible in this fascinating country.

NOTHING is so glorious as the art and architecture of early Rome, and nothing so splendid as modern Italian design. Add to this the volatile Italian temperament, and you have an experience not to be missed.

But sometimes, due to the speed of modern travel, it's not always possible to stay for long.

Even if you have only half a day before catching a connecting flight, Alitalia's Minitours make it possible to see the highlights of Rome or Milan in a few hours. These tours can be arranged in Australian capital cities, so that from the moment you touch down in Italy each second is used to the best advantage.

Anyone who has waited for three hours to make a connection at an airport, cursing the boredom and time wasted, will appreciate this service.

From Rome airport there is a selection of three-hour tours of famous churches such as St. Peter's in the Vatican, or the four Basilicas.

A tour like this for two people, including guide and transportation fees in a private car, costs about £A4/4/-.

Other tours

Other tours in this series include almost every famous church in Rome.

If you're fascinated by archaeology, there are Minitours of the Forums and the Colosseum, the Catacombs, the Appian Way, and the Etruscan Dead Cities, so that for a few hours you can recapture the grandeur of ancient Rome.

Or a guided shopping spree? Or a tour of the famous haut couture salons? These are provided, too.

You can wander round any of the famous markets — with a guide to help carry your parcels — or visit the principal shops in the central district.

Or while you're being shown round one of the great film studios in Rome (this tour costs £8/10/- for one person in a private car), your husband may like to have a look at some of the huge banks, or the electronic plants, perhaps.

There are also tours of museums, universities, art galleries, monuments, villas, and the lovely countryside surrounding Rome.

Whatever your interest, Minitours can cater for them. If there are things you specially want to see, which are not covered by the standard tours, Alitalia will arrange a special tour for you.

Prices for all these tours are not excessive — though, of course, it costs more if you go alone rather than if you're one of a group.

Longer trips

And if you just want to sit back and relax, there's no better way than to take a fascinating drive round Rome in a carrozzella — a horse-drawn cab. There are three different itineraries, and the tour costs about £2/3/- by day, and £2/18/- at night.

As well as the Minitours, Alitalia organises two, three, five, or seven-day trips, called "Let's Discover Italy Tours," designed to show you as much of Italy as possible in the time available.

These longer tours include visits to such places as Palermo, Naples, Taormina (including a visit to the famous Mount Etna), Capri, Venice, Turin (and the famous medieval castle in the Valentino Park), the ancient cities of Pisa and Florence, and Sicily and Sardinia.

Minitours from Milan include half-day visits to the famous Carthusian monasteries, day-long excursions to Lake Como, including a visit to the famous Villa d'Este di Cernobbio, and Lake Lugarno.

For those interested in food, there's a "gastronomical tour," which gives visitors a chance to taste the famous foods of the region. The tour also includes a visit to a confectionery firm, and a sumptuous dinner with typical Milanese menu.

As in Rome, there are also tours of the famous museums and fashion houses of Milan, and guided shopping tours where tourists can be sure of receiving full value for the money they spend.

There are now two flights a week to Rome from Sydney, on Saturday and Tuesday, and there are daily flights from Rome to 20 major cities in Europe.

CARROZZELLA, a horse-drawn cab, is a must if you're visiting Rome. Day or night tours round the city are cheap, and it's a marvellous way to see Rome.

Picture by Joan Cobb, Dee Why, N.S.W.

ST. PETER'S SQUARE, in the Vatican City, Rome. The square, a mecca for the millions of tourists who visit Italy each year, is an architectural masterpiece.

When in Italy, do . . .

• THE SISTINE CHAPEL in the Vatican City. Its ceiling, painted by Michelangelo, is one of the world's artistic marvels.

• FLORENCE. At one time the centre of culture and the home of the world's greatest artists. You can see there the famous Medici Chapel, built for the Medici family, rulers of Florence in the 15th century. And while you're there don't miss the Uffizi Gallery and the Gallery of the Palazzo Pitti — some of the best examples of Renaissance art in the world are there.

• PISA and its famous leaning tower—which at the moment is leaning too far, and may soon fall over — so don't wait too long.

• VERONA, the setting for Shakespeare's immortal "Romeo and Juliet." An old romantic city, which has marvellous open-air productions of famous operas.

• VENICE. The Doge's Palace, a classic of architecture, and the Piazza San Marco, where you can feed the thousands of pigeons that congregate there daily.

• MURANO, the home of some of the world's most famous glass.

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MODERN TOURING IN SAVAGE LAND

● South Africa is two worlds—an old world of savage animals, dramatic scenery, and tribal life, and a new world too, that has all the facilities and amenities of modern life.

THE great African continent lies off the beaten tourist track, but South Africa is an important and interesting country, and well worth the slight detour.

It will cost only an additional £15/10/- if you live in Melbourne, Adelaide, or Hobart, or £31 if you live in Sydney, to visit South Africa by air on your way to or from Europe.

Once you arrive there you will find much to see and do, and the climate and comforts will tempt you to stay longer.

Your daily spending rate will depend on how far and how fast you want to travel, keeping in mind that South Africa, like Australia, is a land of vast distances.

If there's strictly limited time, you need break your journey only long enough to take a four-day trip from Johannesburg to the famous Kruger National Park, which may soon be the only wildlife reserve in Africa.

This trip will cost £26/17/6, which includes all meals, accommodation, and motor coach transport. Not at all expensive, considering that the tour covers about 750 miles.

If you stay longer, consider a 2450-mile, ten-day tour round the country, which costs about £90. This tour allows for sightseeing stopovers in Durban and Capetown.

PART OF THE SEAFRONT at Durban, showing the Amphitheatre Gardens. Rickshaw trip along here is a must for tourists.

Old gold mines

On this tour you take the overnight train from Johannesburg to Durban.

Johannesburg is South Africa's largest and most sophisticated city, rising straight out of the veld. The city is only 70 years old, and is built over the old gold mines which are still being worked and can be inspected on conducted tours.

The scenery between Johannesburg and Durban is some of the most fascinating in the world, and includes the famous Drakensberg (Dragon's Mountains) with peaks that soar to more than 11,000 feet.

Durban has everything for the tourist—a perfect climate, wide beaches, good hotels, sport of all kinds, sophisticated nightspots, and marvellous tours to places such as the Valley of the Thousand Hills and the Zulu Reserve.

And in Durban rickshaw boys wearing plumed and horned headdresses dance for tourists, so that bells on their ankles jingle to attract attention. A sightseeing tour in a rickshaw along Durban's lovely seaboard is a must for the visitor.

Native reserve

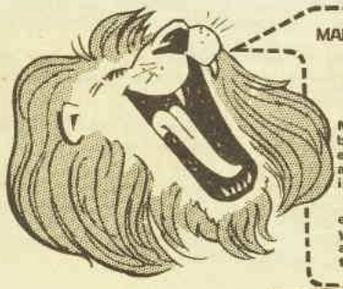
From Durban you take a five-day motor coach trip to Capetown, via the Transkei and Garden Route.

The Transkei is South Africa's biggest native reserve. It covers 16,000 square miles and is mainly inhabited by the Xhosa people, who wear bright red blankets. In this reserve you can buy many beautiful native curios—cheaply, because living costs in South Africa are remarkably low.

The Garden Route, so-called because of the beautiful flowers and trees along the way, stretches right across the base of Africa from Port Elizabeth in the east to Capetown. The road passes many of the coast's beautiful bathing beaches, rivers, and lagoons, and through enormous jungle forests where some of the trees are 1000 years old and 120 feet high.

Capetown is, of course, the oldest and most historic city in South Africa. It is here that Diaz had to turn back on his voyage of discovery in 1488, and where Vasco da Gama stopped on his way to the East a few years later.

On the last leg of the tour you return from Capetown to Johannesburg on the South African Railways' fabulous air-conditioned Blue Train.

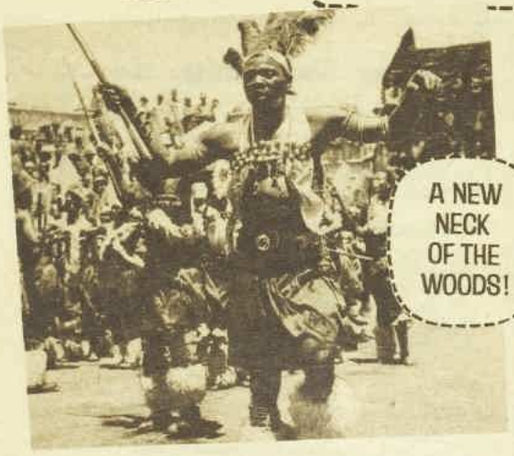


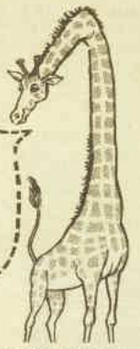
MAKE YOUR OVERSEAS TRIP A

ROARING SUCCESS

No matter how much you've travelled overseas before, there's a fascinating new world to explore in South Africa! If you miss it, you'll always regret it, because seeing South Africa is the richest travel experience you'll ever know.

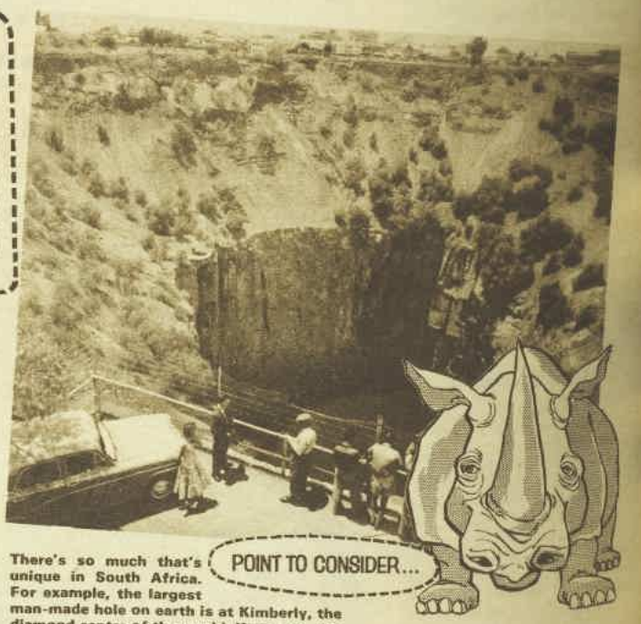
As part of a world trip, it costs very little extra to go or return via South Africa. Whether you prefer low-cost package tours or individual arrangements, your travel agent will gladly take care of all the details.





A NEW NECK OF THE WOODS!

At the fabulously rich gold mines at Johannesburg, these colourful tribal dances never fail to fascinate visitors. You'll see molten gold being poured at the mines, too.



POINT TO CONSIDER...

There's so much that's unique in South Africa. For example, the largest man-made hole on earth is at Kimberly, the diamond centre of the world. Here, too, you can see wonderful displays of uncut stones.

SEE SOUTH AFRICA INSTEAD

To South African Tourist Corporation,
90 Pitt Street, G.P.O. Box 4889, Sydney, N.S.W. Australia.
Please send me details of travel in South Africa.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

..... If under 21, please state age.

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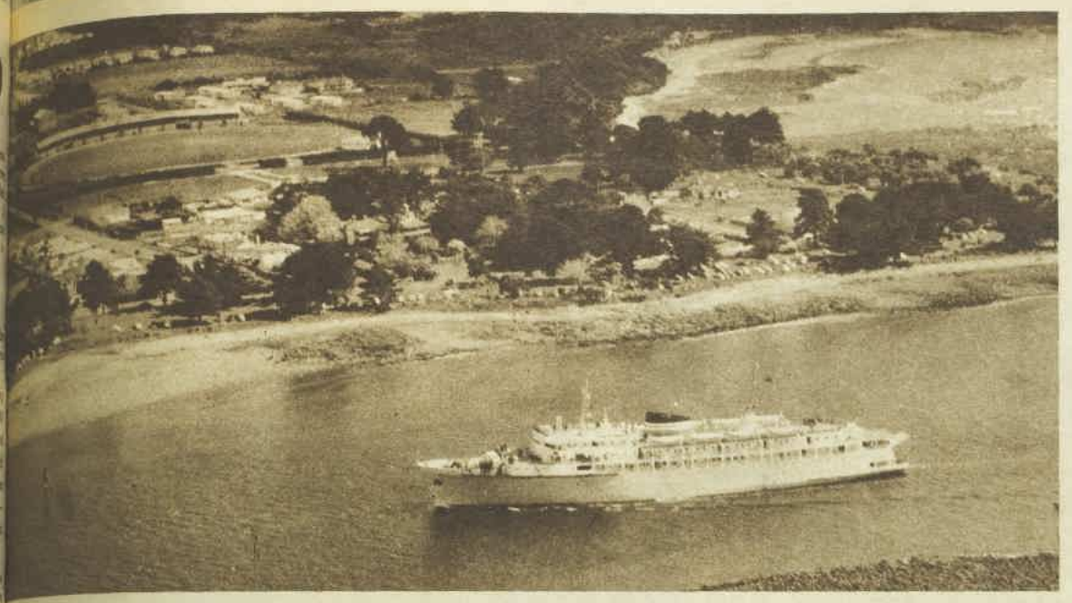
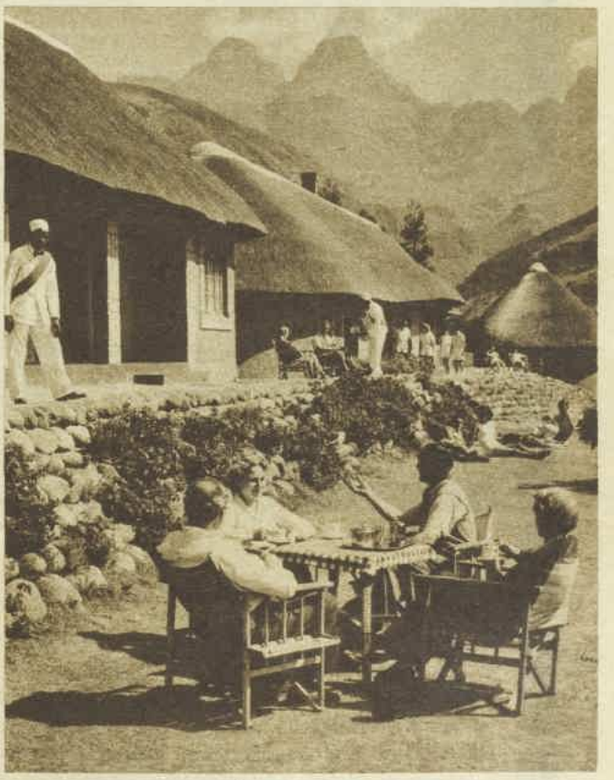


Just take a toothbrush, and

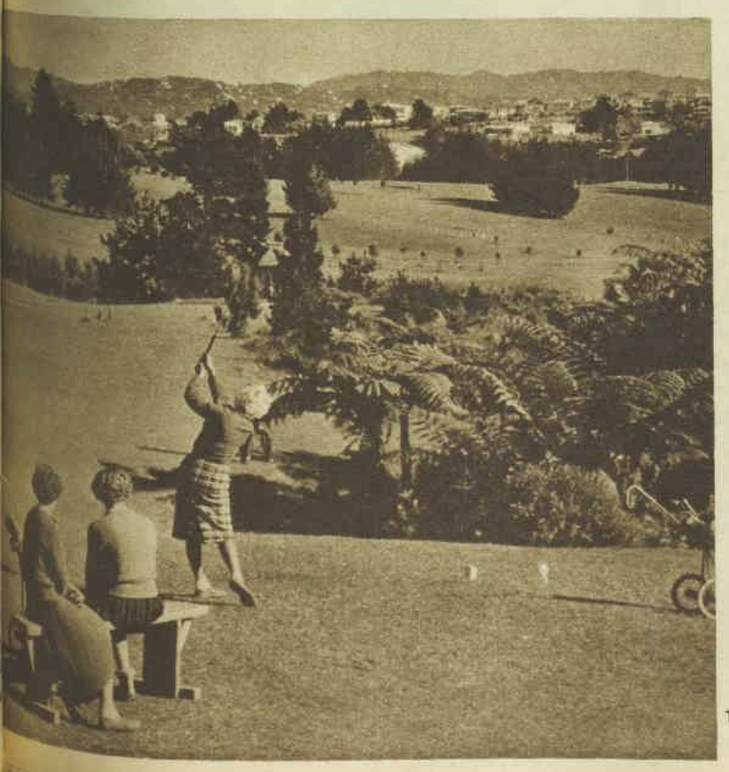
GO, GO, GO!

***EMPRESS OF AUSTRALIA**, the new ship to operate the take-your-car-from-Sydney-and-tour-Tasmania service, is larger than her elder sister, Princess of Tasmania — seen here entering Tasmania's Devonport Harbor.*

***VENETIAN** palazzos, with steps sweeping down to gondola landings and gondolas gliding past — perhaps ferrying pieces of Venice's beautifully made Murano glassware.*



***FROM DURBAN** (on a 300-mile seacoast) to the Drakensberg (Dragon's Mountains), Natal offers the variety that makes it one of South Africa's best holiday resort areas.*



***EVEN THE PADDOCKS** look like golfing greens in New Zealand, but an even deeper emerald seems to color the lush and well-kept links, like this one in Auckland.*

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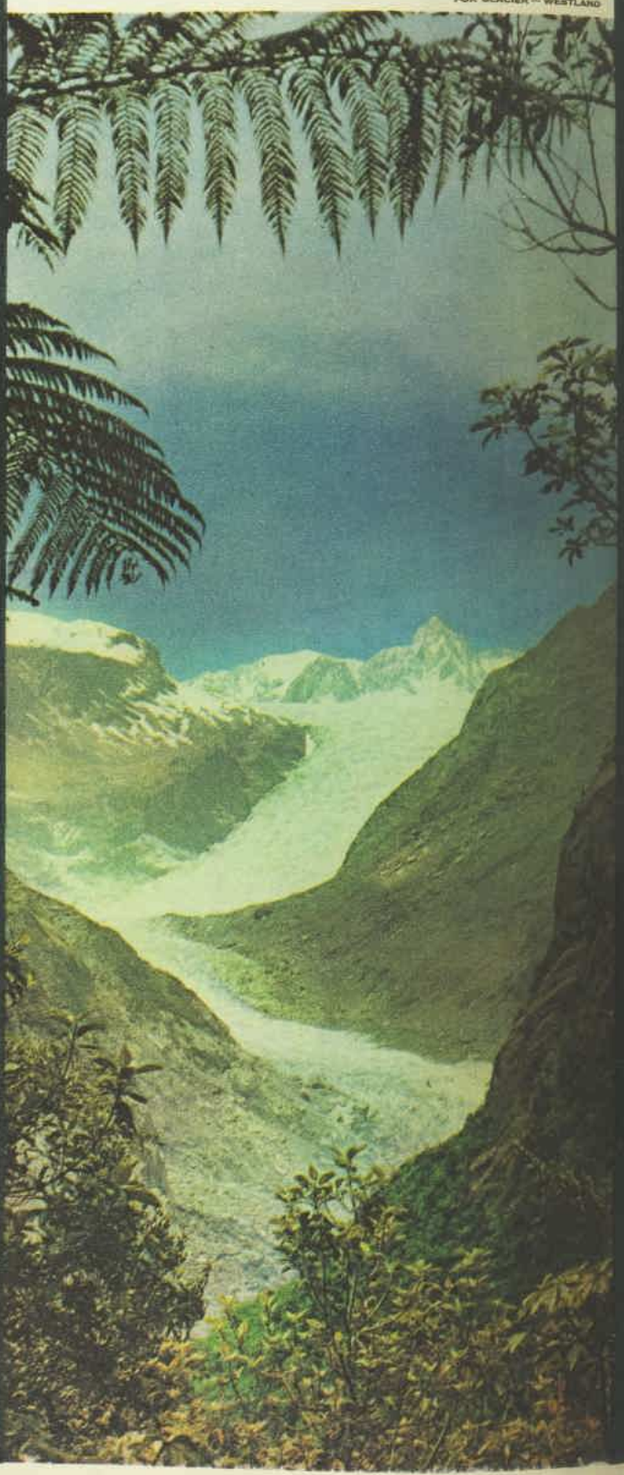
GEYSER VALLEY — NEAR THE HOTEL WAIRAKEI

What's so different —

FOX GLACIER — WESTLAND



— about NEW ZEALAND

Imagine! It's nearer to you than most parts of Australia, yet in looks, a world apart. It has boiling pools, spouting geysers, glittering glaciers and lush fern forests. Vast fiords and mountain-locked lakes where the water's still as an oil painting. Maori hakas...high-speed jetboats...alpine flightseeing...gentle pasturelands. There's something new to see and do every day of your vacation in nearby New Zealand. And it need cost no more than a stay-at-home holiday. Ask your Travel Agent or The New Zealand Government Tourist Bureau* about money-saving Tiki Air-Conomy Tours, Family Fares and Group Travel.

**Sydney, 14 Martin Place ('phone 25-3941). Melbourne, C.M.L. Building, 93-95 Elizabeth Street, ('phone 67-6621). Brisbane 131-145 Elizabeth Street, ('phone 26-152).*

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For sportsmen, New Zealand is a dreamland

● Every tourist in New Zealand is automatically eligible for the services of 2,500,000 "native guides" — for any "Kiwi" jumps at a chance to show off his country's well-known scenic glories or to take a stranger off the main routes to admire his own favorite view.

SKI CLUBS, like this one at Mt. Ruapehu, offer visiting skiers a welcome as warm as the volcanically heated waters of its crater lake.

FROM cabbies to motel-owners, the New Zealanders are glad to inconvenience themselves for any visitor ready to enjoy what they and their land offer: unaffected warmth, breezy courtesy, fabulous scenery, and a sensitive appreciation of the lushly green surroundings.

The natural graciousness of the New Zealanders will touch and color every day of your stay among them. As an American, fumbling with bewildering shillings and half-crowns at an Auckland post office, I found the two pennies I lacked for the stamps I needed quietly placed on the counter by a man in the next queue.

Or ask a shopkeeper in a small town what there is to see, and he's likely to call his wife to mind the store and take you to see old Maori fortifications and then introduce you to his friend who has the biggest chunk of uncut greenstone on the North Island.

But the charming "Enzedders" won't let you get so interested in them that you forget you came to see their country. Even at midnight a pub-keeper will send you out for a look if the clouds lift off Mt. Egmont — just so you won't miss the fantastic sight of the symmetrical mountain floodlit by the moon.

The Egmont legend

In Maori legend, Egmont is the brother of Ruapehu, Tongariro, and Ngauruhoe, the three mountains forming the skiing centre in the middle of the North Island.

But Egmont was banished to the west coast by Ruapehu after flirting with Ruapehu's wife, and from a plane you can see the rift carved by the westward-moving mountain.

Even today the Maoris won't live along that route, because they say that one night Egmont will return to the centre of the island and they don't want to be in his path.

An extinct volcano with treeless slopes, Ruapehu (Roo-ah-pay-who) is a ski buff's paradise. From mid-July to the end of October, the three chair-lifts, two T-bars, and two rope tows are humming, carrying skiers to the top of the national downhill course, which drops 3000 feet in its three-mile run.

You can stay at the Tourist Hotel Corporation's posh Chateau Tongariro for as little as £2/2/- each in a double room or £2/14/- each for bed and breakfast. [All prices and costs quoted are in Australian currency.]

A set of skis, boots, and stocks rents for £3/15/- weekly, and tow charges run from 9/6 a day for the beginners' slope to 18/9 daily for a rope tow.

The backbone of the South Island is the Southern Alps chain, with more than 220 named peaks higher than 7000ft. sticking up in a row down the island's middle.

The two main ski areas are at Coronet Peak, seven miles from Queenstown, and at 12,349ft. Mt. Cook, New Zealand's highest mountain—smack in the middle of 27 other peaks all higher than 1000 feet.

South Island powder snow is best from early July to the end of September.

For an economical fortnight on skis, try an N.Z. Government Tourist Bureau ski tour. For £130/8/- you'll fly the Tasman from Australia and spend five days skiing in the Mt. Cook region and seven days at Coronet Peak.

You can book through any travel agent, and the price includes everything except lunches and transport from your hotel to the ski-fields at Coronet Peak, and Mt. Cook tows.

New Zealand is criss-crossed by scenic flight routes, and tourists can fly over and between the Alpine peaks for as little as £1/5/- — the fare for a trip over the mountains around Queenstown.

Also beginning in Queenstown there's a long flight to Milford Sound, up the west coast to the Fox and Franz Josef Glaciers, across the divide to Mt. Cook and down the eastern side of the Alps to Queenstown — all for £18/15/-.

Trout, game fishing

If you're planning now for next summer's holidays, remember New Zealand's marvellous trout fishing. The peak season is from September to mid-April, but Lake Taupo and Lake Rotorua are open all year.

At Taupo your skill sets the only limit on your catch, and at Rotorua you can take all the brown trout you can hook, but no more than eight rainbows a day.

A one-month tourist licence, good everywhere, costs £2/10/- for a fisherman and £1/5/- for a fisherwoman. Tackle and boats are for rent everywhere at varying prices.

You won't need any licence for the deep-sea game fishing north of Auckland or in the Bay of Plenty. Most of the rental launches head from Russell, in the Bay of Islands, out to the black marlin (up to 500lb.), striped marlin (averaging 250lb. to 400lb.), kingfish, tuna, and sharks that thrive offshore.

KEEN ANGLERS pull an 8lb. trout from the Clinton River, near Milford —just one of the South Island's streams which teem with big fighting browns and rainbows.

Fishing is best from mid-December to late April, and launch rentals begin at £5 a day, all gear provided.

There's no such thing as a hunting licence in New Zealand. For a money-no-object deer hunt in the bush you can hire a guide and all gear for about £31 a day per hunter.

Most N.Z. bush is rough—and only experienced and fit hunters should consider going without guides. But for the fit there are wild pig, chamois, red deer, Japanese deer, elk, and fallow deer—and no limit on the number you can shoot.

Hunting, like golf and racing, goes on all year, but the deers' antlers are in velvet and perfect for trophy-shooting from November to February.

Yachting begins in early spring, and to be under sail in Auckland's Hauraki Gulf or in the Marlborough Sounds (South Island) would be a thrill for any yachtsman.

There's no organised yacht-renting, but any Australian club member who introduces himself at a New Zealand club will find himself in a crew for the next race day. Auckland has the world's biggest one-day regatta on Anniversary Day, in January. (The actual date varies each year.)

For an independent tour, allow £7 a day per person. This will easily cover transport within New Zealand, food, and accommodation.

The return flight to Auckland is £79/7/- from Sydney, £92/9/- from Melbourne, and £89/5/- from Brisbane.

Other air services, at varying prices, operate between Brisbane, Melbourne, Wellington, and Dunedin.

The minimum ship fare is £30 one way.

The N.Z. Government Tourist Bureau offers a selection of tours, beginning at £79/17/6 for the trans-Tasman flight from Sydney and a week's fully paid tour of the North Island.

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DRILL ON PACKING

(or how to avoid being a pack-horse)

● Ticket paid for, passport ready, vaccinations all in order —the only thing you have to do now is choose your clothes and pack them.

"EASY," you say, "I'll just hurl all my clothes into a couple of suitcases and that'll be that." But, it's not quite so simple.

You can, of course, hurl your clothes into the nearest suitcase and hope for the best, but you'll find that you're staggering around Europe with perhaps two or three pieces of unnecessary luggage and paying exorbitant sums to porters (especially in France).

On the other hand, efficient (and ruthless) packing before you leave, will make your journey pleasant and worry free.

Here are a few basic tips:

● Unless you're going overseas for an extended stay, don't take more luggage than you can comfortably manage yourself.

● Choose only easy-care clothes and uncrushable fabrics if possible.

● Don't rely on labels only to mark your luggage. Paint on your name with waterproof paint.

● Invest in one fairly large suitcase in which you can pack dresses and evening gowns — they won't crush very much if they're folded only once.

● Try not to pack your suitcases to the brim. Allow some space for bringing home new clothes and presents.

What to take

Deciding on what to take, of course, depends on the kind of holiday you're planning. Most tourists have a strictly limited budget, so we've planned a basic wardrobe that will take you through most countries and allows for the occasional glamorous outing. (See under the appropriate headings for shipboard or air-travel clothes.)

1. An evening dress, preferably short and with a straight skirt. Avoid gowns which have layers and layers of tulle or organza.

2. A three-piece suit for travelling, with a loose jacket and skirt. Avoid tight-fitting clothes — comfort is the prime factor.

3. Two swimsuits, preferably not bikinis, as they are not permitted in some parts of Europe.

4. Two casual skirts.

5. Two or three drip-dry shirts, in colors that won't soil easily.

6. One or two dressy blouses that will go with the good three-piece suit and the casual skirts.

7. Four pairs of shoes, for walking, day wear, evening wear, and sandals. Don't take more than these, remember that shoes are good and cheap, especially in England and Spain.

8. Three drip-dry nighties and a brunchcoat.

9. Two drip-dry shifts.

10. One or two pairs of slacks which will team with the shirts and blouses. In many countries in Europe — particularly Spain and parts of Italy — it is considered very bad taste for girls to wear slacks. Check this before you wear them.

11. Two pairs of shorts. The above rule applies here, too.

12. Two or three brightly colored scarves.

13. A large handbag — one you can carry over your shoulder — for your passport, traveller's cheques, money, and odds and ends.

14. Jumpers and cardigans. Don't take too many; these are cheap and good, particularly in England and Scotland.

15. A heavy overcoat, especially if you're travelling in the "off-season" and arriving in Europe in the winter.

16. A cheap plastic raincoat.

OPTIONAL: A hat, one that will fold flat in your handbag or suitcase.

Air travel

Going by air is certainly the quickest way of travelling between points A and B, but it often poses quite a problem with luggage. If you travel first class, your luggage weight allowance is usually 66 pounds, tourist class 44 pounds. Below is a list of clothes and how much they weigh.

When you go by air, never pack your overcoat, carry it over your arm — that way it doesn't count in the weight of your luggage. Never wear a tight skirt to travel on an aeroplane — it's uncomfortable to sit in and crushes very easily.

Weights of clothes

Garment.	Weight Pounds.	Ounces.
Wool dress ..	1	5
Lightweight wool suit	1	10
Cocktail dress (slim skirt) .		15
Silk dress		9
2 cotton shifts		15
2 blouses		7
Cotton slacks, pair shorts, and top	1	1
Cotton skirt ..		12
2 summer nighties		8
1 winter nightie		12
Lightweight brunchcoat ..		12
2 brassieres, 2 nylon girdles		13
Lightweight swimming costume and cap		12
2 pairs of shoes	1	14
Plastic raincoat		4
Hat—beret type		6
2 scarves		6
Overnight bag or small suitcase	6	0

Ship travel

Life aboard ship can be quite social, so you'll have to add a little to your basic wardrobe. Take along an extra pair of shorts, some rubber-soled shoes for deck games, an extra party frock or two for the dances at night.

Three or four pretty, dressy frocks for dinner at night, a warm stole or large scarf for walks along the deck at night.

And, if you really want to join in the fun, some "makings" for a fancy dress — every ship has at least one fancy-dress ball on the voyage.

LUGGAGE is always a problem to the traveller —but it's not often a girl is reduced to this state of desperation.

How to pack

First of all, choose your suitcases. They should be as light and strong as possible, and it's a good idea to pay a little more for good quality. They'll have to stand up to lots of hard wear, especially if you plan to move around on the Continent.

One case should be large and roomy, for evening clothes, overcoats, etc. Then, a smaller one for things like jumpers, underwear, shoes, and the clothes you'll be using most often.

Use that large handbag (with shoulder strap) for make-up, tissues, etc., in unbreakable plastic containers if possible.

Anything which has a difficult shape, like shoes or perhaps a jewellery box, should be placed in the bottom of the suitcase—shoes wrapped in individual polythene bags.

Fill in any gaps with handkerchiefs or scarves. The next layer should be your shirts, shorts, woollens, and slacks, plus your underwear, also wrapped in polythene.

A good tip for packing permanently pleated skirts is to pull them through old nylon stockings and wedge them in the front of the suitcase. Then pack your dresses and suits, folded once at the waistline, and the top layer can be nighties and brunchcoat.

Remember to include two or three empty polythene bags in your luggage; they're marvellous to have for packing slightly damp washing if you move on before they're dry.

If you go by car remember . . .

● Your car must be in top condition. Breakdowns, especially in a strange country, can be costly and certainly time-wasting. Make sure you have it completely overhauled before you set out.

● Take along extras in case of emergencies. These should include two sugarbags (to put under the tyres if you become bogged), spare petrol and a can of oil, two wooden chocks, a pump for the tyres, and a length of thick rope.

● Plastic container or a canvas bag for fresh water.

● Insect repellent.

● Keep separate cartons for items you are likely to use together. For instance, saucepans, egg-slices, washing-up bowl (plastic), tea-towels, detergents, tin-openers, should all be packed in the one box and put in the boot.

● Keep two large plastic bags in the boot, one for soiled, one for damp clothes.

● A smaller plastic bag, with a damp washer for wiping sticky hands, to be kept in the glove-box, along with a packet of barley sugar for car sickness.

● A tin of moisture-impregnated pads for cleaning off make-up, and a small box of tissues, in your large handbag.

● Pack each day's lunch and carry it in the rear of the car (if there's room) or in the boot. Have only foods (like salads, hard-boiled eggs, crispbreads) which carry well.

● Remember to take along some games to fill in long hours of travelling if you have young children. Paper (preferably a notebook) and colored pencils, storybook, and portable games.

● Pack each person's change of clothes in an individual plastic bag and remember to include extra safety-pins if there's a baby aboard.

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PULL OUT AND FOLD ALONG THIS LINE

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Letters

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for each letter used.

Even the twain shall meet

WHAT a wonderful world it would be if people were like my grandfathers.

My name is Marcia Tropiano—mother an Australian, father Italian, grandfather (on Mum's side) Liverpool - Irish, grandfather (on Dad's side) Italian.

My grandfathers both go to soccer matches together, to races, dogs, and trots. My Liverpool-Irish grandfather once would not look at spaghetti—now he'll eat it for breakfast, dinner, and tea. My Italian grandfather now lives on kippers and fish and chips.

My mother's father was a merchant seaman during World War II, and my Dad's father was a prisoner-of-war.

But the beauty of it was that they both marched on Anzac Day. Isn't it wonderful! I must be one of the happiest granddaughters in Australia.—*Marcia Tropiano, Bexley, N.S.W.*

Pupils' power

I WOULD like to explain the way the Student Representative Council operates at our school. It consists of all form captains, house captains, and prefects. Out of these a president (the head prefect), secretary, and treasurer are elected.

Each form representative asks his form for suggestions for general improvements in and around the school, and puts forward these ideas at the weekly S.R.C. meeting. If good, the council agrees to see what can be done about carrying them out.

This system, as well as making many worthwhile changes about the school in general, ensures a far closer liaison between students and staff, and adds to the general contentedness.

Many ideas put forward are often excellent solutions to the problems facing any school.—*Yvonne van Amstel, Jamieson, Vic.*

School leaving

A FAIR number of teenagers write in discussing their secondary education and problems associated with this.

I left school at the then-leaving-school-age of 14. I am now 16 and work for an insurance company as secretary to the manager, and earn excellent money for myself and my parents, as well as having great responsibilities.

My education only equalled a Merit certificate (8th grade), with one year studying commercial subjects.

Therefore, I think that any girl who wants to leave school and go into the world and earn her way seems to have a very good chance to find an excellent position for which she is suited, and which she enjoys.—*Carol Stekel, West Heidelberg, Vic.*

Birds and Beatles

BEING an enthusiastic Beatle fan I decided to find out if my Ceylonese pen-pal shared my enthusiasm, and wrote saying how much I liked them, and asking him if he liked them, too.

Back came his reply: "Beatles are common in Ceylon. There are many beatles seen all over Ceylon in the flowering season."

If that's the case, who's for a trip to Ceylon. In the flowering season, of course. — *Carol Wassell, Nundah, Qld.*

Beat(le) this!

HOW'S this for a family in the grip of Beatlemania? I talk all day about the fabulous four and cut out every picture of them, however small, to stick in my beloved Beatle scrapbook.

My brother goes round the house with his ear glued to his transistor, listening to their hits, while my mother is constantly singing "All My Loving" (without seeming to know she does it), and my father now answers, "Yeah, yeah, yeah!" to questions.

Add to that a budgerigar who chants with great enthusiasm "I love The Beatles" (it took a couple of weeks to teach him, but he finally got the hang of it), and I think you might say we were all well and truly Beatlised. — *"Beatle Lover," Normanhurst, N.S.W.*

Infamy

HOW inconsistent are many Americans. They are prejudiced against the Negro, who is at their own level of living and society, yet Negro vocalists such as Nat (King) Cole, Johnny Mathis, and Gene McDaniels (there are many more), who have risen to fame, are accepted by the white population.

These inconsistencies are not unique to America, but exist in Australia, too, where our own aborigines are concerned.

Does each colored person have to become a world-famous figure before he is accepted into the community? — *J. Wills, East Brighton, Vic.*

Locals good

I CAME to Australia from Liverpool, U.K., only three weeks ago, and each time I turn on my transistor I hear pop singers from Liverpool.

Although I love hearing these Liverpool pop singers (specially The Beatles), I think Australia has some very talented singers. I have watched some teenage TV programmes here, and I could pick out some artists who could make themselves famous. Yet I don't think I had heard a record from Australia played at home.

Johnny O'Keefe and a few others such as Lucky Starr, Col Joye, Pam Bradly, and Laurel Lee are very popular over here, and, as far as I'm concerned, I think they could be very well known with more promotion.—*"Sue" Swanbourne, W.A.*

Rain explained

AT my school we have formed a Meteorological Club, of which I am president.

We take daily measurements of wind, rain, cloud, pressure, and temperatures, and each week talks on meteorological topics are given by members.

The knowledge of the instruments and of meteorology that we learn helps in our studies of geography, chemistry, and physics, and it also provides a greater understanding and appreciation of the work of the much-criticised "weather man." —*David Brunt, Bardon, Qld.*

Next week . . .

- See the fabulous wardrobe an Australian girl gathered during an exciting holiday at top ski spots throughout the world.
- There's an easy-to-follow crochet pattern for a chic headband that doubles as a collar.
- Read about the Sydney girl who arranges bookings for and manages some of Australia's top entertainers.

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Biting reminder

AS far back as I can remember I had bitten my nails, and had never done much about it—until about six months ago, when I decided I must stop as it is awful to see bitten nails on a girl of 18.

I started off by leaving a finger on each hand that I mustn't bite, though I could bite the others. At first I did nibble them, but eventually they grew and looked so nice that I was very proud of them.

Then I started not biting the next two, and so on—and when, after a lot of hard work, I had them all looking nice, I couldn't bear to bite them.

This may sound a bit impossible to some people, but it wasn't to me, after biting them for about 12 years.—*"Ex-Nail Biter," Launceston, Tas.*

Beam gesture

LET me offer a word of advice to those who have lost a boy-friend who was a really nice person.

This method, which also strengthens your character, involves the erasure of all memory of the boy from your mind. Face the cruel fact that the lost beau no longer finds you attractive. Go out and meet as many new people as you can, and fill your life with interesting hobbies.

Although you may not think so at the time, there are other wonderful people in the world, and you can, and will, meet other boys equally as nice as he.

By forgetting him you will recognise the really decent people among the boys you meet. Cling to his image, and you will let many nice boys pass by unnoticed. — *S. Clarke, Nundah, Qld.*

Black magic

WHO has ever tried cooking poultry in native fashion? On a recent camping trip some friends and I tried to do it.

We dug a hole, lit a fire in it, and placed some rocks in it. We wrapped a rooster up in clay and, when the stones were really hot, we put it in the hole and covered it over.

After a few hours we dug it up again, or, rather, what was left of it. The whole lot had apparently burst, for we could hardly distinguish the meat from the clay and the innards.

We scratched around for about half an hour and finally managed to collect about half a plate of meat, which, when we had washed it, tasted reasonably good. — *Patrick O'Callaghan, Bunjurgen, Qld.*

Un-square deal

BEFORE joining the Girl Guides I asked the advice of several teenagers, and each time I was told, "It's square."

However, I took no notice of their "advice," and since joining I have met many new and interesting people, besides gaining extra knowledge.

I advise other girls to do the same, as I assure you it's far from square.—*"No Square," New Town, Tas.*

Do boys like a girl who is car-crazy?

● "Car Crazy" (T.W., 8/4/64) wondered what boys would feel about having a girl-friend who was interested in the mechanical side of cars and wanted to build up a bomb of her own.

I THINK that the boys would be inclined to treat you as just "one of the boys."

You will have to be more feminine, as it is natural for boys of any age not to like to think that their girls know more about things than they themselves do.

My advice would be for you to try a pretty dress and a dash of lipstick in place of wearing overalls and oil.—*R. Thompson, Revesby, N.S.W.*

YOU will probably find, as I did, that the boys will not believe that you are genuinely interested in cars. Most of them regard any interest shown by a girl in mechanics as some sort of ruse to trap them.

I was lucky as my boy-friend (now my husband) was a motor mechanic and realised that I did want to learn about cars. But most of his mates maintained that it was all an act on my part.

Now, of course, as I am still every bit as keen on cars even after two years of marriage, they know I was genuine. Specially as I have begun building up my own souped-up car.

Now they ask me if we know any other girls interested in cars and engines, who don't mind getting greasy hands, who will talk, eat, and dream cars as we do—"Because that's the sort of girl I'm going to marry," they say.

But show them one, and they run, saying, "It's a trap!"

My advice is this: First get your man, then display your interest in cars. Because unless you're very lucky, if you're unattached and even admit to liking cars, you won't be able to find a boy within driving distance.—*"Hot Rodder," Tooronga, Vic.*

FOR my part I would like to say that I think a girl who is interested in the same things as a boy was interested in would be good fun.

Also, I think that if a boy and a girl get together and build up a "bomb" they will each get a lot of enjoyment out of it. (The cost being shared, of course.) — *"Girl-and-Car-Crazy," Chadston, Vic.*

AS long as you didn't make the mistake of being bossy and showing off how much you know, a boy who is interested in cars, too, would probably be quite glad to have you as a girl-friend.

However, you wouldn't want to get yourself into the position where he looked on you as just the unpaid help, while he took some dainty little blonde who didn't know a spark plug from a carburettor out on dates.

What you would need to do would be to share an interest in mechanics—while still being feminine. —*"Doll Driver," Malvern, S.A.*

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Singer's "instant" sophistication

By KERRY YATES

• A shy Sydney schoolgirl lost two stone, bought 15 new dresses, had three haircuts in one week — and became a sophisticated teenage singing star!

GITA RIVIER as she looks now (left) and (above) as she looked before her "transformation."

"I FEEL so different — mature and yet young and excited at the same time," said the girl, Gita Rivier, recently, "I'm just a new person."

At the end of February, Gita, 16, still looked the same pony-tailed schoolgirl whose picture appeared in Teenagers' Weekly's "Listen Here" column last August and who completed her Intermediate Certificate at school at the end of last year.

By mid-March she had become one of Sydney's most successful young entertainers, earning from £50 to £100 a week, singing at clubs, restaurants, and on television shows.

"I always wanted to be a singing star," said Gita, "and I think my new look really helped."

For though Gita, born in Yugoslavia, had made several TV appearances since she came to Australia in 1961, she still found it difficult to make singing a full-time career at the beginning of the year.

But last February, her manager, Mr. Maurie Porter (Rob. E. G.'s father), convinced Gita that a new wardrobe, hairstyle, and a diet could make all the difference.

Cried at haircut

"I loved choosing 15 new dresses — all so sophisticated and different for me," she said. "I'd only had young-looking casual frocks before.

"I bought my first tight skirts and black frocks, and my favorites are mostly white or gold.

"But I cried when I had my hair cut after growing it for two years. The first time I just had my pony-tail chopped in half, but I ended up having two more cuts the same week till I ended up with this short, French-style bob.

"And I didn't have to worry about dieting. I had lost almost a stone of puppy fat since I left school and I've been so thrilled with everything over the past few weeks, I've lost my appetite.

"But Mummy's making me eat all my meals now, because I can't really lose much more or I'll be too skinny."

A bouncy, bubbly, and versatile artist, Gita sings popular songs in English, Italian, Jewish, French, and Spanish as well as her native tongue.

She can play the guitar, piano, bongos, and likes to bring calypso and cha-cha dancing and musical comedy into her acts.

Gita has a musical family.

In Yugoslavia her mother was an opera singer and concert pianist, her father was a musician, composer, and conductor, her grandmother was a well-known violinist. Her two younger brothers are already interested in music —one is a promising tenor and the other is learning to play the trumpet and drums.

As a child, Gita sang and danced in children's operettas. Before she came to Australia, the family spent two years in a displaced persons' camp in Rome, where Gita used to sing in the local church and for the people in the camp.

New life

"It was very distressing, so I used to sing to try to make the people a little happier," she said. "It was there I used to dream of becoming a singing star. But it seemed so hopeless then."

As her family had to leave all their possessions in Yugoslavia, Gita is helping them to start a new life in Australia with the money she earns.

"I want to be able to buy a house for my family before I make any plans of my own."

Although she looks so grown up for her age, Gita has never had a boy-friend or even gone on a date yet.

"You see, it's so different in our country," she said. "In Yugoslavia, girls are just not allowed out alone with boys until they're 19 or 20. And anyway, I've never had the time."

Gita thinks the most exciting moment of her life was discovering that Ringo, one of The Beatles, was the same boy she had sung with in a coffee lounge in London on the way to Australia.

Ringo, then Richard Starkey, was playing drums in a coffee lounge-cum-skiffle club Gita visited. He noticed her tapping her fingers on the table to the music and asked if she'd like to sing with the band.

"I sang an Italian favorite, 'Tintarella Di Luna,' and although the band didn't know it Ringo asked me to write the words down on a menu card, and later he sang it with me.

"He was very nice, a quiet, serious boy who didn't smile much," she said. "I nearly died when I later discovered he became a Beatle.

"I'm so happy that he made good and I hope I can meet him again here in July, but he's probably met so many girls since I sang with him that he wouldn't remember me."

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MELLOW MALLOWS TO MAKE

● Here are recipes for the best marshmallows you've ever tasted — soft-textured, mouth-melting! And there's a recipe for a dreamy, creamy chocolate shake.

ARCTIC MALLOWS, Coconut Marshmallows, a rich Hot Chocolate-cream Shake — dreamy food to serve when friends drop in or for the family.

WINTER fashions are in the shops and on backs, and winter weather is on every page of the calendar.

So, when friends drop in, serve them something warm and wonderful — hot chocolate and marshmallows.

Hear them sigh blissfully, "It's too much!"

Coconut Mallows

Two cups sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 tablespoon gelatine, 1 cup boiling water, 1 egg-white, 8oz. desiccated coconut.

Soften gelatine in a little cold water, then dissolve in the boiling water. Put all ingredients into the large bowl of an electric mixer, beat until white and thick.

Pour into lamington-tins (which have been rinsed out in cold water); refrigerate until set. Cut into squares, roll in toasted coconut.

To toast coconut: Spread coconut on baking trays, put into a moderate oven and bake for 8 to 10 minutes. Shake the trays occasionally.

Alternatively, the coconut may be put into a large, heavy frypan and cooked over a moderate heat. Shake the pan continually so the coconut does not burn, or stir it with a fork.

Cherry Mallows

Fold 4oz. chopped glace cherries into the marshmallow before pouring into tins to set.

Cut into squares, roll in plain white desiccated coconut.

Arctic Mallows

The recipe for marshmallow given earlier can be used. However, as these are not coated with coconut, a firmer marshmallow gives better results.

Five tablespoons gelatine, 2lb. sugar, 1½ cups cold water, 1 cup boiling water, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon vanilla; 6oz. dark chocolate, 1oz. white vegetab'e shortening.

Soak the gelatine in cold water. Place the sugar and boiling water into a large saucepan, bring slowly to boiling.

Add the softened gelatine, boil steadily for 20 minutes. Remove from heat, stir in lemon juice and vanilla; cool slightly. Beat until very thick, then pour into two slab-tins which have been rinsed out in cold water; refrigerate until set.

Chop chocolate and shortening; put into top of a double saucepan and cook over hot water until chocolate and shortening are melted; stir to combine.

Cut marshmallows into squares. Dip top of each mallow into chocolate mixture, or spoon a little of the melted chocolate over top of each mallow. Put aside until chocolate has firmly set.

Toasted Mallows

Use the mixture for Arctic Mallows. Put marshmallows on to a long toasting fork or skewer and toast them in front of a winter fire until they're brown and bubbly.

(Or, if you're having hot cocoa, top each cup with a marshmallow; it will melt to give a delicious frothy topping to the cocoa.)

Surprise Dips

Here's an unusual way to use the marshmallow once it has been beaten to a richly thick mixture.

Dip into the marshmallow dried apricot halves, prunes, dates, walnut halves, roll them in plain or toasted coconut. Stand them on waxed paper until set.

You could dip some of each, so that there's a variety — and a delicious surprise when you bite into each one.

Hot Chocolate-cream Shake

Two ounces dark chocolate, 1 cup water, 1 tablespoon sugar (more or less to taste), pinch salt, 3 cups mi!k, whipped cream, grated chocolate.

Put water and chopped chocolate into saucepan, stir over very gentle heat until chocolate melts. Stir in sugar and salt, bring to boiling, then reduce heat and simmer gently for 3 minutes. Gradually stir in milk and heat thoroughly.

Just before serving, beat mixture with rotary beater. Pour into tall glasses, top with a spoonful of whipped cream and a little grated chocolate.

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BELOW: Peter (right) and Gordon listen critically to a playback of one of their recordings. RIGHT: Jane tries her hand at guitar, watched by the boys.

● They're the current craze in Britain's pop world, and already Peter and Gordon — the boys who pushed The Beatles off the top of the charts — seem set for success.

By
BRIAN GIBSON

The boys who

IRONICALLY, they won the coveted top spot with a Beatle composition, "World Without Love." It has become one of 1964's biggest hits and its success has brought Peter and Gordon offers of films, tours, and appearances in America.

Yet it is the first record either of them has made.

Peter is the 19-year-old brother of Jane Asher, whose friendship with Paul McCartney has been widely publicised—especially in America, where rumors that the pair are secretly married still persists.

Gordon Waller is Peter's 18-year-old friend. Both are the sons of doctors and they've been singing together for about three years.

"At first we just messed around," said Peter when they invited me to meet them on the set of their first film "Just For Fun," at Shepperton studios.

"Then it began getting more serious and we landed an engagement at Harry Secombe's Pickwick Club in London at £40 a week.

"It was while we were there that a recording manager heard us and said we ought to cut a record. So we did."

Peter, owlish behind the thick-framed spectacles he wears, grinned at me and said: "We never thought THIS would be the result, but we're having a wonderful time."

Peter was in his fifth term at London University, studying philosophy, when he made the record. Now he has put aside his studies to concentrate on the career of a pop star.

"My parents don't mind a bit," he said, "and my attitude is that I might as well grab some money while I can.

"Eventually I'll go back to school, but as I'm only 19 a few years out of it doesn't really matter. If I were 30 I'd think twice before throwing up everything for music."

Gordon, who has the dark good looks of a John Lennon and wears his hair in a similar style, met Paul at Westminster School.

He has quickly become adjusted to the new life and thoroughly enjoys every moment of it.

"Every day is different when you're in this business," Gordon said.

"There's always something new cropping up and of course the money is marvellous.

"Unlike Peter, I've never really had any burning ambition, so when this came along I jumped at it.

"After all, it's better than just sitting around, which was what I used to do before we made it big."

When I went to meet Peter and Gordon I brought them the advance news that their record was No. 1 in the charts.

Peter said: "I'm thrilled of course — and a little worried. I'm wondering whether The Beatles will mind us pushing them off the top."

Later I spoke to John Lennon, who penned the song with Paul, and he said: "Mind? Of course not. We're glad they made it, especially as it's one of our songs. We shall never record it ourselves because we don't believe in doing that. We gave it to them hoping it would be a hit."

"World Without Love" made its debut at Peter's London home when John and Paul dropped in one evening for a quick visit.

They hadn't completed the song but as soon as Peter and Gordon heard a snatch of the melody they asked if they could have first option when it was finished.

John and Paul readily agreed and a week or so later the finished song was delivered.

Peter and Gordon play guitars as well as sing. Their music is soft and a gentle beat runs through the songs.

Jane Asher describes it as "a friendly, cosy sound," and adds: "The boys come across as they really are. When I first began hearing it on the radio and at clubs I couldn't get used

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GORDON (left) and PETER serenade JANE ASHER during a recording "take five."

beat The Beatles

to the fact that it was my brother singing. I'm really proud of both of them."

Peter Asher is no newcomer to show-business. He appeared years ago in films like "Isn't Life Wonderful" and "The Planter's Wife" and has acted in episodes of television serials like "Robin Hood" and "Ivanhoe."

He has won an award for being the Best Child Star of the Year.

It's been eight years since he made a feature film and he's finding his feet in the color musical, "Just For Fun," which also features Mark Wynter, The Bachelors, and Freddie and the Dreamers.

Producer Jacques De Lane Lea stood beside me on the set as we watched Peter and Gordon go through their routine (which included a song they had composed, "Please Leave Me Alone to Cry") and he said, "They're going to last. They have interesting faces and their appeal isn't necessarily going to depend on having hit records."

Despite having had a hit with a Beatles composition, Peter and Gordon have been busy writing much of their own material. The two songs they sing in their film are their own and they have also been writing material for their first album, which will be issued next month in England to coincide with the release of the film.

Off-stage, Peter and Gordon share the same kind of interests. Both have large record collections and they like attending parties. Invariably mention of The Beatles crops up.

"We admire them tremendously," said Peter, "they've brought something new to the pop world, a fresher sound than it's had in years.

"But we don't want people to think we received our break just because of our friendship with them. We've known them for some time now but we never asked them to write for us.

"It was just one of those things that happened, almost by accident, and Jane made a lot of helpful suggestions about the treatment of the song when we went to the studio."

Their follow-up to "World Without Love" is being eagerly awaited by the army of fans both boys are gathering.

Even at the film studios, where celebrities come and go all the time, Peter and Gordon received their share of attention from autograph hunters and people offering congratulation.

"It's such a marvellous feeling being recognised," said Gordon, "Peter is used to it because he's been in show-business but I'm still finding my feet."

Said Peter: "We're trying to take it all in our stride and just accept that we've been very fortunate in a short space of time. But when you're top of the charts it's a terrible responsibility. We pushed The Beatles off and we know we'll be pushed off ourselves."

Peter and Gordon, after much discussion with their recording company, have decided to release as their second disc the Lennon-McCartney song "Nobody I Know" with one of their own compositions on the flip-side.

Beside their records there is plenty of film work in the offing, appearances up and down the country — and a trip to America in June, where "World Without Love" has been released.

Their financial future in the topsy-turvy world of pop music doesn't bother them.

"We've formed ourselves into a limited company now," said Gordon, "and we are both busy saving like mad. When we do have to go we'll go with plenty of cash and then we can sit back and watch the newcomers."

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OLYMPIAN LINDA'S QUIC

ATTRACTIVE SWIMMER Linda McGill, who makes her own clothes, poses in a striking muu-muu she designed. The unusual pocket-trim is of the same fabric as shoes. Pictures by staff photographer Ron Berg.

By CYNTHIA ROBINSON

● Australia's best-guarded swim star at this year's Tokyo Olympic Games undoubtedly will be tall and glamorous Linda McGill, who will be equipped with her own personal two-man police escort.

THE members of the police "guard" will be Linda's greatest fans: her father, Sergeant Malcolm McGill, of Abbotsford, N.S.W., and her brother, Ron, also a policeman.

Both Sergeant McGill and Ron have taken leave from the Force to go by slow boat to Tokyo, arriving just in time to see swift-moving Linda compete in the Games.

And they're convinced they'll see her on the victory dais.

"She MUST win something if she's anywhere near her best," said her proud (and charming) father. "She's certainly got the talent.

"That's why Ron and I decided to book for this trip to Tokyo long before we knew she'd been selected in the team. We were just certain they couldn't leave talent like Linda's at home."

As well as being the best-guarded member of the swim team, Linda, an 18-year-old blonde, will also have a stake in the best-dressed award.

This is because Linda not only has the figure and flair for clothes but also the skill to make nearly all her own wardrobe with an expert's finish.

"I just love making clothes," Linda told me. "It's about the greatest relaxation I have — and it's certainly a change from swimming miles up and down a pool!"

Since the beginning of March, when Linda was named for the Olympic swim team, she has been gathering pieces of material and preparing a smart, versatile wardrobe for the pre-Games training period in Townsville, as well as for Tokyo.

Not that Linda has had an overabundance of time for her dressmaking. In addition to keeping in training for her Olympic endeavors, she has had to help run a home for her father and brother since her mother died last year, and she also works full-time in a travel agency.

The travel-agency job, which Linda began only a few months ago, has proved more of an inspiration for Tokyo than a handicap, however.

For though Linda has been among Australia's top swimmers for several seasons now, she still hasn't competed overseas, and her work in the travel field has made her all the more enthusiastic about the prospect of visiting Japan.

"I've become so enthusiastic, in fact, that I've found myself talking all the travel-agency's clients into tripping to Tokyo during the Games," she said.

Linda, who competed at the Perth Commonwealth Games in 1962 and was considered unlucky to miss the Rome Olympics a couple of years earlier, has begun 1964 in successful style.

At the national swimming titles staged at the North Sydney Pool in February she captured no fewer thas five titles — a record for a woman swimmer.

Her remarkable performance over one weekend included winning the national 100 and 200 metres butterfly titles, the 200 metre breaststroke championship, and the 200 and 400 metre medley events.

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CK WITH A NEEDLE, TOO

COLORFUL shorts and shirt outfit was designed by Linda, shown above changing a record at her home in Abbotsford, N.S.W. "I'd be happier changing a record in Tokyo," she said.

WATER - SKIING is a favorite hobby of Linda's. Colorful silk blouse (left) is one of many in a large custom-built wardrobe.

AT HOME, Linda McGill and her father (below) are all smiles as they talk about Tokyo. Sgt. McGill will be there to see Linda.

STRIKING party dress, with flattering one-shoulder treatment, is a recent addition to Linda's wardrobe. She made it with a pre-Games trip to Townsville and an Olympic trip to Tokyo in mind.

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BANDSTAND

Here's a way to help Aussie pop artists

● The influence English artists and the Liverpool-Mersey sound have had on pop music over the past year is indirectly the result of a policy of delaying the issue of discs.

QUITE a few years ago, when an American disc was released, it was held back by British recording companies in case English artists wished to record it, and in most cases they did — identically.

This built up the English artists, and once they had achieved standing in their own country they were able to branch out and use their own material and develop their own sound.

Turning to the Australian scene, many visiting artists say publicly (and in private) that most Australian pop music artists have more to offer in person, and are more versatile, than the average pop artist in America.

As holding back discs has been tried successfully in Britain to help local artists, could it work here?

Yes, it could, but it would be more difficult and would need the co-operation of all the disc jockeys. There are a lot of commercial "pop" stations here, whereas in Britain they don't have a full-time "pop" station, and it's a big thing with the DJs here to be first on the air with a new overseas release.

In Australia this is known as "covering" a disc, even when done with a change of backing, but the U.S. disc is still released at the same time as the cover version by a local artist.

In England the original version was never heard. This may seem like cheating, but just look at the English pop scene now.

A few years ago there were few, if any, English artists featured on our charts—and not only our charts. English artists and groups (one entomological group in particular) feature prominently in charts all over the world.

Through the co-operation of the disc jockeys, and if the original versions are not heard, Australian artists would have a much greater drawing power, and it's very probable that in the space of a couple of years we could be producing hits and hit-makers with the same astonishing success as the English are now.

WHIRLWIND overseas tours must leave artists completely exhausted. Take for instance the packed itinerary that **Peter, Paul, and Mary** have for their Australian tour. In six days they will visit and perform in four capital cities—scarcely the way to see the country.

By the way, did you know Peter, Paul, and Mary in the last Grammy Awards (the recording industry's equivalent to

FROM LEFT: Hendricks, Ross, and Lambert . . . See story on page 11.

THE CLASSICS

BEETHOVEN: Symphonies 4 and 5.

THE first performance of Beethoven's third symphony —the "Eroica"—shocked and dismayed a large part of that 1805 audience. Soon afterwards—perhaps even before—Beethoven was at work on his equally revolutionary fifth symphony. But feeling possibly that the Viennese public could not stand two such shocks in succession he put the work aside to write the happily romantic symphony we know as No. 4.

The fourth is one of the most immediately appealing of the Beethoven symphonies; it is sunnily good humored and lyrical by turns. The brusque and powerful fifth is too well known to need description.

These two symphonies, together with two of Beethoven's finest overtures, are now on issue in the complete Beethoven symphony series being brought out by the World Record Club. The performances, as in the others of the series, are by conductor Josef Krips and the London Symphony Orchestra. The playing, like everything that Krips directs, is both warm and highly polished, and compensates for some slight technical deficiencies in the recording.

The disc containing the fourth symphony is filled out with the great "Leonora" Overture No. 3, one of the four overtures that Beethoven wrote for his one opera, "Fidelio" (which was first called "Leonora"). The fifth symphony is coupled with the overture to Goethe's drama "Egmont."—**MARTIN LONG.**

"BANDSTAND" can be seen on Saturday evenings from TCN9 (Sydney); QTQ9 (Brisbane); NWS9 (Adelaide); TVW7 (Perth); TVT6 (Hobart); CTC7 (Canberra); on Sunday evenings from GTV9 (Melbourne).

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BY Brian Henderson

oscars) won an award for the most-played recording group, and also for the best record of the year with "Puff, The Magic Dragon."

They have a strong single going for them at present with "Go Tell It On The Mountain."

LOOK out for **Robyn Alvarez's** new single! Written by **Jo Halford** and **Jay Justin** (who also has a new single on the way), the A side is a big beat ballad, "We May Meet Again," backed with a bright commercial number, "I Know My Love."

The numbers were arranged by **Shirley Bassey's** arranger, **Raymond Long**, who intends to send her a copy, as he feels it's very Bassey material.

I hear **Vicki Carr** is also interested and may do a cover version. This is Robyn's third disc for HMV, and as Jo Halford said, "I think this will rock the nation."

TREVOR GORDON — out with his first single at 16.

A SINGLE and LP which Philips released a few months back is selling with surprising success — so much so that they have followed it with another LP called "Going Baroque."

They are numbers by a jazz group who call themselves the **Swingle Singers**, and "sing" Bach and Handel by imitating the sounds of various instruments and singing them in the original key, adding a basic line in jazz style.

This is really another form of **SCAT** — wordless jazz vocals. One of the first scat tracks I heard was Ella Fitzgerald's "How High The Moon"—probably now her most famous.

However, the group who really brought scat into the limelight was **Lambert, Hendricks, and Ross**, three Americans. Over the past 18 months Annie Ross, the female member of the group, has been replaced by a Ceylonese girl, **Yolande Bavan**. When the group first formed with Annie Ross, they developed the original scat style, not only singing the instrumental parts but using words.

The Swingle Singers, instead of turning to jazz, have turned to the classics with apparent success.

I asked Sydney jazz expert Arch McKirdy to explain what scat really is. He said:

"Scat is a very broad term. It's a form of jazz that's nearly as old as jazz. Straight scat singing is where the vocalist participates in a group in the same way as an instrumentalist. The human voice does in fact become an instrument, with the same freedom to interpret and improvise as an instrument.

"Lambert, Hendricks, and Bavan sing as a group, as well as re-creating the instrumental solos, and add original lyrics.

"The Swingle Singers participate in group singing to written music. They are interpreting, not creating."

TWO new artists are out with their first singles for Leedon. They are 16-year-old **Trevor Gordon**, with "Going To Church On Sunday" and "Like The Big Guys Do," and **Ian Turpie**, actor-turned-singer, with "Decimal Point" and "Tell Her We're Through."

"Decimal Point" tells the secret of converting pounds, shillings, and pence to dollars and cents. It's a pennies and cents table that has been approved by the Decimal Currency Board. So if you walk around singing Ian's disc you'll be doing yourself a favor by learning all about decimal currency for when it comes into use in 1966.

CAN you imagine a man making the sound in his throat of a ball-bearing rolling downstairs, completely unaided by electronic devices except a microphone? In case you're interested, I'll tell you more about it next week.

★ GUEST STAR ★

PERHAPS the loudest yeah-yeah-yeah for The Beatles during their Melbourne show will come from 13-year-old Margaret Chester, sister of popular Melbourne singer Johnny Chester, who will appear with the fabulous four during their Australian tour. His latest pin-up is on page 16.

"Margaret has gone quite Beatle-mad," said Johnny recently. "She has hundreds of pin-ups, every record of theirs, and has read every article about them. So you can guess how she feels about my appearing on the show. She already has her front row seats."

Margaret also has the chance of getting coveted Beatles' autographs, as Johnny will be with the boys for 19 nights during their tour of Melbourne, Adelaide, Sydney, Brisbane, and New Zealand.

"All the family was thrilled when I got the chance of appearing with The Beatles," said Johnny. "What an honor for ME, when there are so many terrific Australian artists who would have given their right arms to be chosen."

Johnny knew about his big opportunity two months before it was made public.

"I had to tell a few little white lies to put people off the track," said Johnny. "When Mr. Lean, of Stadiums Ltd., asked me, I thought he was joking.

"Now my only worry is that I mightn't live up to this honor and obligation to give the kids a good performance."

But with hits behind him—such as "Shy Away," "Summertime Blues," and his latest, "Teeny"—Johnny should have little to worry about.

"Teeny," which he wrote himself, appeared in the "top 20" on one of the Boston, U.S.A., radio stations the first week it was released over there.

Johnny's only regret about The Beatles' show is that his group, the Chessmen, will not be able to appear.

"As all the boys have day jobs," said Johnny, "they would not be able to get the time off."—JAYNE O'FLAHERTIE.

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TEENA

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TOPS IN SPORT

Tough fight to fame

By CYNTHIA ROBINSON

● If Bobby Simpson hadn't been such a determined teenager, he would probably now be in Sydney listening to broadcasts of the current Test cricket series instead of in England skippering Australia.

BOBBY SIMPSON

THOUGH Bobby is today regarded as one of the world's most brilliant cricketers he has had to bat on a few sticky wickets to win this reputation.

Certainly his entry into big cricket couldn't have looked more promising, for he was chosen to play for N.S.W. in 1953 when he was just 16 years 11 months old.

This made tall, freckle-faced Bobby the second youngest player to represent his State. (The youngest, by three months, was Ian Craig, also destined to become an Australian captain.)

No cricketer was ever more excited at his State selection than Bobby; and no cricketer was ever more determined to be a Test star.

Things didn't work out as he expected, however, and over the next few years the young all-rounder missed out on tours to the West Indies, Pakistan, and England, which most cricket fans thought he was entitled to.

What was worse, much worse, was the fact that he was even finding it hard to hold a place in the N.S.W. side.

In such circumstances, most players would either have given the game away or been content to battle along, taking any breaks which came their way.

But not young Simpson. If he hadn't inherited his parents' Scottish brogue, at least he'd inherited their Scottish doggedness.

He knew he had cricket prospects, and he was going after them. So he went West to those true-paced Perth wickets, where he quickly began hitting up huge, Bradmanlike scores.

His cricket improved even further during a year with the Lancashire League, and by the time he returned for the 1959-60 season in Australia he was a force to reckon with.

The following season, Bobby — who is now known as "Mr. Runs" of cricket — heaped up the runs against the West Indian tourists, and in 1961 he was chosen for the Australian tour of England.

Having made the grade as a regular Test player, Bobby felt it was time to return to his home State, and it was a smart move.

It put him right in line to understudy Richie Benaud, the N.S.W. and Australian captain. And when Richie stepped down last season Bobby capably took over both jobs.

Married, with two young daughters, 27-year-old Bobby Simpson is a public-relations executive with a cigarette company.

His favorite relaxation is golf, and off the cricket field he's pleasant, modest, and softly spoken.

On the field, it's another story. He usually exudes tremendous confidence, and he has a killer instinct which has much to do with his selection as Australian skipper.

His status as an all-rounder stems from his brilliance as a right-hand opening batsmen who has knocked up many a century and double century, as a useful slow leg-spin bowler, and as the best slip fieldsman in the business.

NEXT WEEK: Johanna Winter.

Beauty in brief:

BRIGHTER LIPS

CHOOSE pink for your lipstick this year and you won't go far wrong. Pink is gay and glowing and, best of all, flattering.

Whether you choose a pale shell shade, a frankly pretty pink, or a strong, swinging pink depends partly on your approach to make-up and should depend partly on your skin tones.

If you normally lean toward no-color lipstick, now might be a good time to take a whirl at one of the pretty new pinks just for the fun and flattery of a totally different "look."

Pink suits everyone from a newly bathed babe to a seventy-year-old, but there are certain rules to observe.

For instance, if your skin has a florid cast this must first be toned down a bit before a pink lipstick can do anything for you.

Certain subtle tones of face powder will help neutralise the pink tone. Or perhaps a covering cream, which not only screens over-strong skin tones, but is also useful in covering tiny, under-the-skin imperfections.

A lip outline pencil, with which you draw the shape of your mouth, then fill in with your lipstick, is invaluable for anyone whose natural lipline is a little blurred.

Also, if you prefer to use a greasy lipstick because your lips are dry, this firm outline guards against the possibility of the color smudging or running.—**CAROLYN EARLE.**

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Louise Hunter — Here's your answer

A car from Mum?

"DO you think it's too much to expect my mother to buy me a fabulous second-hand car in about eight months' time? I'm a boy of 16, almost 17, and I expect to get my licence soon. I've been driving since I was 13 and Dad says I should have no trouble at all in getting it. As Dad takes the car to work, there won't be anything for me to drive, so I've been wondering whether it would be too much to ask my mother for a car. She gets a beaut wage (£10 a week) from Dad and I'm sure she would if I asked her. The car would cost from £100 to £170 at the most. Do you think I'm fair?"

"Hopeful," N.S.W.

Just how much of that "beaut wage" do you imagine your mother has left every week after she has paid for food and, presumably, clothing, and coped with sundry other household expenses — even if you happen to be the only child?

And supposing you DO get a car, who do you expect will pay for registration, insurance, running costs, and maintenance? (Ask Dad how much it costs to run a car — the answer will probably astound you.)

If you're really keen to own a car, you should try to earn it, or at least contribute to its cost. Not only out of fairness to your parents, but for your own sake. (It's not really good for us, you know, to have everything we want handed to us "on a plate." We value and appreciate the things we've worked for far more in the long run.)

See if you can work out a saving plan. (If you're still at school, you may be able to line up a Saturday morning job.) Then talk over the whole proposition with Dad.

Mooning in Maths

"WE are two attractive 15-year-old girls and we are madly in love with our Maths teacher (he is 22). We find that we can't concentrate on our schoolwork and are afraid of failing in our exams. We think he likes us, but we are not sure. What should we do?"

"Teacher Problem," N.S.W.

You should pull your socks up, stop mooning in class (separate, if you're sitting together now), and WORK HARDER. You can be dead sure he WON'T like you if you fail in your exams in his subject . . . no matter how attractive you think you are!

Boring partnership

"I HAVE a problem which I consider is serious. I am going with a boy who is very nice and I like him a lot, but at dances (mainly school socials) he asks me for every dance. This I find very boring, but I cannot find any way to tell him so. There has only been one dance which he has not attended, and I have never enjoyed myself so much at any other. Please help me, as the school ball is coming up, and I would like to know how to tell him to dance with other girls as well as myself."

"Dancer," N.S.W.

This is the sort of thing that happens to girls and boys who are silly enough to think they've got to have a steady because it's the done thing. They miss out on a lot of fun because they're considered "claimed property" by their boy- or girl-friend — and generally by the rest of the gang.

Your solution is simple — if you're prepared to be a really smart girl. Tell the boy that you still like him and want to remain friends, but that you've realised that going steady at your age is strictly for the birds, and you want to mix around and make friends with other boys, too.

He might be hurt for a little while, but the odds are that he'll also have much more fun at the next dance!

Which do boys like?

"I AM a girl of 14 and have been out with quite a lot of boys. But I still don't know if they prefer girls with a lot of make-up or girls who wear just a little. Could you please help me with my problem?"

P.B., Vic.

Ninety-nine boys out of 100 prefer girls to look "natural." And the secret of looking natural, but still as pretty as possible, is to use a little make-up, correctly applied. A young girl who uses a lot of make-up gains a "painted doll" look (which is NOT attractive) and loses her biggest asset—her youthful freshness.

A word from Debbie . . .

● Tired of those "ordinary" parties? Why not throw a Cleopatra party?

ALL you need is imagination and co-operative friends.

Plan a night that won't coincide with other important events, then set to work to make your party an exotic success.

Begin by making your own invitations.

Cut out cardboard sphinxes or ivy leaves and use elaborate scroll-like handwriting. Don't forget to mention dress.

Ask your guests to wear Roman togas (just draped sheets) with leafy garlands on their heads. Or you could supply these as each person arrives.

Sandals or thongs are a must, and the girls can wear lots of gold jewellery and chunky bracelets. (A bracelet clasped around one ankle will give the right touch of elegance.)

You could even have a prize for the girl who looks most like Cleopatra.

Food is, of course, an important item at any party, but a Cleopatra party doesn't need much preparation.

Have at least one hot dish, such as pizzas or corn on the cob. Then set platters piled with grapes, melon slices, cheese, nuts, and olives on little tables. Big bowls of fruit punch would be popular, too.

Your decoration plan is simple. Try to make the room as empty as possible, then strew brightly colored cushions on the floor round little tables and twine ivy leaves around lights and table legs.

You could also paint large cardboard suns to hang from the walls and get posters of the Colosseum, sphinx, or pyramids to give that "ancient" look to the room.

And to start your party rolling, how about finding Latin names for all the guests and writing them on sphinx-shaped name-tags?

They'll have lots of fun "introducing" themselves around.

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Don't deceive Mum

"ALTHOUGH I am 15, my mother says that I'm too young to go out with boys, and won't even let me go to public dances which are held every Friday and Saturday nights. These dances are respectable and a lot of fun. I know this, because I used to be allowed to go until one night there was a brawl, and the police arrested some of the boys who were outside. My mother is all right with other things, such as letting me wear make-up and dress in modern clothes, but she just refuses to allow me to go out with boys or go to dances. Do you think I should sneak out without her knowing?"

"Worried," N.S.W.

My answer is a very definite NO! Did you ever hear a wise old rhyme which goes: "What a tangled web we weave, when first we practise to deceive"? The tangles in your case would include a harmful effect on your developing character, worry and upset for your mother, and destruction of her trust in you. (You don't imagine she wouldn't find out sooner or later, do you?)

Your mother has made this decision for your protection. Respect her judgment and be patient. You've plenty of time for dates and dances later on.

Toast to parents

"A FRIEND of mine is being married shortly, and she has a problem concerning the proposing of toasts. Her fiance's parents have remarried, and both couples will be at the wedding. When proposing the toast to the bridegroom's parents, should it be his parents only, or should the step-parents be included? It is the bride's wish that there should be a toast to her own parents, so what do you suggest should be done?"

"Wondering," Vic.

Strictly speaking, the toast should be to the parents only.

But unless it's a really formal reception, I see no reason why the step-parents shouldn't be included—IF (a) the groom has lived with both couples during his growing-up years, and (b) relations between the couples are amicable.

It would be necessary, of course, for the proposer of the toast to know both couples, and to use tact.

Too attractive?

"CAN you tell me if there is such a thing as being so good looking that a boy would not ask you out? This seems to be my problem. I am very good looking and very friendly with loads of boys, but I am rarely asked out. I have a tremendous personality and a very good, suntanned figure, as well as coming from a very good family. I live in a top-class district and am surrounded by wealthy people. What can I do to be asked out by a boy?"

P.S., Vic.

You seem to have just about everything — including an oversized ego. Try developing a little modesty. It may seem an old-fashioned quality, but it's still appealing. When a girl oozes self-admiration, most boys feel their own attention is a bit superfluous.

The eyes say it

"WHAT do you do if your natural expression is an unhappy one? I am a rather nice-looking girl, and whenever I go to a dance with a girl-friend and we are having a lively conversation I often get asked to dance simply because I'm smiling. On the other hand, when I go by myself (which is quite often), I find that I am continually asked by boys why I look so unhappy. Can you offer any suggestions as to what I can think of when I'm by myself to make me smile."

"Happy Sad-sack," N.S.W.

You don't need to smile with your lips to look happy. (After all, you wouldn't want to be grinning too much when you're sitting alone . . . would you!) The secret lies in the eyes. Bright eyes liven the most "poker" face—and your eyes will be bright if you think about pleasant or amusing things.

If you find this difficult when you've got one anxious eye on the approach of a prospective dance partner, try looking at the various dancers, guessing their occupations, giving them frivolous names to fit their looks—even weaving soapbox stories about them.

That's if you HAVE to go to dances alone. Do you?

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

NEW WAYS TO KILL FATTED CALVES

• The Biblical prodigal son's father has new rivals in killing fatted calves.

THAT'S the conclusion I draw from a statement recently by Willy of Hollywood.

Willy, legendary hosier to the stars, said, in effect, that on the score of leg beauty modern girls didn't have a leg to stand on.

During the 1964 presentation of his annual Golden Calf award, Willy said women's legs are getting progressively skinnier.

Willy ought to know a good leg when he sees one—he's been awarding his Golden Calves for almost 30 years.

The hosier blames the trend of riding in cars instead of walking; wearing low-heeled shoes and sandals; and wearing stretch slacks that inhibit leg muscle development.

This is dreadful news for leg-watchers throughout the world. For two pins—well-turned ones, of course—we boys must do something about it.

Girls must be made to realise that shapely legs are the most highly regarded pillars of our society.

Surely no warm-hearted girl would like to see strong men sobbingly singing "Shanks For the Memory."

Padded stockings will not be the answer.

It's a shin to tell a lie.

And if the trend continues girls will defeat their own purposes. What will be the good of having stretch pants—if there's nothing for them to stretch over?

There seems little doubt that the answer to the problem is for girls to do more walking and leg exercise.

Such hard work will not be popular, I know.

But lasses will just have to accept the fact that this is a case in which the end justifies the moans.

— Robin Adair

National Library of Australia https://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5794446

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — June 3, 1964

National Library of Australia https://trove.nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5794447

HOLIDAY PLANS can be fun when friends all have the same thoughts. These three National Bank girls have plenty of plans. Marie Davis, of Toorak (centre), and Sue Terrey, of Murrumbeena (right), have already been abroad, and Sue Henderson, of Elwood, is saving hard.

BANK TAKES WORRY OUT OF TRAVEL PROBLEMS

● Taking the money troubles out of travelling is everybody's dream, but a bank is not usually the first place they think of as a place they can take their worries.

WITH so many Australians travelling overseas, the National Bank of Australasia has been taking more and more tourists' problems under its care, so that now about the only chore the bank doesn't help with is the packing.

The National Bank of Australasia was the first bank in Australia to set up a travel department, in 1928.

There are two ways to approach the travel problem: "I've got this much to spend, what can I do?" or "I want to go this far — how much do I need?"

The National Bank Travel Service takes both in its stride.

Some 15 per cent. of the bank's Special Purpose Savings Accounts are being devoted by depositors to holidays. At 30/- a week, depositors will have £75 at the end of a year to add to holiday pay toward the cost of fares to dream spots like Hayman Island, Surfers' Paradise, New Zealand's Rotorua, Tasmania in apple time, or the Snowy Mountains for skiing in winter or trout fishing in summer.

Just a flick of the eye through the travel brochures is the tantalising beginning . . . "Melbourne to Alice Springs, 20 days, £141"; "Go gay on a 14-day Paradise Party in the heart of Surfers', £33/10/- from Sydney."

Money is always a problem for travellers, and the first suggestion the bank makes is that they keep a special savings account for holiday funds, putting in a certain amount each week, after they've found out from their Travel Department what fares will be and how much accommodation and living costs will be.

Then they set the target date and (who doesn't remember?) start saving.

One lump sum

Getting the bill in one lump sum from the Bank's Travel Service Department in a capital city is far better for the bank's country customer trying to make his travel arrangements. He can send for all details and get back costs, or make his bookings definite, all from home.

As well as arranging for travellers' cheques, for theatre tickets in New York or London, and passports and health certificates, the National Bank Travel Service Department takes the headache out of more difficult travel problems, like visits to Communist countries, where things are very different.

Intourist, the Russian official agency, requires the traveller to have all travel and accommodation arrangements fixed before granting a visa.

Young people without much money are sometimes timid about asking for help from banks, but from the Travel Department they can get useful advice when making bookings.

The first piece of advice is always, of course, to have their fares paid both ways before leaving. Another typical reference is to the Youth Hostels Association, so that they can make plans to travel cheaply in Europe.

Businessmen travelling abroad often get letters of introduction to men in similar fields through the bank's Travel Department.

For people like the rich widow who wants to take a trip without the necessity of giving someone power of attorney over her affairs, the Travel Department at the National Bank will put her affairs in the hands of National Nominees, a subsidiary company, which will take over temporary control for her, acting in the case of new issues, bonus issues, receipt of dividends, etc., as she directs before she leaves.

Mail service

People, young or old, lucky enough to have jewellery or securities to worry about, or merely important private documents, often leave these in safe-keeping with their bank.

The National Bank, if a safe-deposit box is not available or desired, will store valuables free, in sealed envelopes, signed by the depositor across the seal, and recorded until claimed again.

Holiday-makers often prefer to have their mail forwarded through their bank to a local bank officer so that mail is quite certain to follow them, or the bank will hold mail until their return.

The bank has 950 offices throughout Australia, three in Papua and New Guinea, three in London, and arrangements with banks in New York, New Zealand, and many other places, through which to make inquiries and arrangements for travellers who ask for its aid.

The Travel Department will also tell inquirers where to get insurance cover on baggage (premiums are not high for short-term policies and are well worth while).

To move from Melbourne to Port Moresby might perhaps sound like a dream, but the worry, whether for a single girl or a man, or a couple with a family, is always, "Can I be sure of a job, and will we be able to afford it all?"

From a local branch manager at a place like Lae, Rabaul, or Port Moresby, the Travel Department can get answers to specific questions about rates of pay or cost of accommodation.

Through the bank are handled many of the big problems that arise for migrants who are not Commonwealth-assisted and have homes and business interests to sell up and acquire again out here.

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FLY there — then drive yourself home

● A new type of holiday quickly gaining popularity with Australians is the fly-away-drive-yourself-home holiday, begun recently by Avis Rent-a-Car System.

THE plan, which started originally to get businessmen and holidaymakers to their destinations without feeling tired and washed out after a long car trip, has really caught on.

The idea is to fly to your destination, gaining extra time in your holiday spot or business venue, arriving relaxed and free of the worries of driving all the way.

When the time comes to return home you simply pick up a car and drive back, taking in the beauty spots on the way.

You can, of course, drive to your holiday spot and fly home.

A businessman who doesn't want to drive back can, of course, fly home, but can have the advantage of his own car while he's doing his business.

Many families (who find travelling by car on long trips with small children a nightmare experience) have taken advantage of the fly/drive holiday and have found the answer to more enjoyable and less fatiguing holidays.

Overseas visitors also take advantage of this method for their sightseeing.

This month, in Brisbane, 30 cars waited at the dock for American visitors who wanted to dash off into the country immediately their ship berthed.

And the tourist who drives to Mt. Isa or Darwin and leaves the Avis car there to be collected is no longer a rarity.

The trim red-clad figure of the Avis driver is a familiar sight at the airport, railway station, or dock as she waits to deliver a car to a client.

Her charming manner, sleek appearance, and pleasing efficiency are not accidental. The 76 girl drivers are picked for their poise and personality, ability to deal with the public, attractive appearance, and skill at the driving wheel.

The opportunity of travelling and regularly meeting different types of people attracted many of them to the job, and there's a long waiting list of girls who hope one day to don the very distinctive uniform.

Bargain tours

A recent innovation is the fly-drive bargain tour. Avis found that large numbers of their cars were needed in the northern States in the winter months, and, in summer, in Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, and Hobart.

So they came up with their bargain tours as a means of bringing their cars back to base and offering their clients a new service.

The tours are available between N.S.W. and Queensland, Victoria and Queensland, South Australia and Victoria, South Australia and N.S.W., Victoria and Tasmania, and within Queensland.

Here are some examples:

From late September to December you can fly from Sydney to Brisbane for your holiday in Queensland and drive home at your leisure.

The charge of £25 (normally £32) includes the driver's plane fare from Sydney to Brisbane, use of the car, fuel, oil, servicing, and insurance for the trip back.

And whether you drive alone, with your family, or take along friends, the car rate remains unaltered.

Earlier in the year, between mid-March and the end of July, you can drive north to Queensland and return from Brisbane to Sydney by air if you prefer this way.

On the other hand, if you've decided Tasmania is the place for your holiday, you can travel across Bass Strait in Princess of Tasmania from Melbourne with a car in mid-June, returning to the mainland by air after your stay.

The charge of £23 for this tour includes accommodation on Princess of Tasmania for the driver and car, 250 miles of sightseeing in Tasmania or on the mainland, and the air fare back. Usual cost for this tour is about £50.

All car types

The care and servicing of their fleet of 1200 modern cars is a vital part of the company's operation, as is the carefree motoring of their clients.

With this in mind, every car is fully serviced and filled with BP oil and petrol before it is handed over.

Avis also supply their clients with the BP Road Map Series (also available at BP service stations) which are among the best of their kind in the world. More than 10 million maps have been distributed at a rate of more than 1½ million a year.

The reasonable cost of hiring a small car (10/- a day and 1/- a mile plus petrol) is often a surprise to travellers, who don't realise what a simple matter it is to arrange for a car when making their air, sea, or train booking.

Most popular makes are the smaller cars, but the medium and luxury models are also popular. The mediums cost 35/- a day and 1/- a mile plus petrol, and the big cars are 75/- a day and 1/6 a mile plus petrol.

There's nothing on the cars to show they are hired vehicles, and delivery in the city area to a hotel or motel is free of charge.

Avis cars range from the small Volkswagen, Mini-Minor, Austin-Healey Sprite to the medium Valiant, Holden, and Falcon to the large Pontiac Laurentian and Dodge Phoenix. The vehicles are sedans, sports-cars, station sedans, panel vans or caravanettes—for the family who want to camp en route.

If you are on a long trip and the car needs servicing while in your charge, you simply hand it over to the local Avis agent, who will replace it with another car so you can continue your trip without waiting for your original car.

And for the client with a national or airline credit card there's no deposit. He simply fixes up his account when he hands back the car.

When a deposit is required it is usually the estimated rental amount.

Almost the only restriction Avis make is the stipulation that the driver must be over 25 years of age, and, of course, he or she must have a current driver's licence.

Australian owned and operated, Avis was inaugurated in 1956 by a Sydney businessman, Mr. Eric McIllree.

The red hexagon-shaped symbol of Avis Rent-a-Car can be seen in every capital city and every major town in Australia where Avis has branches or agencies.

AVIS and British Petroleum co-operate to make driving in a hire-and-drive yourself car a real pleasure. The Avis cars, mainly serving the convenience of airline passengers, are highly dependable, and the Avis girl, as shown in picture, always has a BP road map to help holidaymakers find their way in faraway places.

All done with a smile

● "Welcome stranger" is the holiday theme for BP service-station operators throughout Australia. They aim to make motorists who are strangers glad they have called at a BP service station.

The attendants concentrate on giving friendly service, with particular emphasis on cleanliness.

Services at BP stations include:

● Complete driveway service — your petrol, oil, water, and tyres are checked.
● BP maps — a wide variety of maps of different States and individual districts give information about scenic and historic places of interest, as well as fireplaces, fresh water, skiing facilities, etc.
● Holiday and touring games for the children.
● Hygienic washrooms.

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Let Avis help you make your own Declaration of Independence

Add relaxing days to your holiday. Fly to your destination by luxurious jetliner. Arrive refreshed, tension-free.

Then, drive yourself leisurely, anywhere you wish in a gleaming new Avis Falcon running smoothly on BP Benzol-blended petrol.

No need to rely on unfamiliar, inconvenient means (or on friends!) for transport.

Achieve more from your valuable time, enjoy yourself more than you hoped, for a price far less than you'd think.

When you book your ticket, just ask for an Avis Falcon to be available on your arrival at the airport, or to be delivered to your hotel or motel. An Avis hostess will deliver it to you anywhere in the City at no extra cost. Book ahead through your travel agent or airline.

AVIS
RENT-A-CAR
USE

BP

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Travel to Europe by Galileo or Marconi ...

-enjoy weeks of good living!

Food . . . glorious food . . . and such a variety of Australian and Continental dishes and delicacies to choose from! You will think you are dining out at a fashionable restaurant in Paris, Vienna or Rome when you travel Lloyd Triestino. The cuisine aboard Galileo and Marconi is truly magnificent . . . to read the menu is like taking a quick trip around the world.

When you are a passenger in one of Lloyd Triestino's glamorous new ships, Galileo or Marconi, you really "put your feet up," relax, and enjoy weeks of good living. There will be days when you will just lounge in a comfortable deck chair and sip a long, cool drink . . . take a refreshing dip in the pool and later see a movie in the modern theatrette. Tomorrow, your gleaming white ship arrives at another exotic port. You will go ashore, see the sights, buy souvenirs and trinkets and, in the evening . . . back on board for more fun.

What a great life! Twenty-one fun-filled days and nights at sea after leaving Australia you arrive in Italy at the beginning of your European adventure. Passengers disembarking at Naples or Genoa, who are in a hurry, may reach LONDON or principal European cities the same day by air, at concessional fares. Your travel agent or the general agents will be glad to let you have complete details. Lloyd Triestino will also arrange for all your excess baggage to be forwarded direct to your destination, *so you haven't a care in the world!*

Galileo and Marconi are beautiful ships to travel in . . . they're fully air-conditioned, automatically stabilised and provide every comfort. There is a sense of taste and refinement . . . the atmosphere is warm and friendly . . . *just right for a holiday!*

SPECIAL CALL AT

Colombo

Here is your opportunity to spend a full day in Colombo . . . see its glittering temples, lush plantations, unique wild life . . . and at no extra cost!

Marconi calls at Colombo on her next sailing from Australian ports in July.

Book early for this special sailing.

Lloyd Triestino

VIA THE ORIENT TO MESSINA, NAPLES AND GENOA *FIRST & TOURIST*

GENERAL AGENTS—**SYDNEY:** GILCHRIST, WATT & SANDERSON PTY. LTD., 17 O'Connell Street. Tel. 25 5801. **MELBOURNE:** JOHN SANDERSON & CO. (Shipping) Pty. Ltd., Sanderson House, 505 Little Collins Street. Tel. 62 0441. **ADELAIDE:** GEORGE WILLS & CO. LTD., Gilbert Place (off Currie Street). Tel. 51 1211, also Pt. Adelaide (4 1641). **PERTH:** GEORGE WILLS & CO. LIMITED, 133 St. George's Terrace. Tel. 21 9421, also Fremantle (5 1176). **BRISBANE:** WILLS GILCHRIST & SANDERSON PTY. LTD., 262 Adelaide Street. Tel. 31 1551.

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A LETTER FROM ON BOARD SHIP

GETTING THERE is at least half the fun when you travel Lloyd Triestino. The well-decorated public rooms are the perfect setting for making new interesting friends.

MORE than enough room for two travellers and their assorted gear is available in the double cabins.

Dear Peggy,

I'm just so glad I took your advice and decided to travel "the Lloyd Triestino way" to Italy. Marconi really is the most marvellous ship. As you'll remember, I went down to look her over while she was in port a few months ago, and right then I decided that this was the ship for me.

And then you had to make things difficult by showing me over the Galileo Galilei, the ship your sister travelled on—really, I didn't know which one to choose. But, as you pointed out, the Marconi was arriving in Genoa in time for me to meet Joan and Sue (who, by the way, have been living in a marvellous flat in Rome for the past two months), so I booked and here I am.

The cabin is terrific. It's a four-berth (tourist class, though you'd never know), and I'm sharing it with three other girls, who are great fun. I was a bit dubious about going in a four-berth cabin at first, but there's just so much room I don't have that awful "shut-in" feeling. Initially, I was going to book for an outside four-berth cabin and use the bathroom along the corridor (that would have cost about £A150 in the off season), but then I thought I'd pay the extra £A88 and have our own bathroom.

I've found it's been worth it, though some of the girls who use the public bathrooms don't mind a bit. They say they're so big and awfully glamorous. Our bathroom connects with the cabin next door, and there's a most ingenious locking system, which means the people next door can't come in to the bathroom while any of us are there.

We have a porthole, too, but it doesn't open—the whole ship is air-conditioned, which is marvellous in this heat. Fortunately, the girls in the cabin all like to live at the same temperature, but we can regulate it if we want to. And we have a big chest of drawers (enough for the four of us), wardrobes, and, if we want to read late at night, curtains round each bunk and an individual reading light.

Not, mind you, that there's much time to read—there's something doing all the time. There are dances, concerts, film nights (in the most luxurious little theatre), and dinner at night is just marvellous. Everyone dresses up in their best and it's very elegant indeed.

And the food! I always thought Italian food was just spaghetti and not much else, but, of course, it's superb. I'm forgetting all about diets on this trip—I'll starve later!

Some nights I just feel like getting away from the crowd, so I go into the library or the reading-room, or just sit out on deck and watch the sea.

I know that Mollie is still interested in interior decorating, so I must write and tell her about the decor on this ship. Marvellous murals everywhere—done in bronze or steel—and really interesting color schemes. And tell Judy that if she and Peter are still doubtful about bringing the children to Europe by sea—forget it. There are lots of children on this voyage and they're having a marvellous time. They have their own swimming-pool—away from the adults – there are merry-go-rounds, ten-pin bowls, all sorts of games. And the girls who look after them are really fabulous, most of the Mums just relax in the sun and take it easy. There's a special teenagers' room, too — and they have their own TV set.

You'll be glad to hear that I'm looking terribly chic. I go up to the beauty salon every few days and have my hair done, and for once I can spend all day just looking after myself. There's a gorgeous officer I've got my eye on—every time I pass he rolls his eyes and says "Bella, bella"—that means "beautiful," Peggy!

I'm looking forward so much to our ports of call—we left Fremantle two days ago, and it's Singapore next, Bombay, Aden, then Suez, Port Said, Messina, Naples, then our destination, Genoa. There's a tourist office on board and they give us all sorts of information on the best places to see in each port.

It's only 21 days from Fremantle to Genoa. In some ways, of course, I can hardly wait to arrive in Italy, but, Peggy, I wish this trip would just go on forever!

Love, *Marie*

FOUR-BERTH cabins are so well planned that they seem twice their actual size — roomy enough for four women getting dressed for dinner, all at the same time.

A HECTIC shipboard schedule makes it hard to keep a hair style in place—but not with the help of one of the sea-going hairdressers on board this luxury ship.

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NOWHERE ELSE ON EARTH—
can you enjoy a holiday like this...

Here is something new under the sun . . . the most unique holiday plan ever offered . . . and available only here, in Australia. On the "Empress of Australia" you will spend two days and nights in all the luxury of a modern cruise ship. Dine, dance and play your way to Tasmania, then continue your holiday exploring the beautiful Island State.

What's so different about this? Parked just below you, boot full of luggage, maybe with caravan attached, all ready to drive away, is your own car! Just drive it on, drive it off, in a matter of minutes. Combined with an extended ocean cruise, that is what makes the "SEAROAD" service unique in the world.

Contact the ship's passenger agents, the Union Steam Ship Co. of N.Z. Ltd. or the Tasmanian Tourist Bureau or any recognised travel agent and make your booking for an "Empress" holiday NOW.

PLAN TO TRAVEL **SEAROAD** *TO TASMANIA BY THE "EMPRESS OF AUSTRALIA"*

OWNED AND OPERATED BY THE AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL LINE

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CRUISE—THEN TOUR TASMANIA

● When Empress of Australia, the 10,000-ton passenger-vehicle ship, starts a regular service next December between Sydney and the main Tasmanian ports, tourists from Sydney will begin their Tasmanian holidays with an ocean cruise.

EMPRESS will join the popular Princess of Tasmania, which links Melbourne and Devonport, to serve the increasing number of mainland tourists who are holidaying in Tasmania.

Terminals for Empress will be at Mort Bay, Balmain, in Sydney Harbor, Prince's Pier in Hobart, Bell Bay near Georgetown, and Ocean Wharf at Burnie.

The new ship has been planned and equipped by the Australian National Line so that the 40-hour voyage from Sydney to Hobart will provide trippers of all ages with sea-going comfort of world standard.

The voyage will not be just a way of getting from home to the start of a holiday tour. It is hoped that tourists will regard it as the highlight of their tour.

Empress of Australia was launched last January by the Honorable Catherine Sidney, daughter of the Governor-General, Lord De L'Isle, and is now at the fitting-out wharf in Sydney.

When she is completed she will have accommodation for 250 passengers, all in cabins, and a crew of 102, each with his own private cabin.

Every possible amenity has been built in to provide for the comfort, convenience, and diversion of passengers.

All meals, morning beverages, and afternoon tea are included in the passenger fare. A dining saloon with full table service will be available.

There will be well-appointed lounges, bar; writing, card, and smoke-rooms; a dance floor and indoor games room.

There will also be a milk-bar and shop, a children's nursery and playrooom, and provision for a full range of deck sports.

Empress will be air-conditioned throughout. She is being fitted with stabilisers to eliminate unpleasant rolling and equipped with every possible modern navigational and safety aid.

It is easy to arrange a family holiday to Tasmania on board Empress.

Booking can be done through an accredited agent who asks only the number to be accommodated on the ship, the type of accommodation required, and the make and model of the family car.

The ship accommodation plan gives a choice of de luxe single and double cabins, luxury suites, or one-, two-, and four-berth standard cabins.

Single fares per person range from £17 in a four-berth cabin, to £22/10/- for a single-berth cabin de luxe, to £24 for a suite. Return fares are twice the single fare.

Children under 14 years travel at half-fare and there are concessions for students. Babies travel free.

A limited number of passengers' domestic pets may be carried in the special accommodation provided, but prior approval must be obtained. Travel fee per animal on Empress is £4 for a single journey.

Boarding the ship will be a simple matter. After dropping other members of his party at the Terminal Building the owner drives the car, still loaded with luggage, straight on to the ship through the huge rear door.

It is directed into position by attendants and lashed down securely on the huge vehicle deck. Petrol and oil are left in the car so that it is ready to drive off immediately at the end of the voyage.

No luggage problem

One of the most attractive points about the ship's facilities is that no luggage, except that required overnight, needs to be removed from the car.

The car deck during the voyage will be secured against entry by anyone except the ship's officers, who will make periodic visits to see that all is in order.

The ship has been attractively planned and decorated.

The Smoke Room, the largest public room on the ship, will have deep red and dark blue leather-upholstered chairs, a thick carpet with a geometric pattern, and drapes in neutral-shaded linen on the port, starboard, and aft walls.

The club-like atmosphere of this room will be ideal for drinks and conversation with fellow passengers, but there will be many secluded bays if privacy is wanted.

Rooms for all occasions

The main and verandah lounges will be more feminine in decor, with semi-transparent drapes in subtle shades of blue running the full length of the port and starboard screens dividing the three sections.

The verandah lounges will feature low lounge chairs and settees upholstered in Thai gold and a plain dark-grey carpet.

In the main lounge the upholstery will be in soft grey, green, and bone shades.

The milk bar will be a popular meeting place for teenage travellers.

The accent there will be on the "clean look," with white laminated plastic walls and counter and gold vinyl upholstery. An abstract mural will be in three colors — Chinese turquoise, navy-blue, and white.

In the children's room there will be provision for organised as well as imaginative games. Nursery play equipment will include rocking-horse, blackboard, table and chairs.

On an elevated floor running along one wall and reached by two ladders, there will be a ship's wheel so that youngsters can play at steering the ship.

The decor will be bright and simple, with a yellow and grey floor, blue table tops, and turquoise under the raised deck. A laminated plastic mural of simple childlike drawings will cover the aft wall.

A one-way observation panel in the door will allow parents to see their children at play — without being seen.

There will be ample deck space for all kinds of games.

A feature of Empress of Australia service is the special combination fares which have been worked out for round trips.

These are expected to be in great demand by tourists and information regarding them can be obtained from the ship's agents.

It is possible, for instance, to travel from Sydney to Hobart on Empress, drive round Tasmania to Devonport, and board the sister ship, Princess of Tasmania, to Melbourne, returning to Sydney by road.

The return fare from Sydney to any Tasmanian port for one person travelling with a popular medium-sized car will be from £82 by Empress, and £56/17/- for a tour which combines travel on the Empress and Princess.

This figure was calculated at £20/17/- as the minimum round-trip fare for one person, the remainder being the charge for taking the car from Sydney to Tasmania and returning it from Devonport to Melbourne.

Empress is expected to provide a great stimulus to trade and tourism both in New South Wales and Tasmania.

Judging by the volume of inquiries being received, and the rush on bookings (which opened early in April), it seems Empress will be just as successful as Princess of Tasmania, which is reputed to be one of the most fully booked passenger ships in the world.

THE LAUNCHING of Empress of Australia last January. The ship is now at the fitting-out wharf, and will be in service before next Christmas.

TWO-BERTH deluxe cabin shows the modern and spacious sea-going comfort available on the Empress of Australia.

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TRAVELLING

NATIONAL BANK TRAVEL SERVICE

Wherever in the whole wide world you decide to go, the National Bank's Travel Service can arrange everything—all you do is pack!

Your holiday is no trouble when you use the National Bank Travel Service available to everyone—free.

When you travel always carry National Bank Travellers' Cheques—£2, £5, £10, £20, £50 . . . money only you can spend

THE NATIONAL BANK OF AUSTRALASIA LIMITED

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MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

In the garden of Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Newell, Croydon, Vic.

PRUNUS ELVINS, an attractive spring-flowering shrub which grows eight to ten feet tall. It is at its best in an open situation. The genus Prunus includes plums, cherries, apricots, and peaches, and all produce delightful flowers. It is a pity that their beauty is so fugitive, but their fresh charm deserves a place in gardens where space permits.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — Page 3

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

RHODODENDRON (Unknown Warrior) is an early flowering shrub with magnificent glowing red or deep rose-colored flowers. Rhododendrons dislike lime and do best in deep, slightly acid soils with plenty of humus. They prefer cool moist mountain conditions, but can be grown in temperate areas if protected from hot winds. There are many fine varieties, flowering from June to November in whites, pinks, reds, apricot, and purple. Handsome foliage adds to their attraction.

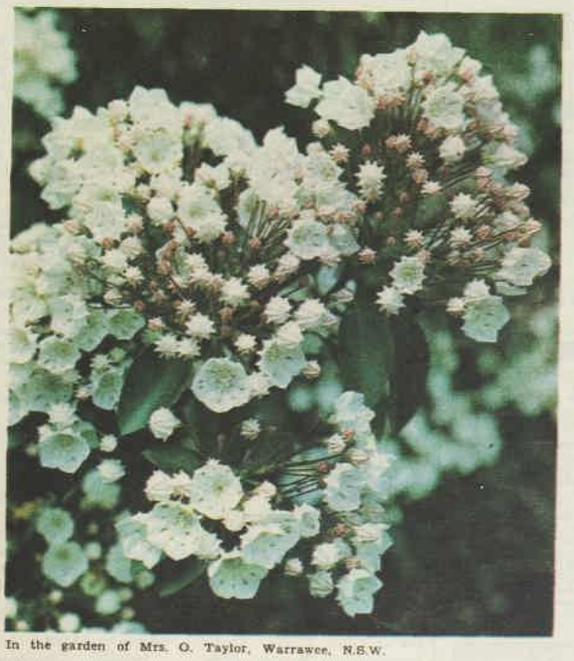
In the garden of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Trenam, Burradoo, N.S.W.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — Page 4

CHIONANTHUS VIRGINICA (Fringe Tree) is a delightful deciduous tree up to 25ft. high, producing many sprays of dainty white flowers in spring. Prefers a cool climate and protection from wind. Chionanthus retusa, a Chinese tree, is also grown and often preferred, being rather hardier and more showy.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — Page 5

KALMIA LATIFOLIA (American Mountain Laurel, also known as Calico Bush). A very ornamental evergreen shrub 4ft. to 8ft. high, with glossy green leaves and unusually shaped pink flowers with red stamens opening in spring. The flowers are more or less bell-shaped and fluted, and produced in large clusters at the ends of the branches. A delightful shrub, but requires cool, moist conditions, and lime-free soils. Mulch and prune after flowering, as it tends to become unruly.



In the garden of Mrs. O. Taylor, Warrawee, N.S.W.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — Page 6

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page5794456

"Tiger's" growls fade into purrs when it's time for his Tiger Cheese sandwich.

Kids really go for Tiger's lip-smacking, creamy-mild flavour.

Tiger Gruyere Cheese ... really great in sandwiches, on savouries or by itself.

Tiger Gruyere is available in handy sandwich slices as well as in the familiar triangle wedges. Buy some today!

Genuine Switzerland

TIGER

GRUYERE CHEESE

TGC.3186

BACKACHE?

like this

Can't move without agony ?

Then start a course of MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS

When your back feels in a vice—muscles stiff and sore—every move a stab of pain—it is often due to accumulations of uric acid deposits in your muscles and joints. The wonder-drug THIONINE, one of the therapeutic ingredients in Mackenzie's MENTHOIDS, helps your system throw off these harmful, pain-producing deposits.

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MACKENZIES **MENTHOIDS**

M&A

Continued from page 23

SECOND OPINION

His speech labelled him as public school. Bridwell responded.

"My dear fellow. How nice of you to come. What can I do for you? Cigarette?"

Stretton shook his head and sat down.

"No, thank you."

"Have any trouble parking? Damnable state of affairs, isn't it?"

"I came on foot. At least part of the way."

Bridwell smiled. "Sensible chap."

He sat behind his desk, becoming aware as he did so of a scrutinising stare from the man across the stretch of red tooled leather. He held the look for a second and then the eyes flicked away and the other opened his briefcase and took out a buff X-ray envelope.

"I have something here, Dr. Bridwell . . ." began Stretton.

A SUDDEN exclamation cut him short.

"Good heavens!" said Bridwell. "Is that an old Meresbury tie you're wearing?"

Stretton reflexly put his hand up to the knot in front of his collar. The tone of the question seemed to imply he might not have a right to wear it.

"Yes, it is," he said levelly.

"What house?"

"Danes."

"I was in Bolders. '31-'35. Before your time, I expect."

"We must have overlapped a year. My first term was September, '34."

"How time flies," said Bridwell. "Ever been back?"

"Once," said Stretton.

He had driven through the school site anonymously with Isobel just after they were married.

"I've been a few times, the dinner and so forth, but what's the point? Lot of young chaps you don't know. All the masters one remembered as pillars of their profession, deaf or doddering or dead. Quite depressing, really."

Bridwell gave Stretton the benefit of his most splendid smile. It showed one couldn't be too careful. He had no recollection of him, but that was unremarkable. He must have been in his last year when Stretton was a new boy of thirteen. He looked bright enough, but edgy, withdrawn. Gambling? Women? No, not the type. Probably had a little spouse somewhere who nagged the life out of him.

Stretton regarded the balding head, the puffy cheeks, and the slight bulge of the flesh over the collar-edge, trying but failing to match up the middle-aged over-fed facade with one of the pink, wrinkle-less faces which had filed down the centre aisle in the echoing chapel. The association should, however, prove an asset for his present quest. He drew a feeling of satisfaction from the thought that Macpherson would have enjoyed no such advantage.

"It's always pleasant to run into a contemporary from the old place," Stretton said.

"Indeed, old boy. Oils the wheels of commerce, eh? What have you got there to show me?"

Stretton passed over the envelope of sample films. Bridwell selected a couple and put them on the viewing-screen behind him.

"What a revolting color," was his comment.

"I don't think that will worry you when you look at the exposure times. They're printed along the lower edge."

"Good heavens. Less than a hundredth of normal. Pelvis, too."

"Which gives you a measure of the scope of Pan X-3. It's revolutionary and the implications are obvious."

"Indeed they are. How long has it been on the market?"

"It isn't yet, but Dolex will let you have six months' supply gratis if you would be prepared to give us a comparative assessment with standard film, point out any snags, and make any suggestions."

"Mm," smiled Bridwell, "sounds like an excellent sales technique."

"Pan X-3 is an excellent film."

Bridwell rapidly scrutinised the other plates.

"You say no one else has used this yet?"

"Not outside our laboratories."

"Nothing like stealing a march on one's rivals, eh?"

"That's what Dolex hope to do, too."

"In that case, I'd be delighted to help you."

"Thank you very much."

Stretton collected the sample films and returned them to his brief-case. He paused before he put the question which would be a real scoring-point over Macpherson.

"I wonder if I could stretch the 'old-boy' network a little further?" Bridwell's smile sagged perceptibly. Here it comes, he thought. The touch for the odd fiver.

"Try," said Bridwell.

"I'm going on a trip tomorrow with Pan X-3—Paris, Rome, Athens; it would add weight to my mission if I could take an additional set of plates."

He put a cardboard film carton on the desk.

"Would it be putting you out too much to suggest you try these negatives today on your patients? An extra shot at the short exposure in each case. You would keep the standards and could let me have the Pan X-3s. I could pick them up tomorrow before I go."

Bridwell was relieved. He'd misjudged the fellow. But then he'd forgotten for the moment that he was, after all, an old Meresburian. A wave of expansive magnanimity overcame him.

"I can do better than that. Have you a couple of minutes?"

"Of course."

"Then come in here and slip your shirt off."

Bridwell picked up the carton of Pan X-3 and charged through the double doors which led to the X-ray room. Stretton followed perplexedly.

"I don't quite follow . . ."

"You can be a guinea-pig. I'll do an A.P. thorax of you as a first trial. Extra plate for your series."

"Oh, I see," said Stretton. "But you needn't . . ."

Bridwell disappeared into the dark-room and loaded a cassette with a 14 x 17 Pan X-3. Then he took down one of his own standard cassettes. He shouted through the hatch.

"Always useful to have a chest X-ray handy. Life policies, travel to the States, and so forth."

The remark flipped up an association. Stretton remembered the note he'd made on his desk memo-pad.

"I'm just thinking of taking out some more life-cover as a matter of fact," he said and began to undress.

"Very wise," said Bridwell.

He came back into the room carrying the two cassettes. A podgy, freckled hand pushed Stretton gently in front of the cheststand.

"We'll do the standard first."

He went over to the control, switched on, and set the exposure.

"Now breathe in. Hold your breath."

Stretton obeyed, but the act produced a tightening in his chest, and he began to hear a ringing in his ears. There was a buzz and a click and then Bridwell said: "Breathe away."

Stretton let out his breath noisily. Bridwell removed the cassette and put in the other one. The hand touched him again.

"Now I want to try a five-hundredth with your Pan X-3. The comparison of the plates should be instructive."

He went back to the control and reset the exposure.

"Now just stand still. Breathe in. Hold it." But Stretton couldn't. He felt as though he were shifting a ton weight on his chest. The ringing built up and he realised the sound was now coming from the phone in the other room. There was the buzz and the click again.

"Blast," said Bridwell. He went into the consulting-room. Stretton heard him say: "Tell him I shall keep him two minutes only."

With relief Stretton sat down and began putting on his clothes. If he'd stood up much longer, he knew he'd have fainted. Bridwell came back, removed the second cassette, and put it with the other on the ledge in front of the darkroom hatch.

"Sorry, old boy, I'm afraid I'll have to chase you off now. I've Kelvin Dukes waiting for his yearly check-up."

"That's all right," said Stretton.

He concentrated on getting dressed. He felt if he could get outside in the open air he'd be all right.

Bridwell was disappointed in Stretton's response. Not everyone could boast a patient like Dukes.

He said: "Amazing chap, Dukes. Know him?"

Stretton recalled that Kelvin Dukes periodically made the headlines in somewhat spectacular takeover bids.

"Only by reputation," he answered and put on his coat.

Bridwell slung his apron over the radiographic table and adjusted his buttonhole.

"Makes as much in a day with one telephone call as you or I in a year."

"That wouldn't be difficult in my case," said Stretton wryly.

"Well, console yourself that we all look the same on an X-ray film." Bridwell guided him back into the consulting-room. "In the case of Kelvin Dukes, of course, there's something else."

"What's that?"

"Only heaven knows where he went to school."

He sniggered and Stretton saw two sand-colored bushy eyebrows shoot upwards in mock horror. Somewhere a bell was still ringing.

"Now if you like to drop in tonight about six you can have the day's quota, and a drink at the same time."

"I don't want to put you to that trouble," mumbled Stretton.

"Nonsense." Bridwell opened the door. "I'll show you how to escape."

"Thank you," said Stretton.

The lift-cage clanged to.

"Bottom white button," Bridwell indicated the lift-control panel. Automatically Stretton pushed it. The lift lurched downward.

"See you at six," called Bridwell.

Stretton opened the gate, walked through the hall and out into Harley Street. When he got to the corner of Cavendish Square, he stopped to wipe the cold sweat off his forehead. He really ought to see someone about these attacks. Then he hailed a taxi, and for once he didn't count the cost of the extravagance.

. . . . . .

"Breathe in. Now quite still."

Kelvin Dukes, known in his early youth in the East End as the first-born of Kelshon Doekersheimer, bespoke shoemaker, obeyed the command.

"Thank you," said Bridwell. "You can step down now."

He switched off, removed the cassette, and put it with the Pan X-3 control on the hatch shelf.

"You know where the dressing-room is, don't you?"

"I've been coming every year for seven years, haven't I?" Dukes growled.

"Is it that long?" replied Bridwell. "Well, you don't look a day older."

"You needn't talk like that to me, Bridwell. I'm not a neurotic woman."

He coughed, went into the dressing-room and removed the silk robe specially selected by Bridwell for his most affluent patients.

"There's nothing wrong with you," he said.

"If there is, I'll sue you," lisped Dukes. Bridwell laughed.

"If there is, you can. Would you like some coffee? I'm just about to have a cup."

"I haven't time. Yes, I will," Dukes contradicted himself.

BRIDWELL went into the office beside the darkroom and put the flame under the urn. He looked at his watch. Twenty past ten, and the girl still hadn't arrived. When the coffee was ready he poured two cups and took the tray into the consulting-room. Dukes had dressed and was sitting lighting a cigar. Bridwell put the tray down and handed Dukes a cup.

"I'm afraid there's no milk. I've got a damned new radiographer who should have been here with it nearly an hour ago."

He sipped his coffee furiously, burning his tongue. She'd better have an ingenious excuse, or she'd be out on her ear today, however perfect her legs were. With an effort he redeployed his clipped professional dignity.

"I shall sack her, of course."

"Perhaps she's sacked you," said Dukes.

He drew on his cigar with enjoyment and then coughed again.

"No one has ever done that," replied Bridwell.

It was strictly true. But he glossed over the several occasions when he had forestalled the happening because he could see it coming. There were yet other times when four weeks' salary and immediate dismissal had been a cheap price to pay in order to terminate an emotional and cloying embarrassment.

To page 44

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD

ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

THE EARTH MAN

THE EARTH MAN landed on the Moon.

His message was expected soon.

The whole world waited, all agog

— He said "I've landed in a fog."

"It's wet up here and chilly too,

but I've got my Woods', so I'll

win through."

Woods'

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Provides soothing relief for all winter chills

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MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

In Mrs. C. Duff's garden, "Barkfeld," Bowral.

MALUS SPECTABILIS (Chinese Crab Apple). A deciduous shrub with large semi-double pink flowers opening from red buds in spring, developing into red fruits. There are single- and double-flowering forms. Does best under cool conditions.

ACACIA BAILEYANA (Cootamundra Wattle). One of the most widely grown of the native wattles. Fast-growing, but short-lived, it brings gaiety to winter with a profusion of yellow flowers. Will grow under most conditions.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — Page 7

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

GARDENIAS. Evergreen shrubs with white, sweetly scented flowers, preferring temperate and sub-tropical climates. Good moist soils and partial shade give best results. Best species are: G. augusta, a small shrub with a double-flowered variety valued by florists; G. radicans, a small dainty shrub 1ft. to 2ft. high, suitable for rock gardens and tubs, and G. thunbergii, a shrub up to 8ft. high, with white tubular flowers. Yellowing of leaves is often caused by iron and magnesium deficiencies.

CYTISUS PRAECOX (Warminster broom). A fast-growing deciduous shrub up to 8ft. high, of hybrid origin, covered with yellow fragrant flowers in spring. Most species are fairly hardy and fast growing, suiting most climates. Other good deciduous species are C. burkwoodii (red), C. albus (white), and C. hodginsi (lilac pink). Best evergreens are C. racemosus (yellow) and C. andreanus (crimson and yellow).

In Owen Fletcher's Garden, Bowral, N.S.W.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — Page 8

FORSYTHIA (Golden Bells). Lovely deciduous free-flowering shrub up to 8ft. high, covered with yellow flowers in spring, just before leaves appear. Will grow in most places, but is at its best in colder areas. Species commonly known are: F. intermedia, F. viridissima, and F. suspensa. The latter species has a golden-leaved variety. Prune lightly after flowering.

RAPHIOLEPIS INDICA (Indian Hawthorn) is a hardy shrub with white flowers in spring, followed by black berries. Compact, it can be used for hedges. Other good species are R. umbellata, a useful shrub with thick dark green leaves, and R. delacouri, a hybrid up to 8ft. high and with showy pink flowers. R. ovata, a variety of R. umbellata, is small growing and can be grown in tubs.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — Page 9

MAGNOLIA LILIFLORA. Deciduous shrub up to 10ft. high, with large reddish-purple or pinky-mauve flowers up to 3½in. across, and very numerous in spring. Does best in lime-free soils in cold or temperate climates, needs regular watering and protection from wind. There are several color varieties of this species: nigra, with purple flowers, pink inside; and purpurea, dark colored on both sides.

BRACHYCHITON ACERIFOLIA (Flame Tree). One of the most attractive native trees, producing masses of brilliant scarlet bell-shaped flowers just before the leaves appear. It occurs naturally in deep soils in good rainfall areas, from the Illawarra district in N.S.W. to Queensland. Can be grown in most temperate areas, but needs protection from high winds. If grown near a Jacaranda the color effect is spectacular.

In the garden of Jean Colvin Hospital, Darling Point, Sydney.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — Page 10

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Your knitting needn't shrink or pill again... if you use Patons **PATONISED** wools

Reg'd

Read how the Patonising process, exclusive to Patons, preserves the original fit and good looks of your handknits.

Once these sweaters looked exactly alike! Then each was worn for 4 hours daily, for 3 weeks, and under the same conditions. After that both were given 12 identical hand washes, and allowed to dry completely between each wash. See the sweater on the left, knitted in a non-Patonised wool equivalent to 8-ply, has shrunk 2". It's pilled and felted, too.

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One of Patons 16
PATONISED
wools

Now see how the sweater on the right has **kept** its original fit, its smooth, unruffled look. And it still has that good woollen feel. That's because it was knitted in a Patons Patonised wool of identical ply — to the correct knitting tension, of course. Make sure you always knit with one of Patons 16 Patonised wools. They're your guarantee of handknits you'll be proud to wear.

Knit it with **Patons** *and you'll be proud of it*

P&B

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MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

CATALOGUE *of flowering trees and shrubs*

● This list is by no means complete, and remember that many plants listed for one season flower in other seasons as well. Heights vary according to local conditions, and figures are given as a guide.

SHRUBS

Winter

EARLY flowering varieties of azalea and rhododendron are always worth a place in the winter garden, although the main display is spring.

Other shrubs include the following, all of which are evergreens:

Buddleia salvifolia: 5 to 6ft. Pale lilac.

Camellias: Many beautiful varieties.

Cassia bicapsularis: 8 to 10ft. Yellow.

Chamaelaucium uncinatum (Geraldton Waxflower): 8ft. Pink or white.

Coleonema album: 2 to 4ft. White.

Coleonema pulchrum: 4 to 5ft. Pink.

Cuphea micropetala: 2 to 3ft. Red with yellow mouth.

Daphne odora: 3ft. Red buds opening white and pink.

Dombeya natalensis (Cape Wedding Flower): 6 to 10ft. White. Temperate districts.

Eriostemon myoporoides (Native Wax Flower): 3 to 5ft. Pink.

Gordonia axillaris: 8 to 10ft. White. Temperate districts.

Hebe species (Veronica): 2 to 3ft. Blue and lilac.

Holmskioldia sanguinea: 8ft. Brick-red. Avoid frosts.

Jasminum mesnyii: 6ft. Yellow.

Leptospermum scoparium (Tea-tree): 4 to 6ft. Several varieties, red, pink, or white.

Luculia gratissima: 6 to 8ft. Shell-pink. Temperate districts.

Salvia leucantha: 2 to 3ft. Purple.

Viburnum tinus: 8 to 10ft. White.

Spring

Deciduous

Berberis thunbergii atropurpurea (Purple Barberry): 4ft. Pale yellow.

Cytisus praecox: 5 to 8ft. Yellow.

Deutzia lemonei. 4 to 5ft. White.

Deutzia Pride-of-Rochester: 6ft. White.

Forsythia intermedia spectabilis: 6 to 8ft. Yellow.

Kolkwitzia amabilis: 6 to 10ft. Pale pink. Cooler districts.

Philadelphus virginalis: 6 to 8ft. White.

Poinciana gilliesi (Bird of Paradise) semi-deciduous: 6 to 8ft. Red and yellow. Warm coastal districts.

Prunus glandulosa (sinensis): 4 to 6ft. Pink and white.

Spiraea prunifolia plena: 4 to 6ft. White.

Viburnum burkwoodi: 6 to 8ft. Pale pink or white.

Viburnum carlesi: 6ft. White. Cool districts.

Viburnum macrocephalum (Snowball Tree): 10 to 12ft.

Weigelia: Several varieties in shades of pink, red, or yellow markings.

Evergreen

Bauera rubioides: 2 to 6ft. Pink. Shady, moist positions.

Brunsfelsia bonodora: 4 to 6ft. Blue and white. Warm coastal districts.

Camellia: Late flowering varieties.

Cassia cremophila and Cassia artemesioides: 4 to 6ft. Yellow.

Ceanothus edwardsi: 6ft. Bright blue. Cool districts.

Ceanothus Gloire de Versailles: 6ft. Lavender-blue.

Choisya ternata (Mexican orange blossom): 4 to 5ft. White.

Eriostemon myoporoides (Native Wax Flowers): 3 to 5ft. Pink.

Felicia angustifolia: 1 to 3ft. Lilac.

Leptospermum scoparium (Tea-tree): 4 to 6ft. Several varieties in white, pink, or red.

Loropetalum chinense: 4 to 6ft. Creamy yellow. Temperate districts.

Mackaya bella: 3 to 6ft. Lilac. Temperate and tropical districts.

Osmanthus delavayi: 4 to 8ft. White.

Osmanthus fragrans: 6 to 10ft. White or apricot.

Prostanthera ovalifolia (Native Mint-bush): 4 to 8ft. Purple.

Raphiolopis indica (Indian Hawthorn): 5 to 10ft. White tinged with pink.

Rondeletia amoena: 6 to 8ft. Salmon-pink. Temperate districts.

Rothmannia globosa: 8 to 15ft. White or cream. Temperate districts.

Summer

Deciduous

Spiraea Anthony-Waterer: 2 to 3ft. Crimson.

Viburnum opulus roseum (Guelder rose): 8 to 10ft. White.

Evergreen

Abelia grandiflora: 3 to 5ft. Pink to white.

Bauhinia galpini: 6ft. Brick-red. Warm coastal and tropical districts.

Brunsfelsia bonodora: 4 to 6ft. Blue. and white. Warm coastal districts.

Buddleia davidi: 6 to 10ft. Several varieties of white, pink, blue, and purple.

Ceanothus burkwoodi: 4 to 6ft. Blue.

Escallonia macrantha: 6 to 8ft. Red-dish pink.

Goldfussia isophylla: 2 to 4ft. Lavender.

Hebe species (Veronica): 2 to 3ft. Mostly blue or lavender.

Hibiscus rosa sinenis: 6 to 10ft. Many varieties in crimson, pink, white, yellow, cerise. Warm coastal conditions.

Lavandula dentata (French lavender): 3ft. Purple or lavender-blue.

Plumbago capensis: 6ft. Blue.

Spartium junceum (Spanish Broom): 7 to 10ft. Yellow.

Nerium oleander: 6ft. to 10ft. Many varieties.

Autumn

MANY of the summer flowering shrubs, such as **Abelia, Plumbago, Hibiscus,** and **Hebe** are still blooming, and the early varieties of **Camellia** and **Gordonia** are beginning to flower.

Other shrubs which give color to the autumn garden include:

Cassia bicapsularis: 8 to 10ft. Yellow.

Cassia didymobotrya: 6ft. Yellow.

Clerodendron bungei: 3 to 6ft. Rosy-red.

Gordonia axillaris: 8 to 10ft. White.

Holmskioldia sanguinea: 8ft. Brick-red.

Some of the **Ericas** such as **E. autumnalis, E. hirtiflora,** and **E. intermedia** are also flowering.

All seasons

SOME shrubs flower in more than one season and usually have some flowers. They include:

Ceratostigma willmottianum: 3 to 4ft. Blue. (January to June.)

Cestrum elegans and C. purpureum: 5 to 7ft. Red or purplish. Temperate to tropical districts.

Ericas can supply round-the-year flowering. Other shrubs with long periods of flowering are **Oleander, Cassia, Spartium,** and **Coleonema.**

Felicia amelloides: 1 to 2ft. Blue.

Grevillea banksii fosteri: 6 to 10ft. Red. (Spring and summer.)

Lavandula dentata (French Lavender): 3ft. Purple or lavender, blue. (Summer to winter.)

Leonotis leonurus (Lion's Tail): 6ft. Orange. (Mainly summer.)

Murraya exotica (or M. paniculata): 6 to 8ft. White. (Spring, summer, sometimes autumn.)

Phygelius capensis: 2 to 3ft. Red.

The native shrub **Westringia fruticosa** usually has some flowers on it.

TREES

Winter

NOT many trees bloom in winter, the most noteworthy being the wattles (Acacia species). The best known include **Acacia baileyana** (Cootamundra Wattle), **A. podalyriaefolia** (Queensland Silver Wattle), and **A. stenophylla** (River Cooba), the last suitable for inland gardens.

The **Erythrina** species (coral trees) give winter color, and some of the native **Banksias** make attractive growth. **Banksia marginata** grows to 25ft., but the beautiful **Banksia ericifolia** is mainly a shrub.

Some of the spring-flowering trees produce flowers in late winter, but their full beauty is reserved for later.

Spring

Deciduous

Amelanchier canadensis (Service Berry): 15 to 25ft. White. Cool districts.

Cercis siliquastrum (Judas Tree): 10 to 20ft. Masses of small pea-shaped pink flowers. Drought resistant.

Crataegus crus-galli (Cockspur Hawthorn). 15 to 25ft. White.

Crataegus oxyacantha: 15 to 25ft. Red.

Davidia involucrata (Dove Tree): 30 to 40ft. White.

Halesia carolina (Snowdrop Tree): 15 to 20ft. White. Cool and temperate districts.

Laburnum anagyroides (Golden Chain): 15ft. Bright yellow. Cool districts.

Magnolia soulangeana: 12 to 15ft. Purplish-pink outside, white within.

Magnolia stellata: 10 to 25ft. Pink to white. Lime-free soils.

Malus species (Crab Apples): Several beautiful species and varieties with red, pink, or white flowers. 10 to 20ft.

Prunus blireiana (Flowering Plum): 12 to 15ft. Pink.

Prunus cerasifera var. pissardii (Bronze Leaf Plum): 12 to 20ft. Pink or white.

Evergreen

Barklya syringifolia: 12 to 25ft. Golden yellow or orange. Temperate districts.

Elaeocarpus reticulatus (Blueberry Ash): 20 to 25ft. White.

Hymenosporum flavum (Native Frangipani): 20 to 35ft. Yellow.

Melaleuca armillaris: 10 to 15ft. White. Hardy in sand near coast.

Pittosporum undulatum: 20 to 35ft. White scented flowers.

Summer

Deciduous

Aesculus hippocastanum (Horse Chestnut): 40 to 60ft. White tinged with red. Also **Aesculus carnea** (Red Horse Chestnut): 20 to 30ft. Deep pink. Cool districts.

Brachychiton discolor (Lacebark Tree): 30 to 60ft. Pink.

Catalpa bignoniodes: 15 to 25ft. White, spotted purple. Cool districts.

Clerodendron trichotomum: 10 to 15ft. White.

Erythrina crista-galli (Cockspur Coral Tree): 12 to 20ft. Scarlet or crimson. Temperate districts.

Jacaranda mimosifolia: 25 to 50ft. Blue. Temperate districts.

Koelreuteria paniculata (Golden Rain Tree): 15 to 25ft. Yellow.

Lagerstroemia indica (Crepe Myrtle): 10 to 25ft. Several varieties, pinks and mauves. Temperate districts.

Prunus species (Flowering Cherries): Several species and varieties with red, pink, or white flowers. Cool districts.

Sophora japonica (Pagoda Tree): 20 to 40ft. White or cream. Temperate or cool districts.

Tamarix parviflora: 12 to 20ft. Pink. Stands seaside conditions.

Evergreen

THESE species sometimes flower in late spring:

Calodendrum capense (Cape Chestnut): 30 to 45ft. Pink. Temperate districts. Partially deciduous.

Ceratopetalum gummiferum (Christmas Bush): 15 to 30ft. Pink to red.

Clethra arborea (Lily of the Valley Tree): 10 to 15ft. White. Cool districts.

Cornus capitata (Himalayan Strawberry Tree): 10 to 20ft. Creamy yellow.

Grevillea robusta (Silky Oak): 30 to 60ft. Orange. Spring and summer.

Lagunaria patersonia (Norfolk Island Hibiscus): 25 to 40ft. Pink.

Magnolia grandiflora: 20 to 50ft. Creamy white.

Metrosideros excelsa (New Zealand Christmas Tree): 15 to 30ft. Crimson. Hardy for seaside planting.

Nuytsia floribunda (West Australian Christmas Tree): 15 to 30ft. Gold. Difficult to cultivate owing to parasitic habit.

Stenocarpus sinuatus (Wheel Tree or Fire Tree): 20 to 50ft. Crimson. Temperate districts.

Autumn

THERE are a few trees which make full flush of flowers in the autumn. Some of the summer-flowering ones continue spasmodic blooming into the autumn, and a few winter-flowering species make an early appearance.

Color in the garden, so far as trees are concerned, depends in autumn on foliage and berries.

There is such a wealth of trees supplying these that the absence of flowers is of little importance.

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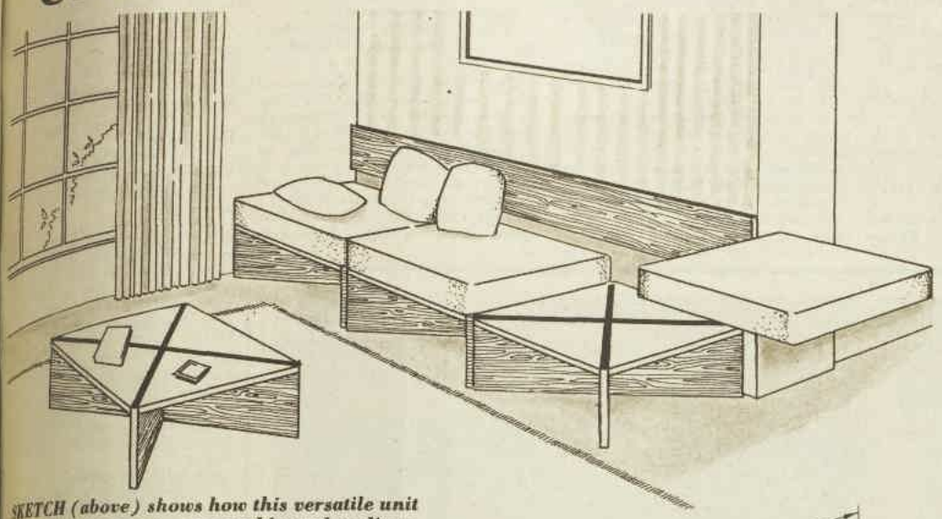
BE YOUR OWN HANDYMAN

UNIT HAS MANY USES



SKETCH (above) shows how this versatile unit is used in two ways—as a table and a divan.

• This easy-to-make unit can be used singly as a table or a stool, or several of them can be grouped together to form a big, comfortable divan.

ONE of these single units would be ideal for a low coffee table in a living-room or as a stool on which children could sit while watching television. The unit could also be used as a play table in a child's room, and teenagers would find it a sturdy support for the portable record-player in a den.

A divan with a distinctive modern look could be made by grouping together three of these units and covering them with comfortable foam-rubber cushions. The divan would be wide enough to serve as a spare bed for a guest.

If used as a divan, it would be a good idea to protect walls from marks and scratches by fixing a piece of Pacific maple to the wall as shown in the sketch above. You could attach padded cushions to this to make a comfortable, attractive backrest with practical underneath.

To make the unit you will need:

Supports — 6ft. of 10in. x 1¼in. Pacific maple.

Cleats — 10ft. of 2in. x 1in. oregon.

Table Top — 2ft. x 2ft. of ¾in. building board.

Nails and screws.

Halve supports of 10in. x 1¼in. maple at intersections. Glue and nail together after assembly.

Then cut 2in. x 1in. cleats to length and screw to supports. Position cleats to allow top to finish flush with supports.

Make the top by cutting along the diagonals of a 24in. square of ¾in. plywood or laminated hardboard/plywood building board. Glue and nail to cleats.

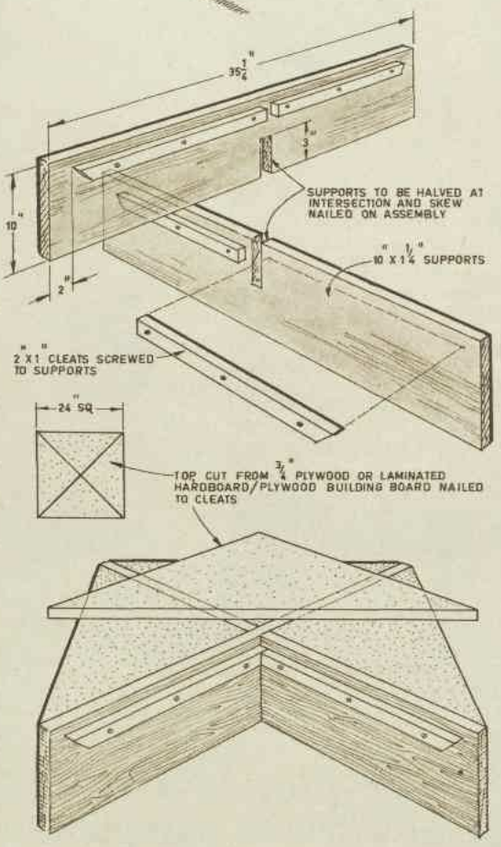
Details for assembling the unit are given in the diagrams at right.

Finish off by painting or varnishing the unit. You could make it look very attractive by painting the top, leaving supports in natural timber, and finishing with two coats of liquid plastic.

Make cushions by upholstering foam-rubber slabs.

Insert a zip fastener at the side of each cover so that it can be removed easily for laundering.

If you make the cushion covers from vinyl fabric, you need only wipe them over with a damp cloth to keep them clean.



DIAGRAMS (at right) show unit in separate sections and give directions for assembling. Measurements are given for each section.

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LORD NELSON TO LADY HAMILTON ("St. George" at sea, March 6, 1801): Just anchored in the sea, thick as mud. I am really miserable; I look at all your pictures, at your dear hair, I am ready to cry, my heart is so full. Then I think you may see that fellow. I should never forgive it. It would go near to kill me; but I never will believe it till I know it for certain . . .

Three o'clock—in sight of Yarmouth. With what different sensations to what I saw it before! Then I was with all I hold dear in the world; now, unless the pleasure I shall have in reading your dear, dear letters, how different to the approach. Although we are too late for the post, yet Hardy will take this letter on shore . . . May the heavens bless my own dear friend and let me read happy and good news from her.

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Continued from page 38

SECOND OPINION

"Then either you don't work 'em hard enough, or you pay 'em too much," said Dukes.

He showed the palms of his hands expansively and let one of them dive into his breast-pocket for his bill-fold. He put two fivers and a ten-shilling note on the desk and stood up.

"Right?" he said.

"Thank you."

Bridwell put the notes in his pocket.

"Don't forget to declare it," Dukes winked. "Rotten coffee. I'm going . . . flying to New York at midday."

Bridwell accompanied him to the lift and pushed the button.

"Would you like me to cable you the X-ray results?"

"Yes. Don't feel well. No. I'll be back in ten days. Breathy. Weight I expect. You think I'll last that long?"

"You don't deserve to," said Bridwell lightly.

The lift arrived. Bridwell pulled back the outer gate as a dark-haired, angel-faced girl clutching a milk bottle opened the inner one. Dukes stepped away to allow her to get out.

"Good morning, Dr. Bridwell," said Helen Woodhouse brightly.

"Good morning," answered Bridwell. "I'm delighted you've decided to come."

"I am just a little late, aren't I?"

She smiled mischievously at the somewhat formidable bulk of Kelvin Dukes.

"And I am sorry I wasn't here to take your picture, Mr. Dukes."

Dukes beamed back at her.

"So am I," he said.

With a quick pirouetting movement which produced a crisp rustle of her flared skirt she disappeared into the consulting-room.

"You won't sack her," Dukes said and then laughed and coughed "If you do, let me know."

A diamond flashed on his finger as he waved and the lift took him down.

Bridwell went back into his consulting-room. Helen Woodhouse appeared from the office. He watched her as she put the coffee cups on the tray.

"I shall be interested to learn what excuse you're going to offer for being an hour late," he said.

"Do you want an excuse or the truth?"

"They should both coincide."

She smiled prettily at him.

"I'm afraid they don't. There's no excuse. The truth is I overslept. I'm sorry."

He turned up his appointment book. "Well, never mind. I'm going to the Wessex now. Outpatients should be over by two. Then I have a consultation on some films at the Royal Warden. I see we have six bookings here this morning and this afternoon, which you'll do. I'll be back about 3.30 to four to look at the plates. I'll dictate the reports to you then."

"Oh, dear," she said. "I'm afraid I have my own dental appointment at 3.45, but I shouldn't be more than an hour."

"Really, my dear," said Bridwell, "this isn't much good, is it?"

"I'm sorry," she said, "I am being rather difficult, aren't I?"

"Yes," he said uncompromisingly.

She returned his look levelly.

"Perhaps you'd feel happier if I gave in my notice?"

He said, "No, but I would feel happier if we could work together as a more efficient team."

"That's just what I want to do, Dr. Bridwell."

"Very well," he said. "I'll put the dictation on tape. I shall be at the clinic from five to six."

"I see."

"And most important. You'll find a box of films—Pan X-3 ultra-short exposure—the chart is on a leaflet with them in the dark-room. Take a duplicate exposure on them of all examinations today. The cassettes I've used already are on the shelf. Dukes' on the right, Stretton's on the left. Don't mix them up."

"Of course not, Dr. Bridwell."

"Mr. Stretton will be calling for all the Pan X-3s at six. We were at school together. If I'm late give him a drink, and . . . keep him happy."

"I will," she asserted.

Bridwell went to the door and turned. He had recovered now and threw the ball back to her.

"But not too happy, Helen," he said, and went out.

STRETTON locked his desk drawer and put the key back in his pocket. He shook out two tablets from the tube and swallowed them. The camera he had bought for David was on the desk where he had left it. He placed a piece of notepaper on his blotter and addressed his son.

"My dear David . . ."

He paused, shuffling words to form the first sentence. His own father's letters had always begun with a banal and lengthy comment on the weather followed by pious admonitions to work industriously and avoid distractions by unworthy companions.

But after that terrible week when Mortonson had been expelled he had come to know the meaning of loneliness. He had no companions; the other boys avoided him both in the playgrounds and dormitory.

But how was he to know that Mortonson would be expelled? In his fear, after the boys, led by Mortonson, had thrown him in the school swimming-pool and held him under till his lungs had nearly burst, he had gone running to the form master to gasp out his story. He had never thought of being a tale-bearer; he was so terrified it had been an act of self-survival. But the form master had gone to the head and the view had been taken that this sort of bullying was past the fun-and-games stage. He could have been drowned. And so Mortonson was sent away.

"My dear David, I don't expect you have yet settled down, but after a few days I'm sure you'll have made a lot of new friends . . .

"I have to go on a business trip abroad next week. I shall be back in about a week to ten days." He stopped writing a moment and then went on. "I don't know if Mummy is coming with me yet, but if she does, we shall of course ring you up at school to let you know.

"I'm sorry I forgot the camera yesterday, David, but here it is. I don't need to tell you how to use it. You know as much about cameras as I do! I've put a film in it. You should soon have some good prints to send home to us.

"I must stop now, David, as I have a lot of work to prepare for my trip. I hope you'll have a very good first term at Winfield. Mummy joins me in sending our fondest love. Good luck, David. Your affectionate father."

He blotted the letter, read it through, and then put it in an envelope on the front of which he wrote "David Stretton."

He pressed the desk buzzer for Miss Angers. He gave her a sheaf of heavily corrected typescript.

To page 45

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SECOND OPINION

"Here's the first three-quarters. You'd better get on with it straight away. I may have the rest finished by this afternoon if I'm not interrupted."

"Do you want me to take all calls?"

"Yes, please. And would you have this carefully parcelled up? Put the envelope inside. Address it to David Stretton, Winfield School, near Reading, Berks."

"Yes, Mr. Stretton."

She gathered up the camera from the desk and went back into her office. With a sigh Stretton settled down to modifying the remaining pages of the sales programme.

By four o'clock he had finished the job and buzzed again for Miss Angers.

"Yes, Mr. Stretton?"

"I've completed this now. Have you got all my reservations fixed up?"

She put a sheet on his desk. Paris Thursday. Athens Sunday afternoon. Rome Tuesday morning. She had booked him a room at the Flora and a Comet flight home.

"You'd better cancel the Comet," he said.

"But it's by far the best flight," she replied resentfully.

"I'm not criticising, Miss Angers, but I'll probably take a few days off after I've finished in Rome. Don't worry. I can make my own way back."

"Very well," she said.

She took up the rest of the corrected sheets.

"Miss Angers, if I should ask you tomorrow to book double reservations for the whole trip, could you manage it? My wife might be coming with me."

"I'd try my best, naturally, Mr. Stretton," she replied with dignity, and disappeared. Stretton picked up the phone and dialled his own number.

ISOBEL was in David's room. She had tidied up all his toys and put them in the large cupboard, taken off the bedclothes to leave the bare mattress, and cleaned all the woodwork so that only an empty, impersonal room remained. When the phone rang, she started and then put down her duster and ran to answer it.

"Hello?"

"Hello, Isobel."

"Oh, it's you, Paul."

"I've managed to get through my work. So I could come this evening . . . if you still want me to."

"What time will you be home?"

"I have to see a doctor about the new films at six. I suggest you go on and I'll join you all about seven."

"O.K., Paul."

"By the way, what's the name? Les and Evie's?"

"Oh, Schuler. Les Schuler."

"Right. I'll see you at the Dorchester. Goodbye."

"Bye, Paul."

She hung up thoughtfully. Gently she let the idea flicker that there could still be a chance for them; that if she went on the trip with him it could mean a new beginning.

. . . . . .

Bridwell pushed Dukes' chest films under the holding-clips of the viewing-screen, and compared the definition of the standard blue-grey plate and the green Pan X-3. As in the others he had looked at, if anything, the quality of the Pan X-3 was better. There was no doubt Dolex would scoop the pool with it. He picked up the hand-microphone and dictated into the recorder.

"Kelvin Dukes. A.P. chest. Cardiac shadow normal. Lung-fields normal. Small old calcified gland right hilum. No account with this. Helen. Send a letter to his office. My dear Dukes. As usual, your chest X-rays are notably interesting for their complete lack of abnormality. Yours sincerely."

He pulled the films from their clips and put the Pan X-3 on top of the green file. He flipped the microphone-button again.

"I won't dictate a report on Mr. Stretton's plates. I'll speak to him when he comes in at six. That's the lot."

. . . . . .

"Do sit down, Mr. Stretton. Dr. Bridwell will be along presently."

He had the impression of dark hair and vivacity, as he was relieved of his hat and umbrella. He went over to a chair and sat in it.

"Would you like some sherry, or whisky? I'm having a scotch. Which is it to be for you?"

Stretton hesitated, and then said: "I'll have a small whisky."

She poured two glasses and splashed in the soda. She handed one to Stretton and leant back against the desk.

"I can't bear drinking alone, can you?"

She raised her glass. Perplexed, he followed suit. He assumed she must be Bridwell's assistant or secretary, but she broke all his rules for such a position. The ease and familiarity of the girl nonplussed him. She wasn't wearing a white coat or other badge of office. She was entertaining him as if he were a guest in her house. An explanation occurred to him.

"Are you . . . are you Mrs. Bridwell?" he said.

She threw back her head and laughed. It was a light, airy, joyful sound, unlike Isobel's deep, raw-edged thunder.

"He hasn't asked me yet."

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HAZEL . . . . . by Ted Key

"If I told you once, I told you a hundred times, KEEP THAT LID ON THE GRASSHOPPER!"

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SECOND OPINION

Continued from page 45

"I apologise for the mistake," he said.

"Don't. It might not have been one. After all, I've only been here two weeks."

She laughed again and suddenly Stretton found himself laughing with her.

"Confidentially, I probably won't last another two."

"Why?"

"I'm terrible about time. I was an hour late this morning."

Stretton looked at his watch.

"Dr. Bridwell seems to be competing with you, Miss . . .?"

She took a sip at her drink.

"Woodhouse. Helen Woodhouse. Dr. Bridwell said you were at school together, Mr. Stretton?"

"Yes," he replied. "But we haven't met since. At least, not until this morning."

She finished her drink and took the glass back to the cabinet.

"If you'll excuse me, I've something still left to do."

"Of course."

Stretton got up, taking his glass with him. He walked round the room observing its lush accoutrements, the ornate desk, the pieces of majolica, the leather-bound books, the insignia of success. Bridwell was a pupil the old school could be proud of. He wondered how he'd done at Meresbury and why the name escaped him. As if in answer he came across some framed groups in an alcove. There was one of the first XV for 1934. Idly he scanned the faces in the fading sepia print and suddenly one leapt out at him with stunning familiarity. The bushy eyebrows, the supercilious expression, even the freckles were all there.

His skin went cold and he heard the echoing laughter and the tiles were slippery under his feet. Steadying his hand, he gulped down his whisky, but it had the bitter tang of chlorine in it. Feverishly he checked the name on the key: N. B. Bridwell. Bridwell! Mortonson's best friend, who had helped hold him under.

Controlling himself, he went firmly back to the cabinet and replaced his glass. Meticulously he tried to crystallise the turmoil of his emotions. Stated simply, he wanted to settle the score, but, looked at coldly, the idea of revenge struck against his dignity and adult sanity. Something had to be done but there was nothing to be done.

Bridwell was past, a distasteful memory to be locked away again, but this time labelled and docketed. The future was David. The present was himself. Alone. Except for Isobel. The thought of her filled him with a sudden panic. She seemed nearly lost, too. He must get to her. He picked up his hat and briefcase and went toward the sound of the typewriter.

"Miss Woodhouse?"

The sound stopped and she appeared in the doorway.

"I'm afraid I can't wait any longer."

She went back into the office and hurried out again with a bulky X-Ray envelope.

"Don't go without these."

For a moment he couldn't think what she was handing him. The Pan X-3s. That's what he'd come for.

"Oh, yes," he said. "Thank the doctor for them and tell him I had to go to another appointment."

Outside in the street he hailed a cruising taxi and told the cabby to take him to the Dorchester. As the taxi eased forward across the lights in Wigmore Street, a grey Rolls-Royce shot across on the amber making the driver brake and swear.

Bridwell eschewed the lift and pounded up the stairs and into his consulting-room.

"My dear fellow, I'm most terribly . . ."

The stream of charm fell away as he saw that the room was empty. Helen Woodhouse appeared at the office door.

"You've just missed him."

"Damn and blast! You've no business to let him go."

"I did my best to entertain him, but he wasn't the entertainable sort, really. And after all you *are* very late."

"I shall have to speak to Mr. Stretton before tomorrow. Do you know where he's gone?"

"He said to another appointment."

"That probably means home. Get his number for me, will you, while I pour a drink?"

"Do you know his initials?"

"No."

"I thought you were at school together?"

"My dear Helen, I can hardly be expected to remember every initial of every . . . Hold on. I've an old Meresburian list somewhere."

HE opened a desk-drawer and pulled out a half-inch-thick paper-covered volume and turned up the name. There were several Strettons but the housemaster's initials and the year dates pinned down the individual. "Paul Stafford Stretton. D.B.D. 1934-39. 16 Elgin Mews, S.W.7." Something uncomfortable flicked in his memory but he couldn't apprehend it.

"P. S. Stretton," he said, "Elgin Mews, S.W.7. That enough for you?"

She picked up the directory, found the number, and dialled it. He watched the easy way she leant against the desk, her head inclined slightly so that her black hair fell to obscure her face from him.

"No reply," she said, and replaced the receiver.

"Never mind. I'll have to try again later."

Isobel sat down on the padded stool next to Evie. The long line of mirrors at the Midtown Club was lit by a glamorising battery of shell-pink chandeliers which quivered gently to the muffled beat of the band and the dancers above.

"I think Paul's cute," said Evie.

"That's nice of you, Evie."

"Such real manners. He's quiet, of course. You're kind of quieter, too, Belle. I guess it's living in Britain."

"I guess so."

"Anyway, you seem to have settled down O.K."

"Yes . . . yes, I've settled down," said Isobel.

"I never thought you would, honey, but I can see you have. Les said so, too. He thinks you and Paul make quite a team. I guess he can be lots of fun when he lets himself go."

"It isn't British to let yourself go," said Isobel. She got up and they walked toward the door. They went up the stairs toward the expensive, noisy gloom of the night-club.

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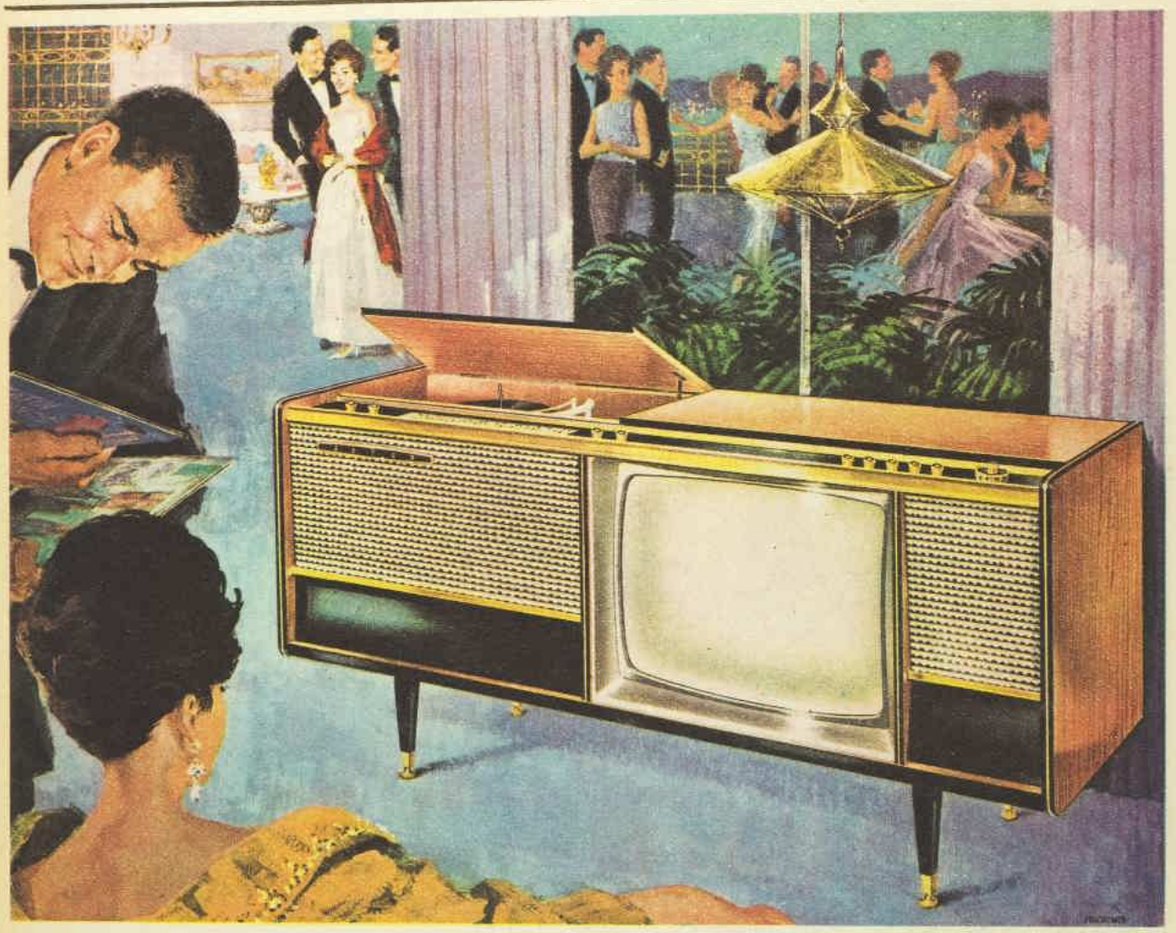

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Australian place names

● *Here are more Australian place names, with fascinating notes about each, and often the meaning. Watch this series for places you know — perhaps your own home town.*

NEW SOUTH WALES

Canowindra
Aboriginal: "A home." The bushranger Ben Hall once held the town up for three days, issuing leave passes to those who wanted to go out for dinner.

Lithgow
After William Lithgow, private secretary to Governor Darling and Auditor-General of the first N.S.W. Parliament. In his will he left £1000 for a scholarship at Sydney University. Thomas Mort, a pioneer who spent £80,000 on ways to refrigerate meat for export, gave a dinner here to 300 guests in 1875, serving beef, mutton, and pigeons killed 18 months before.

Wyong
Aboriginal: "Place of running water."

Yass
Hamilton Hume sent a man to ascertain the nature of the country beyond. When the man returned the explorer asked if there was good country ahead and got the reply, "Ya-ass, plains." Hume was tickled and adapted the name. Those who hate humor in history, however, maintain that Yass is a corruptive of native Yarras, Tahr, "running water."

VICTORIA

Koroit
Aboriginal: "Fire."

Mordialloc
Corruption of Moody Yalloak, "near the little sea." Named by William Thomas, a Protector of Aborigines.

St. Kilda
Native name, Euro-Yroke, describing a stone found in the vicinity and used for sharpening weapons. It was named St. Kilda by Superintendent Lonsdale (Melbourne's first police magistrate) during a picnic. Looking up, in the act of opening a bottle of champagne, he espied the craft of a friend, Colonel Acland, and remarked: "I don't think we can do better than call this spot after the yacht there." The yacht, "Lady of St. Kilda," was wrecked a little later.

You Yangs
Aboriginal: Ude Youang, "big hill." Anakie Youang, "little hill."

QUEENSLAND

Coolangatta
Gets its name because a vessel of that name was wrecked there in 1846.

Thargomindah
Aboriginal word for the porcupine. Camel races were once held here to defray the cost of fencing the local cemetery.

Wynnum
From a word used by natives to designate the breadfruit tree. An aboriginal legend says that here a god flung his boomerang so high that it remained in the sky, thus making the crescent moon.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA

Mannahill
Named by shearers because it had a good "tucker" shop.

Orroroo
The native name for a creek, Oorooroo. It was named by C. H. Easther, a pioneer settler. The town is famous for Sir Charles Todd's pun when, as Postmaster-General, he maintained that no better facilities were needed as the place never had more than two letters.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA

Nedlands
The son of the original holder of land in this locality was called Ned and the site was popularly referred to as Ned's land.

Dirk Hartog Is.
Theodoric Hertoge, usually known as Dirk Hartog, was commander of the Dutch vessel "Eendracht" (Concord) and set up a record of his visit to the island at Cape Inscription in 1616.

TASMANIA

Pieman River
Aboriginals used the name because Pearce, the cannibal bushranger, was tracked to the river. He had been a seller of pies in Hobart.

OUR TRANSFER

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Continued from page 46

"Gosh, it's great seeing you again, Belle."

"It's great seeing you, Evie."

"How do you think Les is looking?"

"Great. Just great."

"He's always liked you."

. . . . . .

Les put some more ice in his Scotch and rattled it round.

"I've always liked Belle," he remarked. "She's great."

"So you said," replied Stretton.

"I suppose you and she beat it up here often?"

"Very rarely. It's too expensive."

"If business is good, who cares?" laughed Les. "What do you make?"

"Make? I don't make anything."

Les laughed.

"Gee, this English! I mean how much do you make?"

The question took Stretton aback. This was the sort of thing one didn't ask. He'd only met the man three hours ago.

"I've never worked it out in dollars," he said evasively.

"O.K. I'll guess. You're in Dolex. It's a good company. Top Sales. I'd say around thirty, thirty-five thousand. Dollars. Am I right?"

Stretton laughed. What a fantastic story Isobel must have told them!

"Do you really want to know?" he asked.

"Am I way out?"

"My salary is eighteen-hundred pounds per annum. From that I contribute to a modest pension scheme. I'm allowed certain expenses in addition. Investments bring in two hundred."

Les took a long drink, and then put a hand on Stretton's shoulder.

"Well, don't worry about tonight. This is on me, Paul."

"I'm afraid it isn't. You're not a member. You're my guest."

Les laughed and squeezed Stretton's shoulder.

"Well, no sense in arguing, Paul. Back home, just so long as the cheque's paid that's all that adds up."

He pulled Stretton's glass firmly toward him. Stretton let him have it, and watched the whisky-level mount up the side. Les raised his glass.

"Here's hoping, Paul."

Stretton went through the motion of drinking, and put his glass back on the table. He noticed Isobel and her friend threading their way through the tables on the other side of the floor toward them. She looked superbly attractive beside the rather plump Evie. The thought of life without her was intolerable. If she would only come with him on this trip. Yet there was little enough about him to make her want to.

Stretton got up and fitted Evie's chair under her as she sat down.

"Oh, thank you, Paul. I was just saying to Belle, what real manners you have. Why don't you do that, Les?"

"Do what?"

"Treat me like a lady."

"It's obvious," he laughed. "You're not a lady." He pecked her on the cheek. "You're just a little honey. Paul here will agree."

"I can't believe he would use that word," said Isobel.

Stretton smiled at her.

"Here's another one you haven't heard me use."

He picked up the whisky bottle and held it over her glass.

"Would you care for a slug?" he asked.

She looked at him open-eyed and then pushed the edge of the glass against the neck of the bottle.

"After that, I need one," she said.

He poured in the whisky and followed it up with some ice.

"Hey, we need another bottle," cried Les.

"I think you've had enough, Les," said Evie.

"She always thinks I've had enough."

"That's funny," said Stretton. "Isobel thinks I've never had enough."

They laughed, and Stretton laughed, and his remark mocked him, as the room spun through a half-circle and slowly revolved back again.

"I thought you said Paul never let go?" said Evie. She beamed at him and patted his hand across the table. "He's doing fine."

"Sure he's doing fine. We're all doing fine," exclaimed Les.

THE waiter brought a fresh bottle. Les opened it and started to pour out drinks. He raised his glass.

"To Belle and Paul."

An unaccustomed warmth and confidence stirred in Stretton. He made a snap decision.

"Just a minute, we can't drink to that," he said. "Let's drink to our trip tomorrow."

"What trip?" asked Evie.

"Paul's going for his company. Paris, Rome, Athens," said Isobel.

"Oh, honey, you didn't tell us. After all this time, we meet up for one night, and then you're off on a trip."

"I haven't decided yet if I'll go along," she said.

"Say, I've a great idea," Evie exclaimed. "Why don't we all go to Rome and Athens together? Rome and Athens are on our schedule, aren't they, Les?"

"Yeah, honey, but not tomorrow. We have to do England, Germany, Denmark, first."

"Couldn't we switch everything around?"

"No," said Les. "We already lost dough over the boat trip. We're sticking to the schedule. Right now I'm going to dance with Belle. Right now."

A little unsteadily he led Isobel to the floor and they were soon lost amid the turmoil of a boisterous cha-cha.

"I apologise for not asking you to dance this, but I'm afraid I can't do the cha-cha," Stretton said.

"Nor can Les," Evie laughed. "But he won't admit it."

The music stopped. Almost immediately the band went into a slow blues.

"Now you've no excuse," Evie said. "With this tempo all we need do is stand still and wiggle." She got up. "Come on, Paul."

To page 49

Lead a Gay Young Life with Goya

Who is she, this gay young girl with the swinging partner? Meet Jan Lewis, Miss Goya, in a party whirl. Bubbling with life, a talent for friendship, a liking for fun. She's more than a liking for her Goya Perfume. Wrapped in it!

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SECOND OPINION

Continued from page 48

On the floor their progress was measured in inches. After a time she smiled up at him, then shut her eyes and rested her cheek on his shoulder.

Stretton looked round in apprehension. But no one seemed concerned. All appeared lost in the sensuous, compelling beat of the music. Suddenly between a break in the dancers Stretton caught a glimpse of Isobel just as Les leaned closer and kissed her. He began to look away and then the heads moved apart momentarily and in the dim light he saw Isobel's perfect teeth separate to let out the laugh he knew so well. Stretton stood quite still. Les and Isobel became lost again among the other dancers.

"What's the matter, honey?" asked Evie.

"I'm sorry," said Stretton. "Do you mind if we go back to the table?"

"Sure Paul, if you want to," she shrugged.

ALMOST as soon as they reached their places the music stopped. Stretton's face was pale, and the sweat glistened on his forehead. Isobel and Les came back to the table.

"Thanks Belle, that was great," said Les.

"Thank you, Les," Isobel laughed.

"Just like old times, no doubt," said Stretton.

The tone of his voice was cold, sharp. They all picked it up. Isobel's gaiety ebbed from her. Les' laugh broke into the pause.

"Sure was," he said. "We used to have some great times together, didn't we? Evie and Belle and me. Pity we didn't know you then, Paul. I guess you'd have been one of the group."

"I hardly imagine so," said Stretton. "Isobel, I'd like you to come home, if you don't mind."

"But I do mind."

"Please, I'd rather not discuss it here."

"What's eating you, Paul?" asked Isobel.

"Perhaps if you look at Les' face you'll agree that the evening's entertainment should be stopped at this point," he said stiffly. "I imagine it's as embarrassing for him as it is for me. Now let's go."

Isobel blushed. Les put his handkerchief to his cheek and wiped off the red smear. Evie looked from one to the other and then laughed.

"Hell, Paul, that doesn't mean a thing. They're old friends. I don't mind."

"Well, I do."

"Gee, Paul, I'm sorry," said Les. "But . . . well it's kind of usual in a nightclub to dance . . . commonly. It's only fun."

"Paul doesn't approve of fun," said Isobel rising. "But I can assure him that that's all it was."

"Oh, for heaven's sake sit down you two. What's the difference!" said Evie.

"Nothing to it, honestly, Paul. I wear I might object to that powder on your lapel. I assume it can only have come from my wife's cheek," said Les.

"That happens to be the way your wife dances."

"Now, wait a minute . . ."

"Please, Les," said Isobel. "Paul simply doesn't understand . . ."

"I see what you mean now, honey," put in Evie.

"I understand perfectly," said Stretton, addressing them all. "It's a question of different standards. I'm sorry if I don't match up to yours. You're at liberty to regard me as full of shortcomings. I suggest we leave it at that." He turned to Isobel. "While I settle the bill you'd no doubt like to say goodbye to your friends. I'll wait for you downstairs."

He turned on his heel and made his way through the tables as the band lurched into another cha-cha.

To page 50

READERS' HOUSEHOLD HINTS

• Readers win £1/1/- prize for each of these helpful hints.

PUT half a washed lemon in the saucepan when cooking tripe. This keeps the tripe white and helps to make it tender.—Mrs. R. Weston, 17 Buckingham St., St. John's Wood, Brisbane.

★ ★ ★

After years of use the seats of cane chairs begin to sag. Scrub well, both top and bottom, with hot soapy water, then dry in the open air. The cane will shrink and seats will become as firm as new. — Mrs. M. Simpson, 227 Wyman St., Broken Hill, N.S.W.

Use empty floor-polish tins as containers for screws, nuts, nails, etc. Residue of polish in the tin prevents them from rusting.—Mrs. M. F. Simpson, 6 Marchant Ave., Upwey, Vic.

★ ★ ★

Use a chicken broth cube instead of herbs when stuffing a chicken or rabbit. Crush cube, add to breadcrumbs, then mix in a little oil instead of rubbing in butter. No onion or salt is needed, and the stuffing has a nicer flavor. —Mrs. J. Bellis, 32 Graham St., Newport, W15, Vic.

Make curtains wear longer by buying material which looks the same whichever way it is hung. Make hems the same width each end, then hang them a different way after each washing. This distributes the wear evenly.—Mrs. M. Amor, Spence St., West Dubbo, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★

A teaspoon of instant coffee powder added to a packet of chocolate instant pudding gives it a delicious mocha flavor.—Mrs. P. Elphinstone, 10 Ardross Crescent, Mt. Lawley, W.A.

Sew around the edge of a school tie before washing it. Wash by hand, press dry under a cloth, then remove stitching. This prevents the tie losing its shape.—Mrs. L. Derrick, Soldiers Rd., Leongatha Sth., Vic.

★ ★ ★

To remove dark, thick grease under an electric frypan, dip steel wool in methylated spirit and rub stains lightly. Bicarbonate of soda will give it a final shine.—Miss P. Ring, 30 Elliott St., Gloucester, N.S.W.

57 It does matter whose baby foods you buy

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Child Care Authorities recommend that every baby needs a wide variety of good, nourishing foods. Only Heinz provide the complete variety essential to your baby's daily diet . . . just on 100 kinds of Strained and Junior Foods including over 40 not available in any other brand! Heinz offer an almost limitless selection of broths, soups, dinners, vegetables, fruits and desserts . . . each one a carefully balanced nutritional recipe. For instance, active babies who need extra protein are completely cared for with HEINZ High Meat Dinners (11 varieties, each containing 3 times the normal amount of meat). And the daily Vitamin C requirement of every baby is tastily satisfied with HEINZ Strained Fruit Juices. With such a wide variety of essential nourishment and tempting flavours it's not the least bit surprising that most Australian mothers rely on HEINZ Baby Foods . . . every meal, every day!

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"What a crowd! Did you see all the coats and hats piled on the kid's bed?"

SECOND OPINION

Continued from page 49

The taxi had reached Piccadilly before either of them spoke. Then Isobel's answer broke through in measured fury.

"How could you humiliate me like that in front of Les and Evie?"

"I could say the same, Isobel."

"No, you couldn't. You don't know what humility is. Humility is feeling. And you haven't any real feelings. You're just a cold, empty shell of prejudice and snobbishness and pomposity. You're a bore and a prude . . ."

"Is it prudish to object to seeing one's wife mauled in public?"

"That's the way most men dance. Women have to put up with it."

"You appeared to be enjoying yourself."

"In spite of it, not because of it. We were having a good time. It was a good party until you . . . you spoilt it all."

"I was enjoying myself, too, until I saw what was going on."

"There was nothing going on!"

"If David saw his mother behaving as you were behaving, would he think it was nothing?"

"David's a child. David wouldn't be at a nightclub. When he's old enough to go I only hope he'll have a normal attitude to what normally and harmlessly goes on in a nightclub. You haven't a normal attitude to anything — love, life, work — you're a failure, Paul. An all-round dull, hopeless failure."

As the taxi turned into the mews, he knew she was weeping. Stretton said: "There's only one failure I really regret, Isobel."

"What's that?"

"As a husband."

"It's too late, Paul. It's too late now," she said.

The taxi stopped and they got out. He paid the fare and they went up the steps to the flat. Just before they opened the door, the telephone stopped ringing.

. . . .

Bridwell put down the bedside receiver and turned over.

"I'll try again in the morning," he said sleepily. "Have to stop him leaving tomorrow. The poor blighter should know he's got cancer of the lung."

. . . .

The caller's voice was suave, educated, competent. Isobel answered the questions with brevity and disinterest.

"I'm afraid he's gone . . . no, his plane doesn't leave till six tonight . . . well, you should get him at the office after ten . . . Fleet 2434 . . . yes . . . goodbye."

She hung up and then sat in front of the mirror. Hair, skin, eyebrows, lips, eyelids, lashes, she began the self-effacement which is the mask of glamor. She built up the portrait with practised skill and tried not to notice the leaden defeat in her eyes.

When she had finished she took the smudgy lined paper from the envelope and read David's letter again, embellishing the short factual sentences with her own love and the anguish of separation. But it didn't diminish the gulf of time and distance between them. Lest the doubtful balm of tears should once more overcome her, she put the letter back in her handbag and escaped from emotion in methodical prearranged action. She fetched Stretton's suitcase from the closet and started to pack it with unaccustomed precision.

RAWTON slipped the green plates successively under the viewing-box clips, making his commentary with the unselfconsciousness of the expert. Stretton was irritated. He was trying to interest the old man in the quality of the films, not the subject of them.

"Left wrist. A.P. lateral oblique. Fine crack through the waist of the scaphoid, d'you see? A fracture easily missed if you're not on the ball."

"Not much wrong with the definition, is there, Dr. Rawton?"

"What?"

"The definition."

"That's interesting . . ."

The light from the box was now illuminating the bones of a knee-joint.

"Looks like an obvious fracture of the kneecap, doesn't it?"

"I suppose so," said Stretton, "but . . ."

"Well, it isn't, d'you see? It's a bi-partite patella. Harmless, congenital abnormality. If we had the other knee for comparison it would show the same thing."

He shuffled through the plates and placed a second film beside the other one.

"There you are. Identical. With patellae you should always do a control of the bilateral joint. Otherwise you can make a real fool of yourself, d'you see?"

"Yes," said Stretton. "And, of course, with the ultra-short exposure of Pan X-3, the number of times . . ."

"A.P. chest," interrupted Rawton, putting the last film from the envelope on the screen. "Ah, not so good," he said.

"What's wrong with it?"

"Mediastinal tumor. Right upper zone."

Stretton smiled.

"I thought you meant there was something the matter with the film."

"No. Very clear. Good exposure."

"Then you'd like to accept Dolex's offer of . . ."

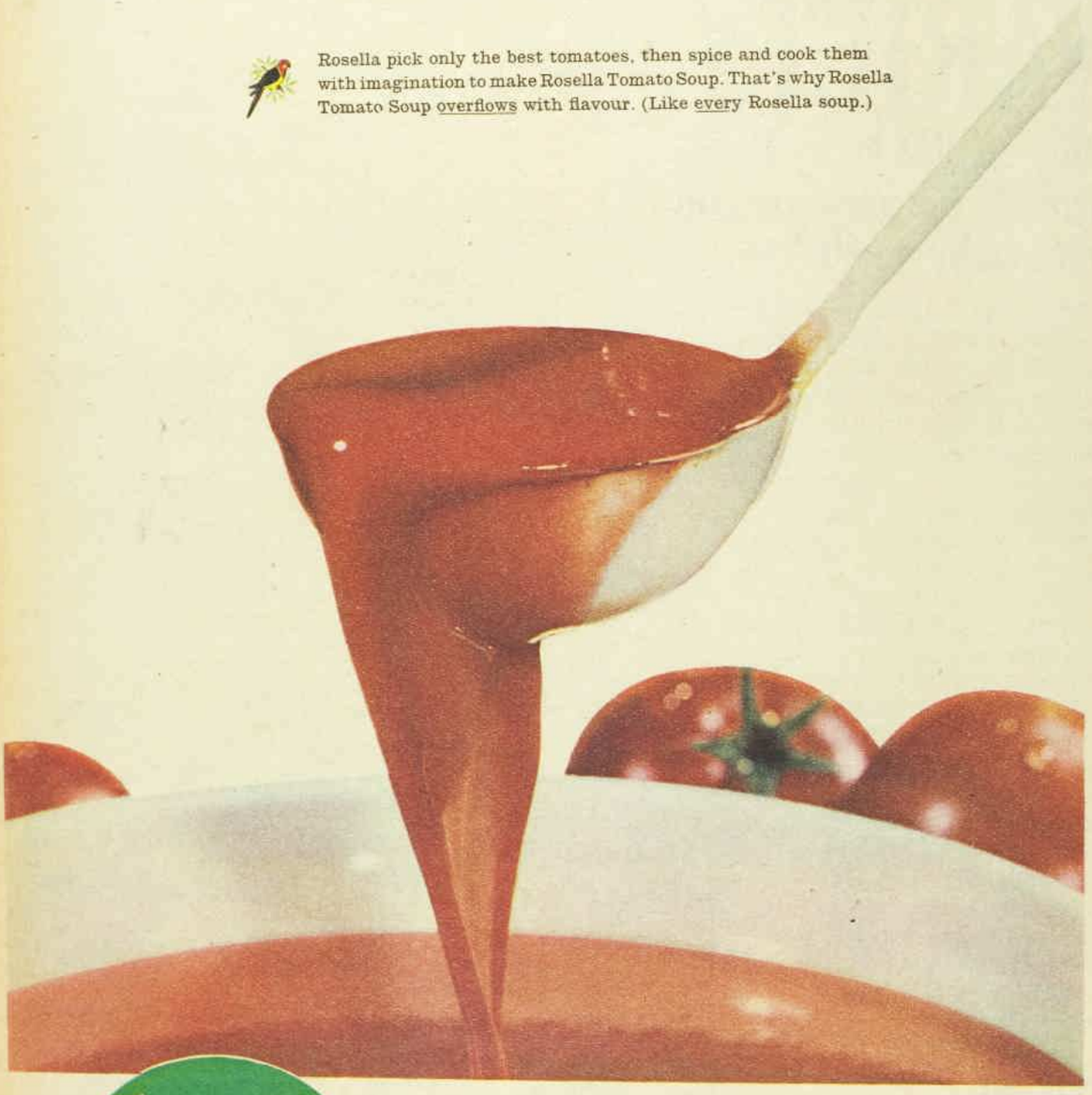
"Growth well defined," went on Rawton. "Obviously advanced.

To page 58

Question: **Which is the soup that overflows with flavour?**

Answer: **Rosella Tomato – yes – Rosella's got the flavour.**

Rosella pick only the best tomatoes, then spice and cook them with imagination to make Rosella Tomato Soup. That's why Rosella Tomato Soup overflows with flavour. (Like every Rosella soup.)



Rosella *Rosella's got the flavour*

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HOW TO MAKE A PERFECT

STEAK AND KIDNEY PIE

● Here's how to make that most popular of all savory pies — steak and kidney pie — perfectly.

STEAK AND KIDNEY PIE — golden layers of pastry top a deliciously savory filling. A good family dish for cold nights to come.

IT'S good to be able to cook some selected dishes extremely well, and if one of those dishes is steak and kidney pie your success as a cook—and as a wife—is assured.

The filling

Two pounds round steak, 3 sheep's kidneys or half an ox kidney, 1½ tablespoons flour, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 small onions, 1 pint beef stock (or use 1 pint water into which a beef bouillon cube has been dissolved), ½ bayleaf, 1 teaspoon parsley.

Clean kidneys and remove fat; cover them with cold water to which a little salt has been added, let stand for 30 minutes to 1 hour. Drain well, pat dry, and cut into slices. Cut meat into large cubes and combine with kidney. Roll in flour seasoned with salt and pepper.

Melt butter in saucepan, add chopped onions, saute until just transparent: add steak and kidney and cook, stirring, until well browned.

Add stock and bayleaf, cover, simmer for 1 to 1½ hours or until meat is tender. Taste; adjust seasonings if necessary. For a thick gravy, thicken liquid with a little flour blended with water. Pour into piedish, put pie-funnel in centre of dish (this will help support pastry), sprinkle over parsley, let stand until cool.

VARIATIONS

● **Steak and Mushroom Pie:** Add ½lb. mushrooms, sliced or coarsely chopped, to meat before adding stock.
● **Steak and Oyster Pie:** Heat 1 or 2 dozen oysters in their own liquid just until the edges curl. Add to the cooked beef.
● **Pie, with gourmet touch:** Replace ½ pint stock with ½ pint dry red wine.
● **Scots version:** Steak is cut into slices ¼in. thick and 3in. long. Each piece of steak is wrapped round a small piece of bacon and a piece of kidney, each roll then secured tightly with a wooden pick, rolled in flour seasoned with a pinch each of cloves, marjoram, thyme, and cinnamon. Rolls are then stood on end, tightly packed, in a deep piedish. Stock is added, dish covered and baked in a slow oven for 1 hour. Then stock, red wine, and some sliced hard-boiled eggs are added; pie is topped with pastry and baked in the usual way.

If the rolls are very tightly packed you can remove toothpicks before covering pie with pastry.

● If it is necessary to thicken gravy, this may give it a pale appearance. Try adding 1 or 2 teaspoons soy sauce. This does not affect the flavor and gives a rich, brown color.
● Just before serving pie, mix together 1 teaspoon worcestershire sauce and 1 dessertspoon sherry. Using a small funnel, pour this through the slits in the top of pie.
● Some people do not cook the meat first. The prepared uncooked ingredients, as for basic recipe, are placed in the piedish, covered with the pastry, and baked for 1½ to 2 hours. However, there is a danger here of the pastry being overcooked and toughened. Also you are not able to test whether the meat is cooked.

The pastry

One pound plain flour, 1 teaspoon salt, ½lb. butter or substitute, approximately ½ pint very cold water, squeeze of lemon juice (for a richer pastry use 12oz. butter or substitute).

Sift together flour and salt. Cut shortening into small pieces about ½in. square, add to flour. Toss with a knife so that each piece of fat is coated with flour but not broken. Add water and lemon juice, mix lightly with knife, making sure shortening is still in whole pieces.

Amount of water needed may vary, because flours are of different strengths. If mixture seems to need more water, add it a teaspoon at a time until all flour is worked in. Do not overwork pastry.

Sprinkle an extra tablespoon or so of flour over pastry, gather together with the fingertips and turn on to a lightly floured board. Do not knead.

Roll out lightly to give a wide, even strip. Fold in three by bringing the bottom one-third of pastry up and bringing the top one-third down. Leave to rest 10 minutes, then roll and fold again, exactly as before. Repeat rolling and folding twice more, with 15 minutes' rest between.

This resting time for the pastry is very important; if it is not done, the pastry when put into the oven will shrink away from the sides of the piedish and will not rise well. If possible, refrigerate pastry between each rolling.

After the last rolling and resting, roll out pastry ¼in. thick. Cut strips from edges wide enough to fit rim of piedish. Moisten edge of piedish and lay strips around. Brush pastry-strips with water. If necessary, roll remaining pastry till it is the correct size to cover pie—do not stretch it in any way—then lift on to pie. Using a sharp knife and long, firm strokes, cut pastry to fit piedish. Press pastry edges well together.

Knock-up and flute pastry edges by tapping lightly with blade of sharp knife, horizontally; when finished, pastry edges will have a "layered" look, like the edges of a closed book. Cut small leaf shapes from remaining pastry, arrange them decoratively on top of pie. Cut several slits in top of pie to allow steam to escape. Brush lightly with beaten egg-yolk; this will give a golden glaze to the finished pie. Be careful to brush egg-yolk on top of pie only; if is on cut edges it will stop the pastry rising.

Stand piedish on a baking-tray. Put into a hot oven and cook for 20 to 25 minutes; lower heat to moderately hot, cook further 25 to 30 minutes, or until pastry is well risen and golden brown.

See page 55 for Steak and Kidney Pudding

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'Harvest' an economy cake rich in nature's goodness — make it today with Tulip.

TULIP

Australia's quality Margarine

HARVEST CAKE: 6 ozs. TULIP, 6 ozs. sugar, 1 tblspn. apricot jam, 2 tblspns. coconut, ½ cup milk, 3 eggs, 8 ozs. S.R. flour, pinch salt.

METHOD — CAKE: 1. Cream together TULIP and sugar until light and fluffy—add jam. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. **2.** Fold in Coconut then sifted flour alternately with milk. **3.** Bake in two well-greased and paper-lined 8" sandwich pans 30-35 mins. Allow to cool in cake pans before turning out.

Harvest Moon Icing: 3 ozs. TULIP, 3 cups icing sugar, 1 small egg, 2 tblspns. orange juice. Colouring.

METHOD — Icing: 1. Cream together TULIP and 1 cup icing sugar — add egg and orange juice — beat well. Add colouring and remaining icing sugar — continue beating until well blended. **2.** Spread between layers, top and sides. **Chocolate leaves:** Wash various sized rose leaves, dry thoroughly. Melt about 2 ozs. cooking chocolate over hot water, spread thickly over underneath surface of leaves. Chill in 'fridge until quite firm. Peel rose leaves off chocolate, arrange chocolate leaves in position on cake with Jaffas.

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HOW TO MAKE A PERFECT

Steak and kidney pudding

READY FOR THE POT. Pudding-cloth folded as shown above makes handle for lifting basin from saucepan. At right: Pudding is ready to serve. Color pictures by Don Cameron.

● Some of England's most popular inns and restaurants have gained their fame for the excellence of their hot, hearty steak and kidney puddings.

THIS is not a dish for delicate appetites — it is substantial fare; but so good it's guaranteed to line up the men of your family for second helpings.

The filling

Two pounds stewing steak, thinly cut, 3 or 4 sheep's kidneys, 1 small onion or 2 tablespoons finely chopped shallots, 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, pinch nutmeg, 1½ tablespoons flour, ¾ pint stock or water.

Cut the steak into pieces about ¾in. square; chop kidneys finely. Coat with the flour, seasoned with salt and pepper. Mix together with chopped onion or shallots, parsley, and nutmeg. Fill into pastry-lined basin, add stock. Cover with pastry as directed below.

The pastry

One pound plain flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 4 teaspoons baking powder, 4oz. finely shredded suet, ½ pint water (or milk and water mixed in equal proportions).

Sift flour with baking powder and salt. Mix in shredded suet, then mix to a soft dough with the liquid (flour strengths vary, and it may be necessary to add a little more water). Turn pastry on to well-floured board; knead a little. Cut off a quarter of pastry and reserve for the top.

Roll remainder into a circle about the size of dinner-plate; keep the pastry an even thickness (it should be about ½in. thick).

Lift pastry into a pudding basin (1 quart size). To make it easier to fit into the basin, fold pastry in four, lift into basin, unfold and press it to the basin sides. Let it come over the edge a little. Moisten edges of pastry.

Fill the centre with the prepared meat and stock, which should come level with the top of the basin; add a little more stock if necessary.

Roll out remaining pastry reserved for lid and place in position on top of basin; press pastry edges together well.

Place large pudding-cloth over basin, allowing edges to hang down sides; tie around top of basin securely with string. Leave cloth a little loose, allowing room for pudding to rise.

Fold back hanging ends of cloth to form a handle across top as shown in the photograph. This makes it easy to remove pudding from the steamer or saucepan.

Place pudding basin in steamer or large saucepan, with boiling water to come half-way up the sides. Steam for 3 to 3½ hours. Water in the saucepan should be kept boiling; as it evaporates replace it with more boiling water.

Steak and kidney pudding should be served from the basin in which it was cooked. Remove from saucepan, remove pudding cloth, wipe basin and fold a colorful napkin around it. Place on serving-plate.

Steak and kidney recipes from our Leila Howard Test Kitchen

Veal casserole wins £5 prize

● A colorful veal casserole planned especially for a party of 20, wins the £5 main prize this week.

A CONSOLATION prize of £1 is awarded for a recipe for a date roll that has won prizes at various district shows for a Western Australian reader.

All spoon measurements are level.

VEAL PARTY DISH

Three pounds veal steak, 1 onion, 4 tablespoons oil, 1 large can diced pineapple, 1 tablespoon flour (blended with ¼ cup water), 1lb. beans, 1lb. carrots, 3 or 4 sticks celery, ½ small cabbage, salted water, salt and pepper to taste, green and red pepper, cashew nuts or almonds, hot fluffy rice.

Cut steak into small pieces, fry with the finely chopped onion in the heated oil until lightly browned. Add syrup from canned pineapple, and heat. Thicken with blended flour and stir until mixture boils. Cover and simmer slowly while preparing vegetables. Cut beans into 1in. lengths, carrots into rings, celery into diagonal slices, and cabbage into shreds. Cook all in boiling salted water about 7 minutes only until slightly softened; drain, mix into meat with the pineapple pieces and salt and pepper. Fill all into one or two large casseroles, cover, and bake in moderate oven until tender. Serve hot garnished with red and green pepper slices and nuts. Serve with fluffy hot boiled rice.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. P. Jackson, "Cohuna," Closeburn, via Samford, Qld.

DATE ROLL

One cup stoned dates, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 cup boiling water, 1 tablespoon butter, ¾ cup brown sugar, 1 egg, 2 cups self-raising flour.

Place dates and soda in basin and pour over boiling water; allow to stand a while to soften dates. Beat butter, brown sugar, and egg together and pour in dates and water mixture. Lastly add sifted flour; mix lightly. Fill into 2 roll-tins (well greased) and before putting on lids push a knife down through mixture a few times to remove any air bubbles and so prevent holes in finished product. Bake in moderate oven about ¾ hour. Serve sliced and buttered.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Griffith, Box 50, Carnamah, W.A.

LOW-CALORIE RECIPE

HERE'S something different — a Continental-style cottage cheese that's made with yoghurt. It has a smooth, bland flavor — add some finely chopped chives to serve it as a salad, or add liquid sweetener and flavoring to taste and serve with fresh fruit as a dessert.

COTTAGE CHEESE MADE WITH YOGHURT

One carton of yoghurt, little milk, salt.

Place heatproof basin containing yoghurt in saucepan of boiling water, cover basin with foil or small lid. (This is to prevent condensed water dripping into yoghurt.) Place lid on saucepan, heat until yoghurt forms into a curd; remove from saucepan and allow to cool. Pour into piece of cheesecloth and hang up to drain. Rub smooth with a little milk (about a tablespoon) and add salt to taste.

This makes approximately 8oz. of cottage cheese. Calories per ounce, 32.

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"Kitchen Lend Lease Fairway"

relaxed

yet guests for dinner — a meal to prepare. No problem, though. Everything's at your fingertips in a Lend Lease kitchen. It's simple to cook a meal on your Metters Debonair (that's the one with the see-all wall oven, delight of every hostess with its automatic, quick cooking ways). There's piping hot water always in abundance from a twist of the tap of your faithful Rheem Coppermatic hot water service. Like the rest of your Lend Lease home the kitchen has a little more of everything that's best. Everyone knows it, too. So relax, prepare the meal with confidence.

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METTERS DEBONAIR FULLY AUTOMATIC WALL OVEN with separate cooking top, can be built into the wall or cupboards at just the right height. The turkey size oven has exclusive East-West barbecue, top and bottom oven elements, and lift off door. There's a separate roll-to-you grill compartment. Every cook approves its gleaming looks, its superb automatic cooking. Metters is the best, which is what you expect with Lend Lease.

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Living Room Lend Lease Fairway"

still relaxed

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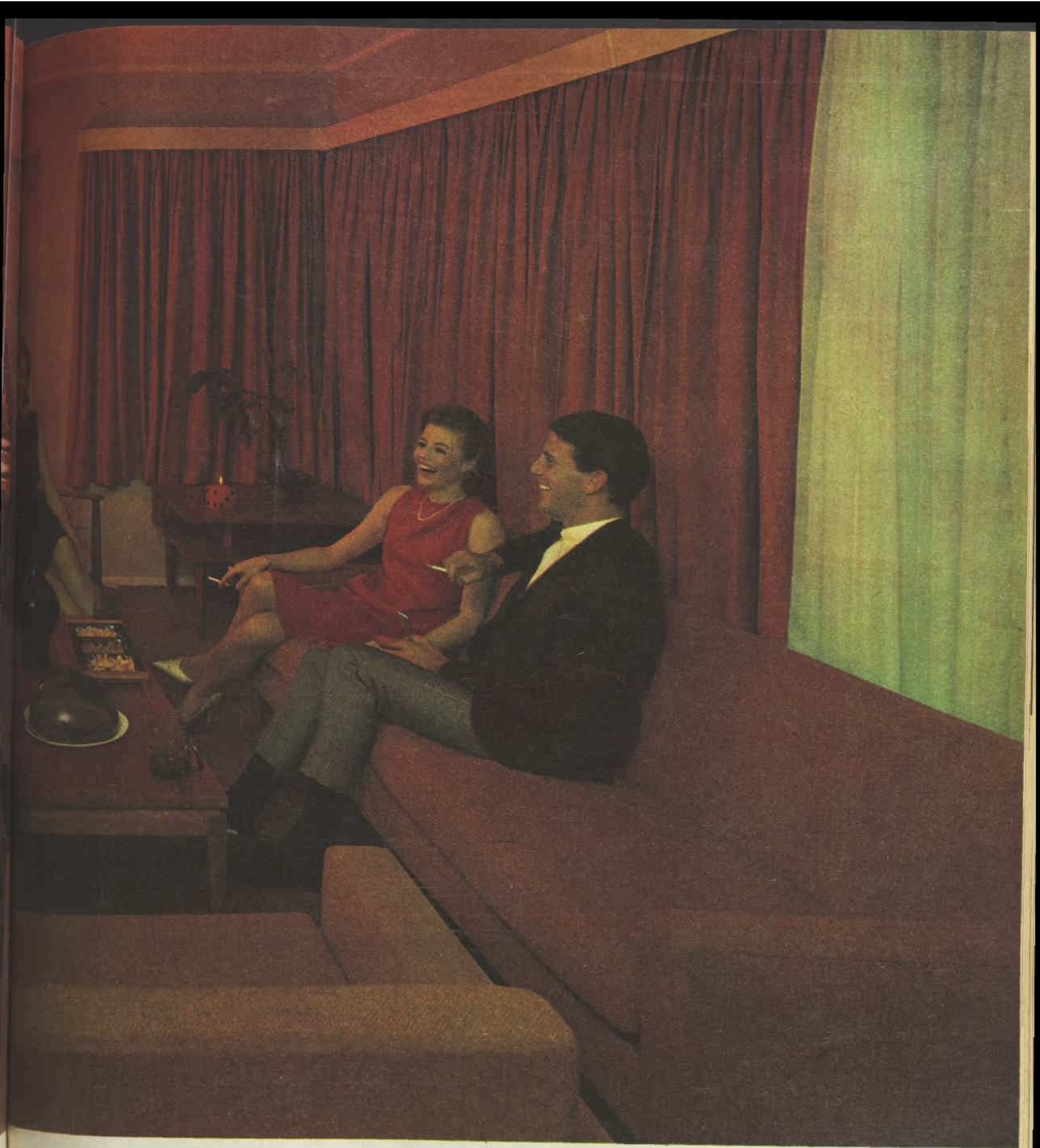

FIRE RESISTANT GYPROCK gives smooth, strong, long lasting walls and ceilings. Sturdily stands up to knocks and bumps of family life. Because it resists cracking. Its dry construction means it's speedy and economical to erect. The beauty of Gyprock plaster board is its simplicity and adaptability. Both as an inspiration for decorating, and as an easily handled practical building material. Lend Lease chose Gyprock in their range of homes for these good reasons.

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in red and gold plastic tubes, 6/- and 3/6 everywhere.

FORD PILLS

Continued from page 50

SECOND OPINION

tomographs would no doubt show scope, position, and extent. Carcinoma certainly. Hyperplastic probably. Prognosis — days, weeks, a few months. Inoperable, d'you see?"

He snapped the film out from under the clips.

"Interesting series," he concluded, and then smiled. "But then all X-rays are interesting to me. I'd go off my head if they weren't."

Stretton put the plates back in the envelope.

"Well, with that evidence, Dr. Rawton, would you be prepared to give them a trial for, say, six months?"

"A trial . . . ?"

"The films. Pan X-3."

"Oh, I see. Yes, certainly. Send some along."

Stretton sighed with relief. He put the envelope in his briefcase.

"That's very good of you, Dr. Rawton. I'll leave this carton for you to be going on with and have the others dispatched today."

"No hurry, no hurry," replied Rawton, and ambled Stretton toward the door. "Time pushes us along fast enough, d'you see? No need to help it. Goodbye."

He shot his hand out abruptly and then shuffled back to his desk, leaving Stretton to let himself out.

A CHILLING mist, more seasonable for November than April, made him cough as he crossed Debenham Place. His head was throbbing from the numerous whiskies of the previous night's disaster. They had barely spoken after they got home, and even David's letter had not softened their mutual withdrawal. There was no chance of her coming with him now.

He hurried down Harley Street, but after a time he slackened his pace. The old doctor's phrase was still in his mind. Time did push one along too fast. Days, weeks, months, one tore them off the calendar with reckless, unseemly haste, as if there were an unlimited supply, which of course there wasn't. Fortunately, one had no way of checking the stock in hand. Days, weeks, a few months. Rawton's words again.

Doctors could parcel up the future with emotionless clinical accuracy. A quick glance at an X-ray and they could . . . Days, weeks, a few months . . .

Suddenly the words rushed at him with black significance. His steps faltered and then stopped altogether. "A.P. chest. Not so good." He stood stock-still as the shattering possibilities swept over him. A clammy coldness settled on his skin, matching the grimy condensation of the mist on the dark-colored railings for which his hand had reached out to steady himself. Shortly, the weight of the briefcase in his other hand broke through the panic of his racing thoughts. There was a whole series there. It didn't have to be his. His fingers fumbled the clasp as he wrenched out the envelope. The last plate Rawton had looked at would be on the top.

Carefully he withdrew the green film and looked at the neat white lettering on the top corner. His name was there, legible, indelible, a silent verdict with no recommendation for clemency. Stretton. 26.iv.63. Stretton. There were hundreds of Strettons. They weren't all P. S. Stretton, D.B.D., Meresbury, 1934-39. This was Stretton 26.iv.63. Someone else. By a freak coincidence a namesake, poor fellow, had followed him to Bridwell's consulting-room. A chance in a million.

Feverishly he tugged at the other films, knowing with sickening certainty that chances in a million weren't for him. The names on the other films read like the school call-over: Jones, Redway, Renton, Wilkinson, Dukes, Somerville, Whitfield, Lawson, Lawson . . . Stretton. He was at the top of the pile again. Stretton. There must be another one. Again he shuffled the films roughly, but he was breathing desperately now, and the bare irrevocable fact filled his spirit with a total paralysis.

" . . . Stretton. It is Mr. Stretton, isn't it?"

"What?"

"Mr. Stretton?"

"Yes."

"What a nuisance for you. I'll help you pick them up."

She stooped down and began collecting the X-ray plates scattered on the pavement. Together they picked the films up and put them back in the envelope.

"Thank you," he murmured.

"They'll wipe off, all right. While you're talking to Dr. Bridwell I'll do it for you."

Helen Woodhouse took the envelope from him and opened the door of the house with her key. He followed her dumbly, realising now that he had been standing outside the one where Bridwell had his consulting-rooms. He felt drained of all his will beyond resistance, glad that someone was telling him what to do.

"I'll just go up and tell Dr. Bridwell you're here. Do sit down."

The white panelled door of the waiting-room closed quietly behind him. The place had a muffled, stale odor about it which he hadn't noticed the day before. There was no one else waiting and the only sound was the ponderous ticking of the grandfather clock. He walked over to it and watched the pendulum swing in its casing. He knew then he hated every clock on earth.

Bridwell put down the receiver as Helen came into the consulting-room.

"He's not at his office yet," he said irritably.

"He's downstairs," she replied.

"What? Did you get hold of him after I left, then?"

"No, he was outside the door. Dropped his samples all over the pavement."

Bridwell looked puzzled and then shrugged.

"Saved us a lot of trouble, anyway," he said.

He pushed the buzzer on his desk. She took the envelope and the milk bottle into the office.

"Mr. Stretton, sir," said Mrs. Jacks.

"My dear fellow," Bridwell greeted him. "Been trying to track you down. Sorry I missed you last night."

Stretton allowed himself to be guided to a chair. Bridwell offered him the cigarette-box.

"I don't."

Bridwell laughed uneasily. Something in the other's manner warned him that he would have to handle what he had to say carefully.

"I'd never advise anyone to begin the habit," he said.

Stretton watched Bridwell light up and go round to the other side of the desk. The cataclysmic revelation of a short time ago had now relinquished its paralysing suffocation, and left in its place a strange nightmarish calm, a curious inverted confidence which pointed the irony of the situation. He understood now why Bridwell had been trying to reach him. The hero of the first XV, the sadist of the swimming-pool was uneasy because he had to try to soften, with false reassurance, the deadly blow he had to deliver to his victim. But the victim had two hidden cards to play.

"I wanted to see you before you went away, my dear chap, about your X-rays," said Bridwell.

"The Pan X-3s."

"Not exactly. Your own. The one I took of your chest."

"Oh?" said Stretton. "It seemed all right to me."

"You mean . . . Helen . . . my radiographer gave you your own film?"

"Yes, with the others. Shouldn't she have done?"

"Certainly not . . . at least, it's not usually done. The point is . . . I think it might be a good idea to take some more."

"That's very kind of you, but I've quite enough for my present purposes."

"I don't think you follow me," he said. "There's a little shadow in one lung which we ought to investigate."

"I noticed that," said Stretton. "Right upper zone. Well defined."

"Yes . . . yes, that's right. Now it's probably quite innocent . . . but we ought to have some more views . . ."

"You mean tomographs?"

"Er . . . yes. And then we shall be able to decide what can be done, or . . . if anything needs to be done. You understand?"

"No, not really."

"Look, old man, I know it's a bore, but one must really follow these things up."

"Why bother?"

"Because it's a matter of principle, and . . ."

"Conscience?"

"Yes, if you like."

Stretton smiled at Bridwell.

"I'll let you off this one."

"My dear fellow, it isn't for my benefit . . ."

"Then for whose is it? A surgeon colleague's? It can't be for mine. I can't afford to waste time. Especially on your conscience."

"Listen, Stretton, you can't afford to ignore this. You are if you refuse to realise that it's . . ."

"Inoperable?"

"What?" gasped Bridwell. "I didn't say that."

"Hyperplastic carcinomas usually are, aren't they?"

"Yes, but . . ."

"That's what it is, isn't it?"

"Well, tomographs would . . ."

"Merely confirm scope, extent, and position."

"That would be a dogmatic opinion. A first-class opinion though."

"Whose?"

"Rawton's. And his is as good as yours, I think. Some people say better."

"Did he . . . he tell you all this?" he asked.

"Only indirectly. He didn't know it was my film. I got the truth. Which I certainly wouldn't have done from you."

"Stretton, I . . . I admit the plate looks highly suspicious, but one can be wrong. More films, a bronchoscopy, a second opinion . . . at least you owe yourself that."

"I've had a second opinion. Days, weeks, a few months, that's right, isn't it?"

"One might be able to . . ."

"Prolong the agony. Bridwell, I'm not a fool, and I'm not uninformed. I've lost weight, I've had attacks of pain, difficult breathing . . ."

"For how long?"

"About six months — getting worse."

"But you can't just accept . . ."

"That I'm going to die? Why not? I've got to. So have you. Can't you face it?"

"I don't think about it."

"Because you haven't had to. I had to once. A long time ago. That's probably why the second time it's a little easier. Easier for me than for you. Remember?"

"Remember what?"

"The afternoon you nearly drowned me at Meresbury."

"I nearly . . .?"

Stretton laughed.

"Don't look so serious. You thought it was funny enough then."

"Stretton . . .!"

"Yes, I'm a big boy now. Bigger than you. Put another way, you're smaller. Not a bit like you were in that framed group over there."

BRIDWELL glanced at the pictures in the alcove. Stretton. P. S. Stretton. He could place him now. The little chap who sneaked to the masters. Well, he'd deserved to be taken down a peg. Somebody had to do it. No harm meant. Just a bit of a rag. He turned his gaze back to the mocking, accusing eyes of the man in front of him. All at once he felt an unaccustomed sense of shame and guilt. The fellow was going to die of cancer of the lung.

Moistening his lips, he tried to cover his conscience with a nervous snigger.

"That's more like you, Bridwell," said Stretton.

"I remember it now. Damn silly, wasn't it? Young boys are funny creatures, aren't they?"

"Yes," said Stretton. "But they grow up to be old boys. All old boys together, eh? Like us. Remembering the happy days."

"Look, Stretton, this is bound to be a shock to you. If you'll let me do something to help . . ."

Stretton got up.

"You've helped all you can. You took a good picture."

To page 64

TRUDY

"I think Ted was so considerate, he felt—eat your peas, Helen—that it was about time—drink your coffee, Walter—I got away from the children for a change."

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Mix to soft dough with 6 ozs. water, knead on lightly floured board. Roll or pat out lightly to ¾" thickness. Sunshine's Dry-Mix method is the secret that makes them so light. Cut with 2" cutter, glaze and bake in hot oven for 10-12 mins. Bake a batch of Sunshine Devonshire Scones soon...and discover the full-cream richness Sunshine puts into all your cooking.

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"As long as there's somebody to love"

From page 5

that is because you are so numb.

"My mother, who lives in the South, cabled me that she wanted to come to New York to be with me. I told her not to, and I know I hurt her very much. But, somehow, I knew that if she came I would break down altogether.

"That is what I mean about built-in protection. Her sympathy would have sapped my strength. I was better able to cope alone, and I knew it.

"You know, it is bad enough to find out that the things you believe only happen to others can also happen to you.

"But it is worse to find out that little children are vulnerable. You are just not prepared, in this day of medicine, for little children to die.

"People kept saying to me, 'It will get better with the years.' But it doesn't. My mother-in-law lost her eldest child when he was seven and she had the strength to tell me that in all these 45 years not a day has passed without her thinking about him.

"I believe her. Not a day passes without my thinking of Olivia. When it happened I couldn't feel anything for a long time.

"I certainly couldn't feel anger, or anything like it. And unlike Theo there was just nothing left for us to do.

"With Theo there has always been something which had to be done to help him.

"But when a child dies, and that special love which you felt for her alone has no one to go to, that is the greatest tragedy.

"You have a separate and equally strong love for each of your children. But each one is a different love and cannot be transferred.

"I long to have this next baby of mine. I don't mind if it is a boy or a girl — I shall have another special love for it. But you don't have a baby to replace one you've lost. That is impossible."

"So there is no advice you can give to others in the same kind of trouble?"

"Every case must be different, of course. But for me it was and is just a case of getting from day to day until you get used to it. Fortunately I find it very tiring being sorry for myself.

"I have just made up my mind to the fact that once someone has died life is never so good or so happy again. But as my mother-in-law said, 'You can cope as long as you have just one person left to love.' And I suppose I'm lucky, because I have three."

Patricia Neal says that she was a very religious child and always believed in God.

"But I had let it lapse a bit until Olivia died. Then I just had to have something to help me believe that there was some after-life. I couldn't bear to think that she was nowhere."

"Do you go to church?"

"Yes, we all do now."

Bright "chaos"

"Do you work for handicapped children?"

"Yes, we do a lot of that locally. I suppose that helps, too. At least I hope it helps them."

Miss Neal has never thought, "Why did all this have to happen to me — why not to someone else?" Instead she says, "There has always been so much to do for Theo. Besides, why wish it on to somebody else?"

I could see what she meant when photographer Alec Murray and I arrived at the Dahl home.

So often when people we want to interview are having their house decorated they tell us that we must not come until it is finished.

Not so the Dahls. Patricia greeted us at the doorway with, "I don't know if you'll find anywhere to sit. We have been in an uproar for months. There's not a room finished."

There wasn't.

While we were setting up our first picture, Tessa returned from school with two playmates, rushed about organising their activities, showing us her two tortoises, and introducing the King Charles spaniel, Roley.

Surrounded by children, Patricia Neal glowed in spite of the chaos. Then Theo joined us, and was introduced and listened to with appropriate solemnity while he informed his mother that he had "lost his policeman."

Mr. Dahl, who does his writing at home and was planning to spend his afternoon gardening, was organised in the search for Theo's toy while we talked.

His wife's next film, "In Harm's Way," is set in the Pacific during World War II. She will play a nurse and will co-star with John Wayne and Kirk Douglas.

● *Patricia Neal shows her baby, born on May 12. It's a girl; her name: Ophelia.*

"The exciting thing is that we shall all go to Honolulu on location. The new baby will be so young that I just couldn't stand leaving the family.

"The odd thing is that when terrible things have happened you always want to stay together all the time. It is quite illogical, but there it is."

Suddenly the house was invaded by three sopping-wet little girls and a very soggy dog. Miss Neal flew into action.

"All go upstairs, get undressed, and get into a hot bath. Then put on some robes and come down here with the hair-dryer."

With the nanny to help her she set about making a vast tea. Then the decorators wanted a piano moved, so the photographer's help was eagerly accepted.

Noisy scene

When three wet mops arrived I took over the hair-drying department. It was a noisy scene and for half an hour no one could have believed that sorrow had ever come into the Dahl domain.

To watch the "heavily pregnant" (as she described herself) Mrs. Dahl tucking into the bread and butter with four riotous children at a kitchen table it was a bit difficult to picture her as a Hollywood Academy Award winner.

But then she doesn't do much picturing of herself in that role, either.

On the day that her Oscar was announced she had to go to London to make a television appearance.

She took a second-class train ticket, carried a raffia handbag, and made the journey unrecognised.

When the train pulled into Marylebone Station the newsreel cameras were waiting for her and the stationmaster had put on his top hat, usually reserved for royalty, to greet her in.

"Good heavens!" cried the world's best 1964 film actress. "I feel just like Elizabeth Taylor." And there was not a trace of sarcasm in her voice.

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AT HOME *with Margaret Sydney*

● It has interested me lately to hear all the arguments between Kay and Di and their friends for and against early marriage.

THE reason for all the discussion is that two of their friends (one just over 17 and the other 19) have recently announced their engagements and are planning to be married at the end of the year.

Having listened to all the talk, I'd say that the talkers are divided about 50-50 on the subject—half envying ("isn't she *lucky*") and half disapproving ("fancy having to start housekeeping and having a family before she's had any fun or been anywhere.")

The girls' mothers, who are both acquaintances of mine, have different points of view, too.

The mother of the 17-year-old (herself very happily married at 20) is thrilled to the back teeth.

She obviously feels that this early marriage of her daughter's proves the girl a success as a daughter and herself a success as a mother, and is having a whale of a time planning the wedding and the reception and the trousseau and accumulating furniture and pots and pans.

The mother of the 19-year-old, equally happily married, I think, is very much against this early marriage for her daughter and did her best to argue the girl out of it.

"I feel so sad about it I could cry," she said to me recently over a cup of coffee. "They're both such pets, but they're so *young*. I'm just terrified that they'll end by making each other thoroughly unhappy."

I said: "Well, surely there's a better than average chance that they won't, seeing they're so mad about each other."

"But that's the whole point," she said. "They're so mad about each other, and have been for the past three years, that they haven't got round to noticing that there are any other young things on earth.

"How can Janie know that Bill's the only man in the world for her when she's never noticed that there are any others? And how can Bill be sure about Janie when he's been so busy paying her attention ever since she was a scruffy little schoolgirl that he's never taken anyone else out?"

To try to cheer her up I told her about my sister. The family was in despair over Alison, who did just the same thing.

Alison was 16½ when she fell in love with Philip; he was 18 and one of those lanky, late-maturers who go on looking all Adam's apple until they're well into their twenties.

So the family teased Alison a lot, and waited for it to pass. Waiting was trying, because Alison was an awful bore. We got Philip for breakfast, lunch, and dinner, and were sneered at for not liking the pictures, the books, and the music he liked.

At this stage Alison had no views of her own at all. I'll swear she couldn't tell you whether it was a nice day or not until she'd heard from Philip, but that didn't matter, because he always rang her before breakfast.

Teenage love can be enduring . . .

AFTER a time we began to realise that the Philip era was *not* going to end, and the whole family waded in with good advice (and I *still* think it's good advice and dish it out at frequent intervals to my two girls) about playing the field a bit before making any decisions, getting to know a few more young men if only to give her some basis for comparison, having a few years of financial independence before she settled down, even saving up and having a working holiday overseas before she married. Water off a duck's back.

At 19 she announced that they had decided to get married in the week Philip attained his majority. And they did—in spite of months of argument and the direst predictions from her family, and his.

They had a party about a month ago to celebrate their 25th anniversary, and Hugh took the opportunity of warning them once again that a marriage like theirs couldn't possibly last!

I'm much too fond of Alison not to have had some inkling of it if she'd ever been unhappy or regretted her marriage, and I'm perfectly certain she hasn't.

Occasionally she throws things at Philip and he shouts back at her, but they're as miserable as coots if they're apart for more than a day.

My friend wasn't cheered up a bit. "They're the exceptions," she said. "Didn't you see those frightful figures published by the Commonwealth statistician?"

I knew the figures she meant, because I'd been reading them in the morning paper just before she came.

Of 2026 divorces in Australia in the first quarter of last year 626 (or 31 per cent.) of the divorced wives had been in their teens when they married.

Sad, yes, but though I'm no statistician I don't know that those figures have enormous significance unless you know at what age the other two-thirds married.

In N.S.W. the average marrying age for girls is 22, though the average age for the whole of Australia is 25.

Lots of other things lead to divorce, as well as immaturity at the time of marriage.

I'm not arguing in favor of teenage marriages (I'm dead against them, especially in my own family!), but it's no good being frightened by figures. Some of those 18- and 19-year-old brides, if they'd been talked out of marrying for a couple of years, might have ended up in the divorce court for temperamental reasons just the same.

And there's no doubt that some people are more emotionally mature at 19 than others are at 25 or 50.

Just the same I'll be happier about Kay and Di if they decide to see a bit of life and a bit of the world before they marry.

I don't have to worry about Mike, because I heard him discussing his marriage plans with Hugh recently.

"I'm going to have a good time and not get married until I'm too old to care any more about having any fun or going anywhere," he said.

"Fine," Hugh said. "About what age do you think?"

"Aw, forty," Mike said. "A man's finished then."

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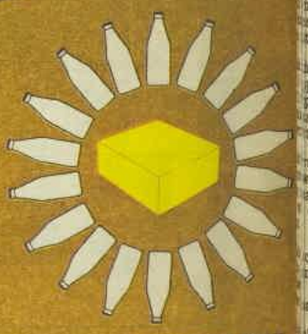
IT'S A PIECE OF CAKE WHEN YOU MAKE IT WITH BUTTER

(full of health from milk)

Butter makes it better...*and better for you too!*

Butter — only butter — could make a cake like this. Butter's made from milk — from nothing else but milk. In your cooking and as a spread nothing else is "good enough" Second-best won't do for your family! Keep them well with pure, natural butter.



IT TAKES 18 PINTS OF MILK TO MAKE A POUND OF BUTTER

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10 SUPERB CAKES from 1 easy RECIPE

Every time you make Rise 'n' Shine Buttercake you'll love that home-made flavour that only butter gives.

'Rise 'N' Shine' Buttercake

[illegible] cups S.R. flour (10 ozs. flour), [illegible] cup sugar (8 ozs.), 6 ozs. butter, [illegible] tsp. salt, 5 ozs. milk, 2 eggs, 1 [illegible] vanilla.

Sift flour, sugar, butter, [illegible] and half the milk [illegible] roughly at a low speed [illegible] minute. Add remaining [illegible] milk, eggs and vanilla, beat [illegible] medium speed 5 minutes. [illegible] into 2 x 8" sandwich [illegible] greased with melted [illegible]. Bake in a moderate [illegible] 350° gas, 375° elec[illegible] 25 to 30 minutes.

CAKE VARIATIONS

1. Add ½ cup chopped dates, [illegible] tbsp. lemon rind and ½ [illegible] finely chopped walnuts [illegible] blended ingredients. [illegible] with vanilla [illegible] cream.

2. Add ½ tbsp. lemon and ½ [illegible] orange rind and tbsp. [illegible] marmalade to blended [illegible] ingredients. Sandwich with [illegible] golden syrup [illegible].

3. Add 3 tbsp. cocoa [illegible] with 1 tbsp. water [illegible] blended ingredients. [illegible] with Rum and [illegible] Butter.

4. Add ½ cup sliced mara[illegible] cherries and a little [illegible] colouring to blended [illegible].

5. Add ½ cup chopped wal[illegible] and 1 tablespoon [illegible] essences or dissolved [illegible] coffee to blended [illegible]. Sandwich with [illegible] butter cream.

6. Add 1 tbsp. instant coffee [illegible] 1 tbsp. cocoa blended [illegible] 1 tbsp. milk to blended [illegible]. Sandwich with [illegible] butter cream.

7. Add ½ cup finely crushed [illegible] and white peppermint [illegible] to cake batter. Sand[illegible] with Chocolate butter [illegible].

8. Add ½ cup toasted coco[illegible] to blended ingredients. [illegible] with Banana [illegible] cream.

9. Add pulp 2 passionfruit [illegible] the blended ingredients. [illegible] with Sherry [illegible] cream.

Another Golden Butter Recipe from the Dairy Foods Kitchens of the Australian Dairy Produce Board

DAIRY FOODS BUTTER

What is YOUR story?

● Have you a story to tell? All readers are invited to make contributions to our popular series "A Reader's Story."

Stories may be up to 1500 words in length, and should be true.

The author may choose her (or his) own subject. A personal problem solved; an unusual or difficult family situation; a strange, interesting, or dramatic incident in everyday life; or simply coping with housework and children are all practical suggestions.

An example of "A Reader's Story" appears below.

Address contributions to "Family Affairs," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay from £5 to £20 for each one published.

A mother says today's teenagers are nice people

● They can be maddening, they can be frustrating, but most of the time I like them, and I think it's about time a mother lifted her voice and pointed out the advantages of having one or more in every family. I'm referring, of course, to teenagers.

A READER'S STORY

(The writer has supplied her name and address, but wishes to be anonymous)

WE'VE got two and a cocker spaniel, and so far everyone is surviving very nicely, thank you.

We do have days when I wish we could use ours as a down-payment on a new freezer or something equally useful, but those times pass.

There are, I believe, a few elementary rules for enjoying your children, and though they're not original at least I think they're worth mentioning.

Don't insist on a lot of help with household chores if your teenagers are students.

You can't have unlimited free domestic help, well-adjusted daughters, and good exam results. Something's got to give and it might as well be you.

It will be, in the long run, anyway.

You go to work? Fine. That's where I'm writing this, during a lull.

Where else would you get a radiator to yourself in the winter and have somebody else foot the electricity bill?

You can't pry

Don't pry. They'll tell you what they want to in their own good time, and when they do, don't pass it on to your girl-friends or that's the last thing YOU'LL be told.

If you've any faith in the way you've brought them up you shouldn't have to worry about their behaviour when they're not under your maternal eye.

If you think they're going to get into bother, you've slipped up somewhere in the formative years and lying awake now will only give you crow's feet.

Admit that you can be wrong about some things. You won't lose face by arguing something out, and you do want them to grow up into responsible adults, able to think for themselves.

The mere physical act of becoming a mother didn't endow you with all the wisdom of Solomon.

Don't underestimate the importance of a new frock or professional hairdo for that school dance. It can't be so very long since you were young too.

Take notice

When your daughters are interested in what you wear, feel flattered.

I've found that if mine say "that's ghastly" they're usually right.

You don't have to be glamorous. You can even be a little beat, but never square enough to let them down in front of their friends.

Parents are like poodles. A kind of status symbol.

So stop looking at those sensible leather flatties and buy the rope-soled espadrilles. They're atmospheric and ethnic and a whole lot cooler. And cheaper, too.

Copy their stretch slacks and boots. There's never been anything quite so comfortable.

Stretch slacks could provide just the impetus to start you on that slimming programme you've been thinking about for so long.

If they like expensive talcums and hand lotions, encourage 'em.

You didn't have them when you were their age? Relax. You'll soon be getting them for birthdays and Mother's Day, and they're so much nicer than a pair of felt slippers.

Help them put a color rinse through their hair, and try one on your own. You'll find it a lot more flattering than those odd grey hairs.

And if you're lucky enough to be quite grey, you can still get some very glamorous rinses.

If they want to borrow your sweaters, give in gracefully. You'll be offered theirs in return and everybody gets more variety.

Don't kid yourself it's fun doing everything "as a family." You're not fooling anybody.

Go to the same shows, certainly, but go on different nights and that leaves somebody home to keep the spaniel company.

A real asset

By now, if you've been following your daughters' advice about clothes and color rinses, and mine about dieting, and haven't been neglecting your husband along the way, that same husband will get quite a kick out of taking you out — "quite like old times, just the two of us."

So you see, teenagers aren't a liability. They're a definite asset, if you're smart.

One final word of advice. If you rush into print with something like this, don't sign your right name. If they want their friends to read it, they'll find a way to make sure it doesn't get missed.

FREE LEAFLET ON BABY'S SLEEP

HOURS of quiet, restful sleep for babies and young children is an important factor in their nutrition, for if there is not adequate undisturbed sleep growth is stinted.

A few of the reasons for restlessness in babies are underfeeding, overfeeding, wrong foods (causing indigestion), cramped positions, uncomfortable clothing, and bad training from baby's earliest days.

These and other reasons are discussed in a free leaflet available from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Note: A stamped addressed envelope MUST be enclosed.

Bethal Tablets clear away STUFFY HEAD COLDS!

Winter time can be very miserable when you suffer from Head Colds. If you do, take Bethal Tablets. Then you'll get the same fast relief Bethal has given thousands of others. Bethal Tablets act through the blood-stream, break up congestion and dry out messy sniffles and sneezes. Chemists have recommended Bethal Tablets for years. You ask them.

Bethal Tablets

2/9, 6/3 or 19/6

Nervy?

Tired? Can't eat?

Undernourished nerves cause depression, headache, loss of appetite. Heed nature's warning! Replenish your blood stream with iron and vitamins. DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS are a scientific compound of iron, manganese and copper with Vitamin B_1. A proven tonic for iron-starved nerve sufferers. Get rid of that listless, fagged-out feeling with DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS. At all chemists and stores.

CLEAR BAD SKIN

To clear your skin soft and smooth—free from pimples, itching, eczema, red blotches, blemishes and tinea, use NIXODERM. Get NIXODERM from your chemist. Clears skin while you sleep.

SOOTHE ACHING FEET with BAUME DALET (Borm Daisy)

the successful continental foot ointment. 8/- at chemists.

FEATURES JOKES FICTION 1/6

for all the family in

Everybody's

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"But I still think . . . I'd like to give you a . . ."

"Cup of coffee, Mr. Stretton?"

Helen Woodhouse came in from the office with the tray and Stretton's envelope.

"I've cleaned up the films," she smiled. "No permanent damage."

"Thank you, Miss Woodhouse," snapped Bridwell. "Leave them on the desk, would you?"

"Yes, Doctor. Of course, Doctor," she replied, and went back into the office.

Bridwell opened the envelope and started to take out the films, but Stretton's hand closed on his wrist firmly.

"No need to look again," he said. "We know what's there."

He pushed the films back and tucked the envelope under his arm. "You have your own copy. This one is mine."

Continued from page 58

SECOND OPINION

He picked up his brief-case.

"Always useful for a life policy, eh?"

Bridwell followed him to the door.

"Stretton, I'm sorry I . . ."

"Don't distress yourself, my dear fellow," imitated Stretton. "I can always insure against accident."

He opened the door. A wave of desperate sadness enveloped him, severing the act he had so successfully put over. He looked at Bridwell's troubled face and knew he had, in some part, settled the score. But it was all cold comfort because he also knew he was seeing Bridwell for the last time.

"Good-bye, old boy," he said quietly, "look after yourself."

Stretton leaned back in the cab seat trying to control the shivering which intermittently attacked him. His thoughts were a welter of memories, hopes, fears, regrets.

The isolation of death he could not evade, but what little lease of life there was left to him, he wanted to live it with Isobel, with David. He must so be to them now as they would like him to be. But he must not frighten them, warn them. There must be no sad, lingering compassion. Isobel would, must somehow, be made to come away with him. And when they returned, at one together at last, they would both go down and see David.

When the cab reached the mews he paid the driver and ran up the wet steps. Inside the hall he shouted for Isobel. An indefinable quality in his voice as it echoed back from the faded walls told him immediately that the flat was empty. But he continued to call out her name in the living-room, through the kitchen, down the passage, and into the bedroom before he accepted the evidence of his eyes and ears.

His suitcase was lying open, neatly packed, on his bed. He looked at his watch. 10.45. She would be out shopping. He couldn't wait. He would have to get to the office to clear up and organise the double-flight bookings. He hurried back to the living-room and scribbled a note at the bureau telling her to ring him as soon as she got in. He wrote "URGENT" in capitals the outside and took it to the hu glove-box, where messages we left. When he opened the lid he sa the sheet of pale blue notepape Folded in two, it stood on its edg like a toy tent.

He read it through twice, h vision blurring. Unsteadily h shuffled back into the living-roo poured out a whisky, swallowed i sat down, and then read the lett for a third time.

"Paul dear,

After last night it must be cle to you that we don't see or fe anything the same way. What more important, I know now th we never shall. Our life together only a source of unhappiness both of us. A change of scene won alter our incompatibility, which why I'm not coming with you. Be lieve me, Paul, I know you've tri and so have I, but we must come terms with reality. We're still you enough (just!) to cut our losses a perhaps start again.

Now that David has gone the is nothing (except recriminatio to keep us together. At the mome I feel so miserable I just want to on my own away from the fl David's empty room is bad enou but your empty bed, with all t thoughts of what might have bee is too much for me to take rig now. In a few days I shall join L and Evie on their tour of Englan I shall keep in touch with Dav When you get back we must deci how we can best live our lives se arately. Except when we meet f David's sake.

I'm sorry, Paul. Try to forg me. And try to understand.

With regret and affection, dear wish you nothing but well, Isobe

Nothing but well. Try to unde stand. No Isobel now. Just t awful void of desertion. Or David. David, a few meetings, few days, for his sake, you enough, a few weeks, start aga nothing but well, reality, nothing.

He looked at the letter once mo and then tore it up, once, twi again and again until the pieces f out of his hands sprinkling his ra coat, his trousers, his shoes, li mock confetti. The marriage litt of failure blossoming in profusio the hopelessness of being one, alo the understatement of reality.

With stumbling movements slopped some more whisky into glass. He gulped it down and t neat liquor made him cough. T pressure built up in his chest un the pain lanced him savagely. Wi one hand he held on to t chimney-piece while the oth scrabbled for the tube in his pock

He emptied the remaining table out on to the shelf and swallow them down with some soda. Tw three, four. Days, weeks, month The clock began to strike in silver civilised tones. One, two, three, fo the strokes beat into his brain. H thrust his hand behind the clo and unhooked the pendulum, b faintly, from the flat next door, picked up the muffled, sombr slower chimes of a larger timepie There was no way to stop the There was no way out. Unless unless, paradoxically, Bridwell w right in that he could be wrong.

Seizing on a tenuous filament hope, he blundered into the hall a pulled out his X-ray film from t envelope, holding it up against t light. But the shadow was a there, clear, definite, irresponsibl

There was practically a f bottle of sleeping pills somewhe Isobel had badgered her G.P. f them because of a bout of insomn

To page 65

FROM THE BIBLE

● *"Say to those who are a fearful heart, Be stron fear not! Behold your Ge . . . He will come and sa you."*

—Isaiah 35:

What's the magic of Maggi Spring Vegetable?
One packet brings to life . . . twelve vegetables!
Stir, simmer, then enjoy the satisfying goodness of twelve spring-fresh vegetables!
Only Maggi soups have that real home-cooked flavour and goodness . . .
that's the magic of all Maggi soups.

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Continued from page 64

a previous summer's heat-
he remembered he had him-
them on a top shelf in
out of David's reach, a
against accident. He
the passage into the
stood on a chair and
down the dusty brown-
bottle. He found a tumbler
over to the sink to fill it
up. Then he unscrewed the
The blue capsules made
active heap in the palm of
It shouldn't take very
when he'd swallowed them
and lie quietly on his bed
for the infinite mercy to
him.

moved up to his mouth,
approached his lips it began
One capsule fell into the
round twice in the
water before it was swept
the drain. Sweating, he
others follow the first until
no longer control the
which had now taken hold
while body. With a sob of
he flung the remainder into
and then emptied the bottle
them, turning on the water
stuffing the capsules through
of the grating with his
until they had all disap-

He couldn't do it. Not
Not to Isobel. They
he made to feel responsible.
n't. He was responsible
And he had failed to fulfil
sibility.

he were leaving behind
more than the memory
what distant father and
unsuccessful husband he
able to face the devasta-
in short future with some
some dignity, some
of peace. But he hadn't
vided for their basic wants
than a year or two. If
had acted on his intentions
his life policy a few
ck . . .

thoughts ground to a halt.
they were racing, bounding
tumbling over each other
of constructive energy
last he had them flowing
the controlled channel
The idea must have
wing subconsciously from
ck to Bridwell. Starting
a vindictive, facetious quip,
and turned into a plan of
In the time he had left he
make up to them for the
years, the misunderstandings,
logies of failure.

ced his hand was quite
he took out his diary and
up his broker's number.
strode back into the living-
put through the call.

Johnson there, please
Stretton."

held on, waiting for the
to connect him. This
be done carefully, circum-

Johnson, how are you?
thanks . . . yes, I've been
to contact you for some
want to increase my life
yes . . . I've got two
with the Amalgamated,
member . . . no, it's not
really, is it? Well, I'm going
but I shall be back in
days, could we fix it up
. . ."

sible the suggestion should
from Johnson. He was
on his not missing the
of new business. Johnson
most important when the
inquiries were made. "No,
a life policy. I'm afraid
led him to take out . . ."
Rome, Athens . . . yes,
. . ."

question came then, as he
would.

dent policy? . . . I never
. . . well, what's the
. . . ten days, say two
at the outside . . . for
. . . is that all? . . ."
Johnson quote his figures,
the enthusiastic patter he
well, himself a sales-

SECOND OPINION

"I'd no idea . . . " he lied. "As a point of interest, what would it be for a hundred thousand?"

There was a short pause. He could hear Johnson's asthmatic breathing in the instrument.

"It's that much more, is it? . . ."

He laughed, throwing back the banter.

"I'm not trying to be a hard sell . . . in for a penny, in for a pound . . . Yes, I should certainly relax carrying that amount of insurance . . . all right, if you can get it to the office by four I'll let you have a cheque then . . . What? . . . very well, cover me from 5 p.m. . . . fourteen days should be ample."

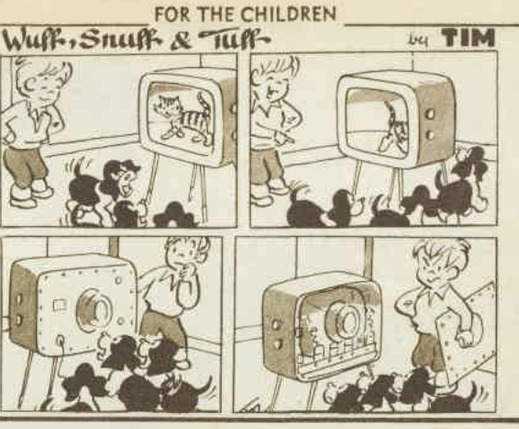
He tensed himself now for the real test.

"By the way, I . . . I don't have to go through the bore of a medical, do I? I'm pretty tied up till I leave . . . good . . . yes, never felt fitter . . . O.K. . . . good-bye."

He hung up and then wiped the sweat off his hands. A strange sense of elation came to him. As from five o'clock, if any accident should terminate his existence, his wife and son would be rich, far beyond anything he could hope to give them if he stayed alive. He felt sorry for Johnson. It was probably the worst day's business he'd ever do.

To be continued

FOR THE CHILDREN



Her lipstick is Pink Parfait by Angel Face

new! Slimline lipstick

by Angel Face

JEWELLER'S CASE — long, slim, so smart to use — Slimline, the slender lipstick by Angel Face. Works like a dream, swivels perfectly. Always the right slant — for outlining and filling in.

PERFECT FORMULA — Angel Face is the first creamy smooth lipstick that stays lastingly lovely on your lips.

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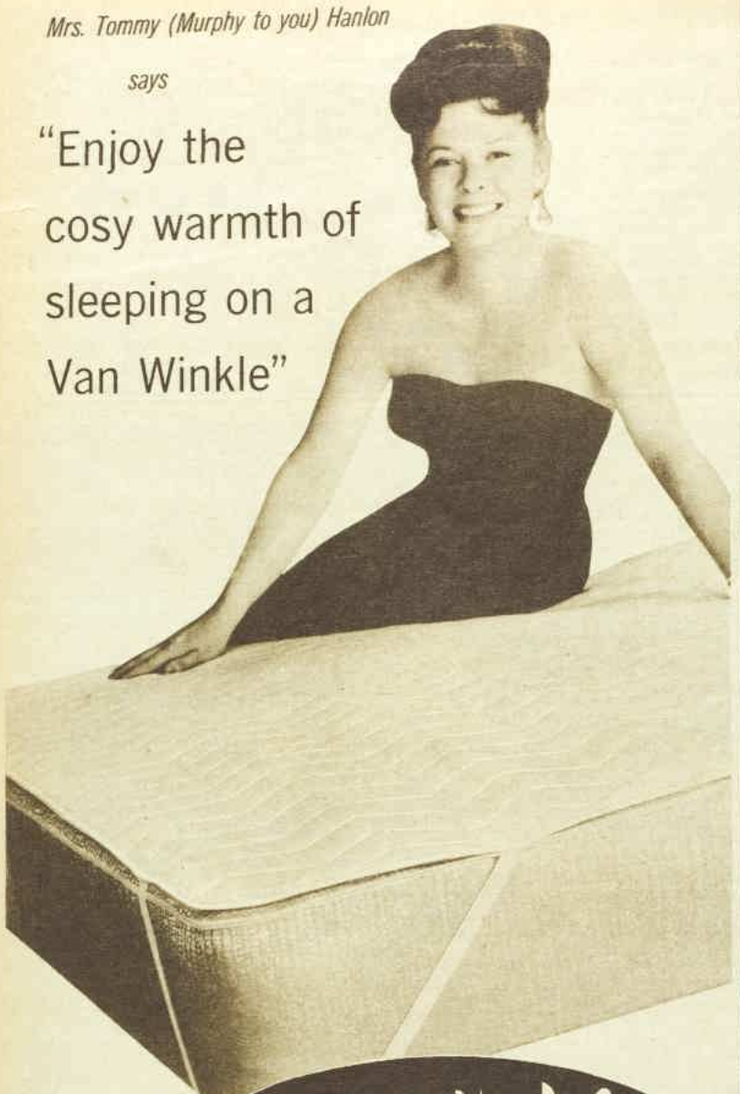
Mrs. Tommy (Murphy to you) Hanlon

says

"Enjoy the cosy warmth of sleeping on a Van Winkle"



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Double mattress life

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SOMEONE HAS TO SAY SOMETHING

Continued from page 21

heat. It must have been the saints who looked like that, Anderson thought, who got the rocks thrown at them.

Miss Graham went on talking about the missing sweater and he let his eyes wander about the classroom, feeling oversized among the little tables and scaled-down chairs. There were poster-paint pictures tacked to an enormous bulletin board along one wall — yellow ships skimming above rippling blue lines of ocean and red cowboys thrusting out black pistols as long as their arms.

One picture was a cutaway view of an ocean liner; there were cabins with bunks and toilets in them, and a kitchen with two men in chefs' hats, and an engine-room with flames leaping from a furnace. No passengers were shown, but Anderson could sense their presence; the faint, shrill laughter of children seemed to rise from unseen decks and corridors.

Stevie would not have painted this picture — it was too cheerful. He looked at the others. Most of them were signed, but he could find none with Stevie's name on it.

". . . so sorry. I will check on Monday, of course. Thank you, Mrs. Drummond. Goodbye."

Miss Graham sighed. "The boys go off with each other's coats and sweaters. They exchange deliberately sometimes, I'm afraid."

"About Stevie," Anderson said. "Is there any way for me to help?"

"You might look him over every morning to be sure that all his garments are clearly marked. Name tapes with large black letters are the best."

He waited and then gave her his own version of a martyr's smile.

"Stevie's mother and I are separated," he said gently. "He lives with her. I have nothing to do with getting him dressed for school."

"I beg your pardon," Miss Graham said flushing. "I wasn't thinking."

When he rose to go she followed him to the door. "Steven won't mind repeating, believe me," she said anxiously. "It's so much easier the second time."

"Everything is, they tell me," Anderson said. "Thank you very much."

HE walked the half-mile downtown to his apartment, thinking the fresh air would brace him, but the streets were more littered than usual and even the fading light seemed to leave a sooty glow on all it touched. His depression grew.

The apartment, he thought when he came into it, was not much better than the streets. Mrs. Muller was supposed to clean on Tuesdays and Fridays, but she had stood him up again. His breakfast dishes lay unwashed where he had left them in the kitchenette; in the other room his bed had not been made. He was making it when Ann called.

"I was just wondering," she said, "if you'd take Stevie on Saturday next week instead of Sunday? The Palmers have invited us both up to Bedford for Sunday lunch. He could go horseback riding with their kids in the afternoon, so, of course, he's crazy to go."

It meant seeing Stevie a day sooner and he had nothing against the Palmers, but he said with unreasoning bitterness, "Which would make me crazy to say no, wouldn't it? I'd be the brute who was spoiling his dandy day."

"I'm sorry. I should have asked you before I mentioned it to him."

"That's right, you should have," he said, and heard her familiar, rueful laugh.

"Nothing changes," she said. "We can't talk to each other."

"We weren't very good at not talking, either," he said. "Maybe we should have compromised on some sort of unintelligible mumble."

"It wouldn't have worked," Ann said. "Sooner or later someone has to say something."

"That's true," he said. "Such as, 'I don't want to live with you any more.' That was a real conversation stopper."

"May I hang up now?" she said. "I've had my shaking up for today."

"What does that mean?"

"Stevie hit Tom this afternoon," Ann said.

"What?" he said. "Tom who?"

"The elevator man. He's very old and he's like Craig's wife about that elevator. You'd think he owned it. Stevie forgot to wipe his feet when we got in, which he has been told to do, and Tom said, 'Clean 'em next time, sonny, or I'll let you walk up.' Then we rode up a few floors and Stevie lunged out at Tom."

"What did you do?" Anderson said.

"I apologised all over the place, of course," Ann said. "Then I gave him five dollars. It was tip time, anyhow."

He felt his hand tighten on the phone. "I meant about Stevie."

"We had one of those scenes. He says he's sorry now."

"I see," he said. "Well, you're doing a fine job with him, Ann. Congratulations."

She gasped and he said, "Oh, hell, I'm sorry," but she had hung up.

He sat down and imagined that his brain was one of those enormous computing machines full of memory cylinders, or whatever they were called, and that now a fuse had blown. The glow would fade out of the tubes and the electronic hum would die; the past would be locked up in the cylinders and it would be impossible to do any more thinking about what Stevie had done in the elevator.

It was five-fifteen and he was not used to being in the apartment so early on a weekday afternoon. He mixed himself a drink and turned on the television set.

An old movie with Rita Hayworth came on.

He had always been fond of Rita Hayworth and he was struck by how very young she looked. He decided to watch just the first few scenes, but the movie was over before he turned off the set.

It amused him mildly that he could recall almost nothing of the plot. There had been Rita and a tall man who made love to her, and a fat character actor with a growly voice. "Adventure In Somewhere," starring Rita Hayworth. Tall Whatshisname, and Fat Who.

He made another drink and sat down by the window.

It was dark now and the windows of the apartment

To page 69

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HOOVER Keymatic

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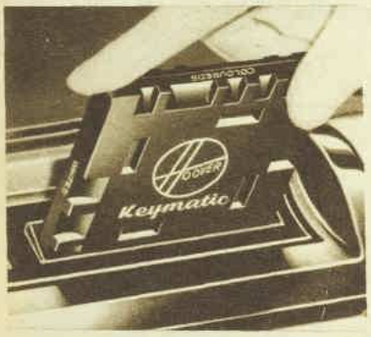

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SOMEONE HAS TO SAY SOMETHING

Continued from page 66

house across the street were lighted. In the living-room directly opposite, a man and a woman were sitting side by side on a sofa, facing their television set. A teenage girl in a housecoat, her hair in curlers, passed behind them, carrying a glass of milk.

Then a small boy came into the room, wearing a fringed buckskin shirt over his pyjamas and an Indian headdress with a great train of feathers that hung almost to his knees. Beaming, the boy stood waiting to be noticed, but was not, and his face fell.

Look at him! Anderson thought. Look at the kid!

The boy called out and his father turned angrily, pointing toward the door. The mother rose, took the boy by the shoulders, and led him out.

Someone replaced the blown tube in his memory machine and it began to make up for lost time. Stevie had an Indian suit — not with a fancy headdress, but just a plastic band with a white feather stuck in it. He had been wearing the leather the day Ann brought him downtown to visit the office last winter; she had dropped him off and gone shopping.

Stevie and he had made rounds on the editorial floor. At each office he had let Stevie poke his head in, and Stevie had laughed wildly at the people looking up from their desks, startled to find a little Indian at the door. Chief Laughing Boy, Anderson thought. Now he hits elevator cars.

The phone rang three times before he heard it. When he answered, Peggy Kincaid's voice for a moment was as unreal as the first rings had been.

"I don't know if this is going to interest you, sweetie, but it is now eight o'clock."

A piece of tape came out of the memory machine with information on it. Kincaid, Peggy. Should have called at.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I fell asleep."

"That's not very flattering," she said. "You could at least have told me some nice flattering lie, sweetie."

"Do me a favor, Peg," he said. "Stop calling me 'sweetie.' It makes me feel like a chorus boy."

"Poopsy, then. That's even better. Why did you leave the office so early, poopsy?"

"I had to see Stevie's teacher," he said, but he did not want to discuss Stevie with her, and he added, "Nothing important. Just routine."

"You sound beat," Peggy said. "I was going to suggest a movie, but now I think I'd better come over and take care of my poor poopsy. I'll bring some food along, okay?"

Buzzer! A red light flashed. Buzz, buzz, pop! The machine was dead, smashed by the poopsies. He stared at the print above the mantelpiece: Bonnard's "Breakfast Room." Ann had given it to him three Christmases ago. He felt suddenly clear-headed and wide awake. This Kincaid girl — she was a pretty nice girl in many ways, but there was no future for him with him. Not in a million years.

"I don't think you'd better come over," he said. "Not tonight, Peg. I'm sorry."

In a moment she said very softly, "I'm reading an awful lot into that little speech. Thursday is coming, isn't it?"

He could find no answer. "It's not coming — it's here," she said. "Oh, heavens, I feel as if the roof just fell in!"

Her anguish came over the line in waves and he wondered how he could be so mean without feeling mean.

"I really am sorry," he said. "Please — I don't know what else to say."

She hung up.

You are a dear, good man, Anderson thought, a noble fellow. It is a far, far better thing you do than you have ever done . . . Something like that. He wondered vaguely what he would do for company when he needed it again.

There was a manuscript in his briefcase, but he did not feel like working. He could think of nothing else to do but eat, so he made himself a cheese sandwich and a fresh drink to wash it down. He ate slowly, trying not to think about Stevie, and found it impossible. The longer he examined the whole present state of affairs, the more likely it seemed to him that Stevie might never get straightened out. The odds were all against it; Stevie's teacher couldn't even remember that Stevie's father didn't live with him.

The situation would have to be discussed.

He put the sandwich aside and took a swallow of his drink and settled himself on the sofa with the telephone in his lap. When Ann answered, it occurred to him that she would still be angry, that it would be a good idea to soften her mood before they got started on anything serious.

"Hello, cigar store?" he said. "Have you got Prince Albert in the can?"

FOR a while, Just after they got married, they had swapped idiotic telephone jokes with each other, the sort that kids play on local shopkeepers. "Yes, but we're going to let him out," was the answer to this one, if she remembered it.

"Oh, it's you," Ann said. "What now?"

He thought of something else. She hadn't known about his going up to St. David's; that might score a few points.

"I saw Miss Graham this afternoon," he said. "You're supposed to mark all his stuff with name tapes. I meant to tell you before."

"What?"

"The kids are always getting their clothes mixed up. It drives her crazy. So she wants name tapes on everything, see?"

"I see. Is there anything else on your mind? I'm having dinner."

He could almost taste his rage. "My son is on my mind. I wish he were on yours."

"Stop it!" she said. "Just stop it: I can't take any——" The next words were muffled, as if she had put her hand over the phone. "Brush your teeth, darling. I'll be right in."

"Let me talk to him," Anderson said. He waited, heard nothing, and made his demand again, shouting this time.

"Please don't," Ann said. "Please."

"Put him on," Anderson said.

"All right," she said. "Just promise you won't upset him. Will you do that?"

He promised. In a moment Stevie said tentatively, "Hello . . ."

"I hear you're going up

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AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting May 27

ARIES
MARCH 21-APRIL 20
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, lilac, grey. Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.

★ Big upheavals and muddle. You'll have to prevent yourself from going overboard. Stick to routine, don't row with the boss, and beware of reckless drivers. Be on the qui vive.

TAURUS
APRIL 21-MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, red, black. Lucky days, Fri., Saturday.

★ You'll have to call in your patience and emotional stamina. Although there are good patches, discordant influences far outweigh them. There are trouble spots for romance.

GEMINI
MAY 21-JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Fri., Saturday.

★ When you should be hitting targets, achieving goals, you could find yourself in a horror stretch, especially if born May 26-June 3. Try to see your partner's point of view.

CANCER
JUNE 22-JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, green, grey. Lucky days, Wed., Tuesday.

★ A week of disrupted communications, emotional snarls, and muddled entanglements. Big changes on the job, discord at home. Keep your radar working overtime all the time.

LEO
JULY 23-AUGUST 22
★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, green, red. Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.

★ To use a popular word—a "confrontation" of heavy adverse aspects could more than outweigh good ones. A week of turbulence and deception. Shelve important matters.

VIRGO
AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 23
★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, blue, yellow. Lucky days, Thur., Friday.

★ Even your clear and analytical mind could be subject to confusion and brainstorm. Drastic change in personal affairs for many. Don't rely too much on friends. Start nothing new.

LIBRA
SEPT. 24-OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, green, blue. Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.

★ Your ability to land on your feet and recover quickly will be fully tested in an adverse week. Exercise care in what you say, write, and speak—and where you go.

SCORPIO
OCT. 24-NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, black, green. Lucky days, Fri., Saturday.

★ Secret enemies could slander you, there could be violent scenes with friends—perhaps change at home. There could be a promising lead career-wise, followed by disillusion. Be your watchful self.

SAGITTARIUS
NOV. 23-DEC. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, blue, rose. Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.

★ You weather the storm less battered than most, but any good aspect is overpowered by adverse ones. Stick in the rut; sometimes it pays! Be cautious in self-advancement.

CAPRICORN
DEC. 21-JAN. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, grey, lilac. Lucky days, Wed., Tuesday.

★ You'll have to use your caution and not get involved in trouble on the job through rash and muddled thinking. Romantically it begins promisingly—but don't believe all lovers' talk.

AQUARIUS
JAN. 20-FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, grey, lilac. Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.

★ June could prove a critically trying month for you, particularly in mid-June. This week begins with upheaval followed by muddle. Bad for marriage, partnership, new projects.

PISCES
FEB. 20-MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, cerise, green. Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.

★ Definitely NOT your week. You could be involved in marriage upheavals, misspent effort, woolly thinking, treachery, and accident, possibly on the road. Postpone long trips.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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Continued from page 69

to the Palmers' on Sunday," Anderson said. "Don't fall off one of those horses, pal — okay? And listen, try to think of something special for us to do Saturday, will you?"

"O.K.," Stevie said. "We could go to the movies, couldn't we?"

"You're darn right we can," he said. "Anything you want."

"I guess I better hang up now," Stevie said.

"I love you, Stevie," he said. "You know that, don't you?"

There was a silence, and then he heard Stevie whisper, "He said he loves me. My gosh—on the telephone!"

"Stevie," he said, "wait a minute. I just——"

Ann was back. "Take it easy."

"Sure, sure," he said. "Let me talk to him again."

"No," she said. "I'm sorry."

"All right," he said. "But remember about the name tapes. Steven Anderson. My son."

"I'll remember," Ann said. "Good night."

He felt slightly numb. Defrost the refrigerator, he thought. Do something. Press forward. Life goes on. He got the manuscript out of his briefcase—"Soft Blows the Winds of Summer," by Mirabelle Burley. Miss Burley's novels were not particularly admired by the reviewers, but they sold well.

He found a pencil and at his desk leafed through the manuscript to the page where he had left off in the office. "There was fury on Roger's face. 'Very well!' Roger said angrily. 'You can go to blazes, Mr. Wingate! Sheila and I love each other, and nothing you can do will . . .'" He changed the second "Roger" to "he" and crossed out the "angrily" and put down the pencil.

Some day, he thought, I will set fire to Mirabelle Burley. If every man, before he died, did one small, brave thing like that the world would be a better place. He finished his drink and put "Soft Blows the Winds of Summer" away.

The trick now, he decided, was just simply to relax. He lay down on the sofa, but his restlessness grew. He got up and began to prowl about the room, emptying ashtrays and putting books away. Mrs. Muller had better get on the ball pretty soon, he told himself, or she was through.

"The Breakfast Room" hung crookedly, and when he straightened it one end of the wire pulled out of the frame and the picture dropped to the mantelpiece and smashed a saucer he had been using for an ashtray. He worked the little screw eye back into the frame an inch away from the old hole and rehung the picture.

He was down on his hands and knees, cleaning up the cigarette butts and bits of broken crockery when he noticed that the beige paint of the wall before him was turning purplish, and that there were several mysterious yellow blotches about a foot above the floor. Mrs. Muller, he thought wearily. She splashed something. She hates me.

He got rid of the purple wall, the blotches, the whole apartment, simply by turning off all the lights, and then he lay down on the sofa again. There was nothing he had to do right now, no one he had to see, no place he had to go. Tomorrow was Saturday. No office. It would be the same tomorrow and the day after tomorrow. He could just lie here till Monday morning with his memories. Mirabelle Burley. Rita Hayworth.

He wondered what Ann was thinking about, and if Stevie was asleep yet. He closed his eyes and with all his strength willed his love at them, imagining it flowing out of his heart and travelling through the night sky like a beam of light, going all the way until it touched them and made them think of him.

He kept it up and the effort diminished him; he felt weightless after a while, as if he were drifting somewhere out in space. When the phone rang, the receiver seemed to float up through the darkness into his hand.

"I'm glad you're still home," Ann said. "There's someone here who wants to talk to you."

Stevie came on the line. "Listen . . ." He cleared his throat. "I know you love me. And I love you. Really!"

"I know that," Anderson heard himself say. "Yes. But thank you for telling me. Thank you very much."

"You're welcome." Stevie cleared his throat again. "I feel goofy — no kidding. Listen, Mum wants to talk to you."

"I thought he'd gone to sleep," Ann said, "and then he came out of his room and said he wanted to call you. And I thought I should tell you that I appreciate your going up to St. David's. That was nice. I'm sorry I didn't mention it before."

The wonder of it stunned him, but it would only confuse her or make her think that he was crazy if he tried to explain that he had made what was happening happen.

"I didn't give you a chance," he said carefully, but something burned inside him and it was too late to be careful any more. "I never gave you any chances. This is all my fault. I'm sorry, Annie. I really am."

THE words rushed from him, and then they seemed to stop and hover in the air above his head.

"No," Ann said, "it's not all your fault." She hesitated as if she was not sure that it was safe to say what was in her mind. "We're talking now, aren't we? I think maybe we — maybe we shouldn't stop. Look, what are you doing? Are you going out or anything?"

She sounded surer now. "It might rattle Stevie if you turned up here. Mrs. Haley—that's the super's wife—will sit with him. I'll come over there."

She was gone.

He lay still, waiting for the tightness in his chest to ease so that he could breathe again, and then he sat up. The elevator hummed in the shaft across the corridor from his apartment, and he was halfway to the door before he realised that she could not possibly have arrived so soon.

He stood for a moment, laughing at his own foolishness, and then he went back to the sofa and turned the lamp on the little table behind it. The glow was faint, but it reached surprisingly about the room, and suddenly everything in it—the television set, the unwashed dishes in the kitchenette, the clutter of books and magazines—seemed more real than the call from Ann.

She's coming, he thought. You know that.

He sat down again and tried to concentrate on the Bonnard print, to recall the details that were lost in the shadows above the mantelpiece — the color of the stripes on the tablecloth, the shape of the cups, the garden that lay beyond the window, what the trees in it were like.

It would take her at least ten minutes, twenty at the most. Don't listen for her, he told himself. Just wait. You'll know in twenty minutes either way.

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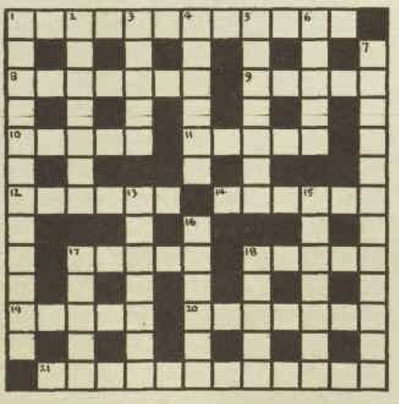
MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

A COLLISION in space between a space craft from an outer galaxy and an asteroid has sent the asteroid hurtling toward earth. Scientists on earth know the asteroid could destroy a continent. NOW READ ON . . .

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



Solution will be published next week.

ACROSS

1. This is one of a barber's jobs (12).
2. Four-stringed musical instrument (7).
3. Father to try badly a detachment (5).
10. To have an actual being (5).
11. Cater for a footprint (5).
12. State in the U.S.A. (6).
14. This alkali has top (6).
17. A cobbler may rot us (5).
19. Half a score on a projection (5).
20. A globe separated is fat inside (5).
21. Falsifier with dress for a start (7).
22. Very small thing, but not recommended for parachutist (4, 2, 3, 3).

DOWN

1. One of the Lares and Penates (9, 3).
2. This is useless (7).
3. Came into line taking a rest at the end (5).
4. Incidents of smooth teas (6).
5. The highest human voice (7).
6. Manage with care though mostly runs (5).
7. Imaginary illness (12).
13. An ape and a lout in a flight (7).
15. Any ring-shaped structure (7).
16. Old province of Spain containing no rag (6).
17. A bookie and an organ make a weapon (5).
18. An iconoclast or churchman hiding the light (5).

Solution of last week's crossword.

Butterick

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